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POST

4

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 6 • 1964 25c

EXCLUSIVE:

THE BIRMINGHAM CHURCH BOMBER

How the FBI tracked him down
Why he has not been arrested

HOW THE GOVERNMENT SPIES ON ITSELF

JULIE NEWMAR:
Celebrities' favorite cookout recipes

'Suddenly our quads were obsolete': Poignant story of a father who was trumped by quints.

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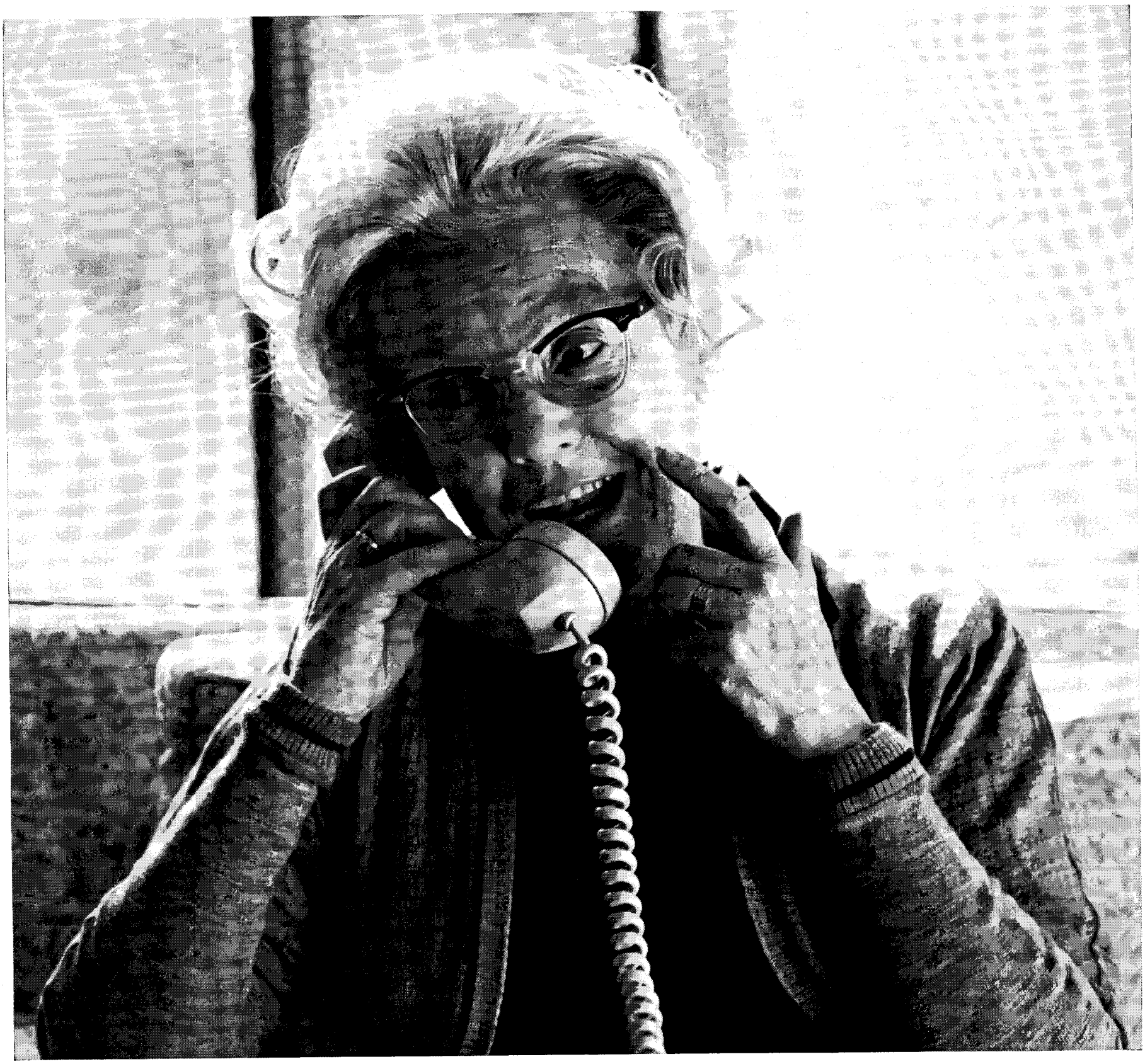

"I forget the town, but it sounds like 'turkey'"

A puzzled mother called Indianapolis Information recently. She was supposed to send some money to her son but had forgotten the town from which he'd phoned. It had a name that sounded like "turkey." The operator thought hard, checked her reference material, offered several suggestions and rang the bell with "Albuquerque"!

• • •

A St. Louis customer asked Information's aid in reaching a dog kennel. All he knew was that it trained Labrador Retrievers. Dozens of local kennels were listed. But with only one faint clue, the operator tracked down the right number and completed the call.

Both little stories are true. We wouldn't have known about them except that the people concerned wrote notes of appreciation for the operators' helpfulness.

Brief as they are, the incidents are also important. They make all of us in the business feel good to know we've been helpful. And they illustrate the flexibility it takes to provide *personalized* telephone service.

Naturally we need some uniform procedures to run our business efficiently. But we all try to look at service through the customer's eyes—in order to give him the service *he* wants rather than a standard service right off the shelf.

We don't always succeed, of course. But there's evidence that we're coming closer all the time.

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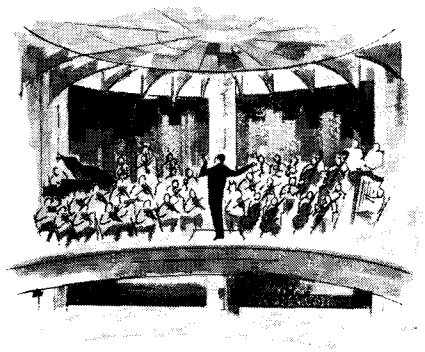
At the New York World's Fair, Longines again demonstrates the qualities of excellence, elegance and all-around superiority that have won for it the title of "the world's most honored watch."

At the World's Fair, Longines Invites You to see for yourself the most elegant and luxurious collection of ultra-modern timepieces to be found anywhere in the world. The Longines "Exhibit Salon" in the Swiss Pavilion features Longines watches worth $200,000.00...each distinctively *the world's most honored watch.*



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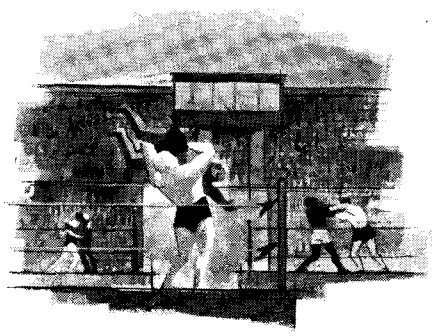

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POST

JUNE 6, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 22

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The Birmingham church bomber . . . . . *George McMillan* 15

The man who bombed a Birmingham church last September 15, killing four young Negro girls, set off "the biggest manhunt since the Dillinger case." *The Post* now tells the exclusive, behind-the-scenes story of how the police and FBI tracked down the bomber and his accomplices—and why none of them have been arrested.

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The authors. A Southerner who has lived in South Carolina for 20 years, **George McMillan** has become an authority on policing integration disturbances; he is author of *Racial Violence and Law Enforcement,* which is required reading for thousands of policemen throughout the country. . . . Former Pittsburgh newspaperman **Myron Cope,** who writes about the problems of Ohio's Axe quads, is a bachelor. . . . Contributing writer **Pete Hamill** was laid up for four days with a sprained ankle, which he suffered while sprinting from sound stage to sound stage in Britain's freezing spring rains as he was trying to keep up with fast-moving Sean Connery. . . . Novelist **Helga Sandburg,** who describes her famous literary father, is the author of *Blueberry, Owl's Roost, Measure My Love* and several other books. . . . A versatile writer who, in this issue, exposes the questionable methods of trading baseball players, **Bill Surface** helped former baseball star Rogers Hornsby write his autobiography and later wrote *Freedom Bridge,* a book about the Marvknoll Sisters in Hong Kong. . . . Contributing writer **Ben H. Bagdikian** got the idea for the government-snooping story while interviewing a nongovernment figure in Washington for another *Post* article; during the interview the phone rang and, as the man picked up the receiver, he slipped a jack into place and recorded the entire conversation. . . . Between them, photographer **Vytas Valaitis** and associate editor Sally A. Reukauf gained five pounds while sampling the celebrity-cookout meals pictured on pages 20–27. . . . Contributing writer **Anne Chamberlin** flew to Egypt on the trail of Nikita Khrushchev, who threw a stone into the river, whereas she throws stones at the antiquities buffs who have suddenly discovered the Nubian temples of Ramses II now that they are about to be swallowed by the dammed Nile.

The cover photograph of actress Julie Newmar, preparing Hawaiian teriyaki and Newmar *flambé* on her New York terrace, was taken by **Henry Ries.** Miss Newmar is wearing a "sweater patio gown," which she made for only four dollars.

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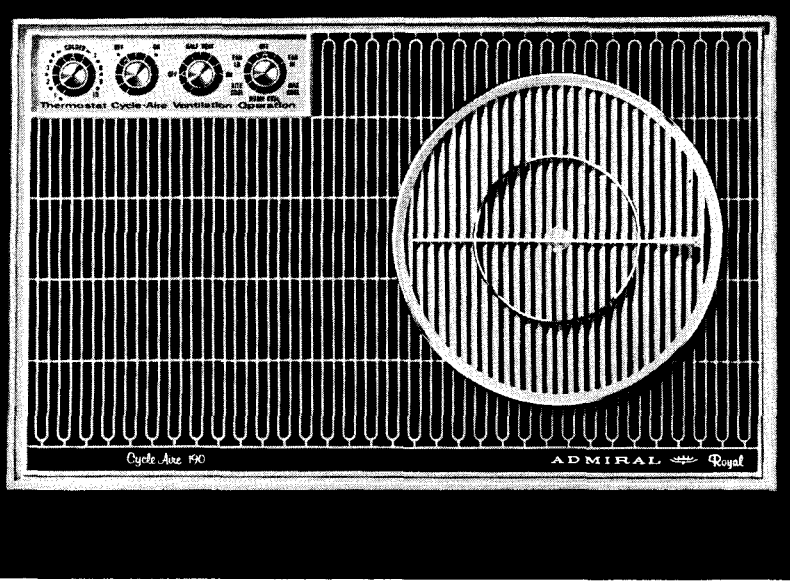

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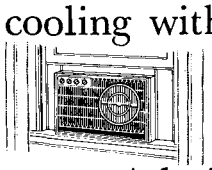

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LETTERS

Tongues of fire

Protestant Christianity is in a sorry state if it needs such hogwash as "tongues" ["AND THERE APPEARED TO THEM TONGUES OF FIRE," by McCandlish Phillips, May 16] to inspire the faithful.

PAUL W. JACKSON
Jackson, Mich.

• I wish Mr. Phillips had continued quoting the verses from the Bible in Acts 2, instead of just mentioning verses 2 through 4. Verses 6 through 11, in particular, state that the Apostles spoke in known tongues or languages so that "every man heard them speak *in his own* language." This is truly "speaking in tongues" and quite different from what is practiced today.

MRS. C. W. CALLOW
Seattle, Wash.

• According to the authors of three comprehensive works I have read on glossolalia, it is a purely psychological manifestation—perhaps a form of regression in which infantile linguistic patterns reoccur, or an emotional state that occurs when the controlling part of the mind is not functioning. The writers of these works succeeded in shedding light on a manifestation that is nurtured by obscurity and ignorance. Your author succeeded only in blowing out the candle.

G. S. MCEWAN
Detroit, Mich.

• I feel a person has no right to an opinion unless he has experienced glossolalia. I know from my own experience that it is not humbug.

MRS. BOB PORTER
Monroe, La.

• I am surprised that your piece omitted reference to the occurrence of glossolalia in the adolescents who set off the Salem witch hunts.

ISABELLA H. PERRY, M.D.
Pacific Grove, Calif.

• In my many years of eye specialization, I have seen many cases of "fireworks in the eye." It is caused by increased pressure inside the eyeball, causing pressure on the optic nerve. Some of these conditions are temporary, but many are the first symptoms of cataract or glaucoma. If those having the experience will consult a good oculist, they may save themselves from serious eye trouble 10 or 15 years from now.

A. B. CONNOR, M.D.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

• After reading Mr. Phillips's article, I am moved to renew my offer of a reward of $500 to anybody who can prove he has ever had a prayer answered. I have found it a poor way to get rid of my money.

G. BENEDICT
Torrance, Calif.

• It has been my experience in six years of the ministry to observe, sadly, that those who boast of this "gift of the Spirit" are usually those who seem totally devoid of the "fruits of the Spirit," that is to say, love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness and temperance. (Galatians 5:22) The Apostle Paul wrote, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as a sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal." (I Cor. 13:1.)

Would it be too much to ask that, instead of staging spectacles, these people bring true humility and love to their everyday contacts with *all* of their fellow men?

REV. RICHARD W. HART
Upland, Calif.

Divided Republicans

You state in your editorial, THE QUESTION FOR REPUBLICANS [May 16], that the situation the Republicans now find themselves in "bears a remarkable parallel to the spring of 1952, when the Taft-Eisenhower struggle was shaping up." Yes, it does! Today the air waves and printed pages are filled with praise of "modern, progressive, responsible" Cabot Lodge, as was the case with Eisenhower then. So "modern, progressive, responsible" Eisenhower swept into the White House for a miserable eight years, with disastrous consequences for the Republican Party. Today's Republicans must decide whether they want more than the pale imitation of Democrats we've had since 1940.

GLENN L. SPENCER
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

• You wish Cabot Lodge well. Well, so do I. But I don't know what he thinks or how he thinks. I hope Rockefeller comes out on top. He's the one who's kept plugging for the principles he believes in. He is honest, forthright and does not dodge issues. What more could Republicans ask for?

MRS. PATRICIA H. VENIER
Garden City, N.Y.

• Sensible people know that there can be no Republican victory without conservative support. So why not a Goldwater-Lodge ticket and a platform of moderation?

L. OSBORNE
Sunnyvale, Calif.

• I'm for Senator Goldwater, the only honest-to-goodness Republican candidate in three decades.

J. P. HELMAN
Grand Junction, Colo.

• I would not vote for Lodge or Rockefeller any sooner than I would vote for L.B.J. If the Republicans are foolish enough to nominate one of them, I'll vote for Goldwater on write-in or for the Constitution candidate.

LAURENCE M. BEYER
Mineral Wells, Tex.

Grandmother Peabody

I have just read your editorial about Mrs. Malcolm Peabody [THE GRAND LADY FROM BOSTON, May 16]. You Yankees have weird ideas about propriety. I fail to see anything grand or ladylike about a woman going from Boston to Florida for the purpose of making a general nuisance of herself, breaking the laws of a sovereign state and interfering with something that is none of her business.

LOUIS A. SEARSON
Columbia, S.C.

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1. FOOD
costs the Haleys $210 a month.

2. CLOTHING
costs the Haleys $30 a month.

3. SHELTER
costs Michael Haley $77 a month.

4. THE FOURTH NECESSITY
guarantees the family the other three,
yet it costs less than any of them.

"A thought bound to occur to a man laying brick forty stories up," says Michael Haley, "is how his family will get along if he should step back too far admiring his work."

Concerned for the future, more men than ever are recognizing that in addition to food, clothing and shelter—the first three necessities—there is a Fourth Necessity: *enough* life insurance.

"It is not true a Scotsman pinches pennies," says Michael, who came from Scotland to Astoria, New York, nine years ago.

"He looks for value. I invest $25 a month in life insurance, and it's a sound program. If I die, Mary gets $6,000 in a cash sum, plus a monthly income until the two lads are fairly grown. If I am disabled, the policy stays in force without my paying another dime into it. And if I live, as I expect, I'll get about $52 a month from my policy when I turn 65—for as long as I live."

Like the cost of the other three, cost of the Fourth Necessity, *enough* life insurance, varies from family to family. How much should you be investing in it?

Metropolitan's Family Security Check-Up will give you the answer.

At no charge, a specially trained Metropolitan man will study your situation. He'll add up your savings, property, Social Security, and present insurance; estimate your family's future needs; figure what's needed to secure their future...and the most economical way to do it. Most likely, the Fourth Necessity will cost you less than any of the other three. Find out from your Metropolitan man. There's no obligation...*except to those you love.*

Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY

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LETTERS

What matters

I want to thank you for Malcolm Wood's WHAT REALLY MATTERS [May 16]. The character, Kenneth, could be the son of any one of dozens of families I know, who worship idols called The Latest Detroit Model, The Second TV Set, etc., and who are as removed from world affairs and political issues as if they were cloistered. I liked Mr. Wood's story so much that I think I will save it until my little girl is old enough to read and understand it. It sums up the things I've been trying to get through to her.

MRS. ROSE CIATT
Port Jervis, N.Y.

Help wanted

About six years ago the *Post* printed my letter having to do with sending used magazines to persons in India, Pakistan, etc.—students and teachers mostly—who cannot afford to buy them. The students are penniless, and the teachers earn about $20 a month. More than 15,000 of your readers responded at that time.

I am again deluged with requests from people who are hungry for reading material from the United States and am again seeking help. Readers who would like to mail their old magazines to people abroad should send me stamped self-addressed envelopes, and I will send them original requests, to which they can respond directly.

HARRY PLISSNER
1500 Bay Road
Miami Beach, Fla.

Bored actresses

Regarding Jill St. John [HOLLYWOOD'S CAREFREE CHILD by Richard Warren Lewis, May 9] and all the other actresses featured in the *Post* recently—evidently they have never bothered to read anything written about others in their profession. If they had, surely they would try not to be so drearily repetitive, so naïvely unoriginal about their own lives and dreams.

ROBERTA N. BROWN
Otis A.F.B., Mass.

• Let those who want to read about bored movie actresses buy movie magazines. Their stories are boring me to death.

MRS. RUSSEL ADKINS
Rapid City, S. Dak.

Doctors' strike

Belgium's striking doctors [DOCTORS GO ON STRIKE, by Pete Hamill, May 16] have my sympathy. How can a doctor treat a man when the man's agent, the politician, is kicking the doctor in the teeth? The doctors serve the people, but they are not bond servants to them.

WILLIAM J. TANNER, D.D.S.
Hayward, Calif.

COMING SOON... in The Post

HARRY S TRUMAN
"My first eighty years"

Beginning a compelling new novel about the secret forces behind the selection of our President

THE 480
By Eugene Burdick
Co-author of FAIL-SAFE and THE UGLY AMERICAN

Explosive **HARLEM:**
"White man, walk easy"

IN DEFENSE OF PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

8–Ted Polumbaum. • 12–Wide World. • 15–Declan Haun (Black Star). • 16, 17–Wide World. • 18–Wide World; 2 by Joe Chapman; Vernon Merritt. • 19–Vernon Merritt. • 20–Henry Ries. • 21–Ollie Atkins. • 22, 23–Henry Ries; 2 by Vytas Valaitis; Henry Ries. • 24–Vytas Valaitis; Henry Ries. • 25–Henry Ries; Vytas Valaitis. • 26–Henry Ries; Vytas Valaitis; Henry Ries. • 27–Vytas Valaitis. • 28, 29, 30–John Rees. • 32–Bob Willoughby (Lee Gross); Pierre V-Manevy (Black Star). • 33–Leo Fuchs (Vista). • 62, 63, 64, 65–Jim Mahan. • 68, 69–Ollie Atkins. • 73, 74, 75, 76, 77–Don Steffen.

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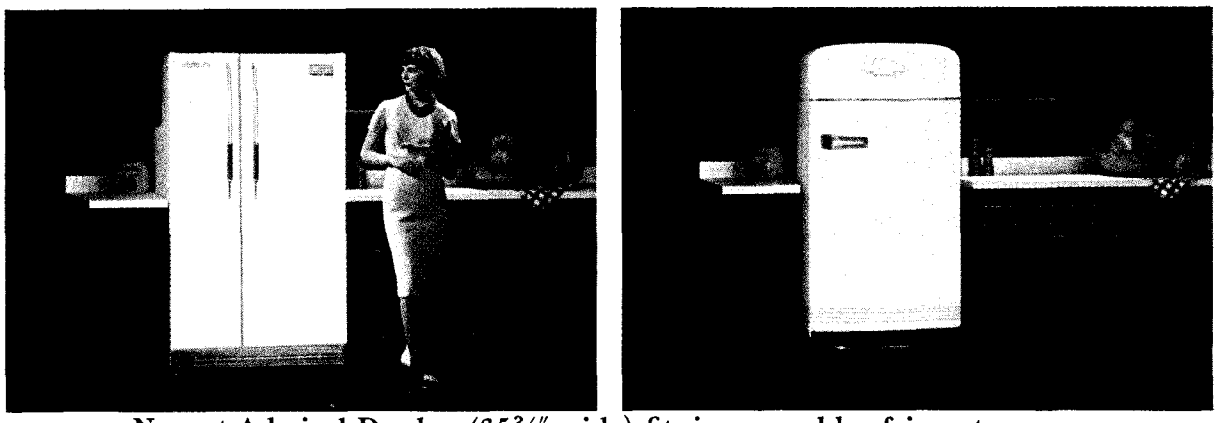

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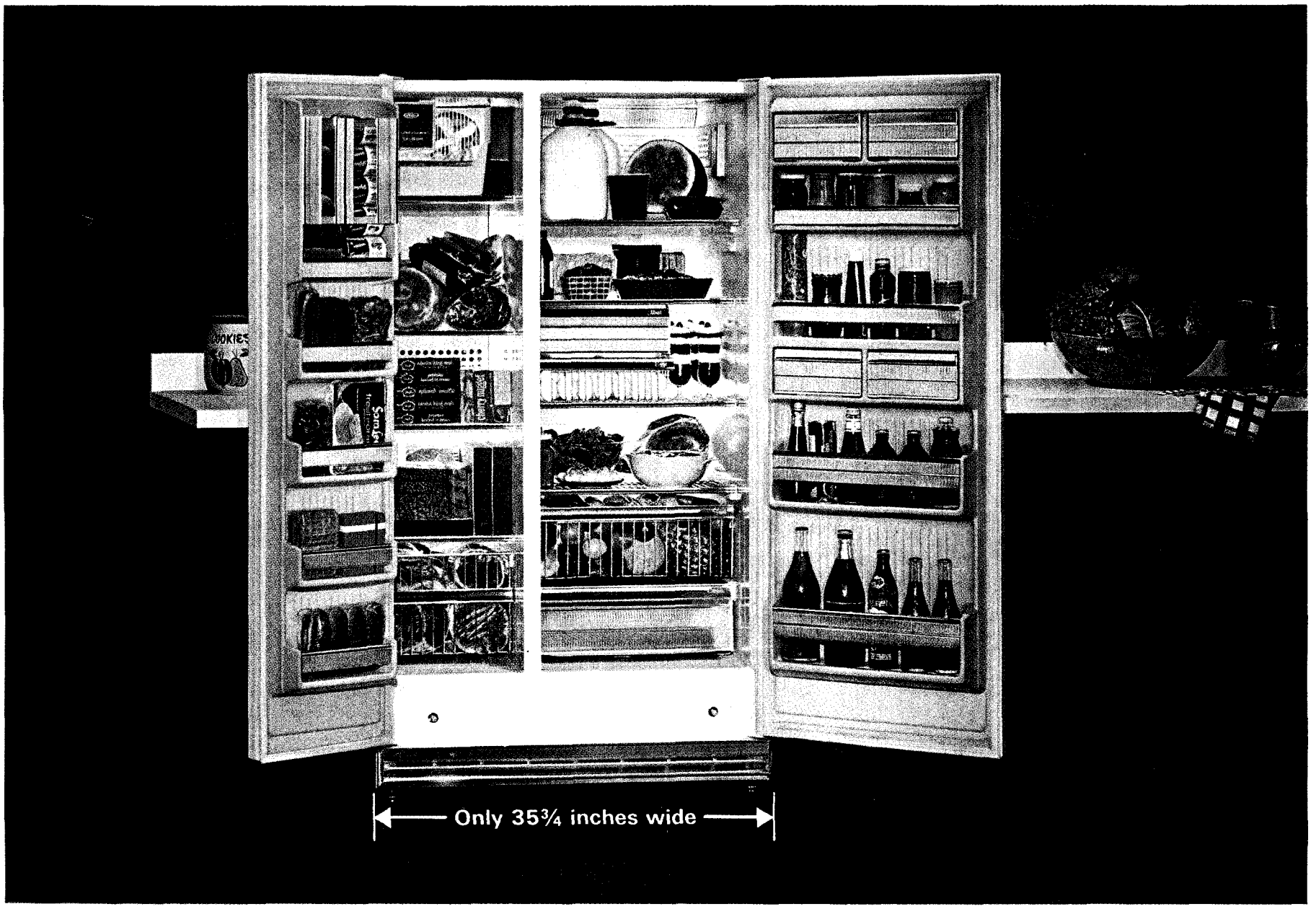

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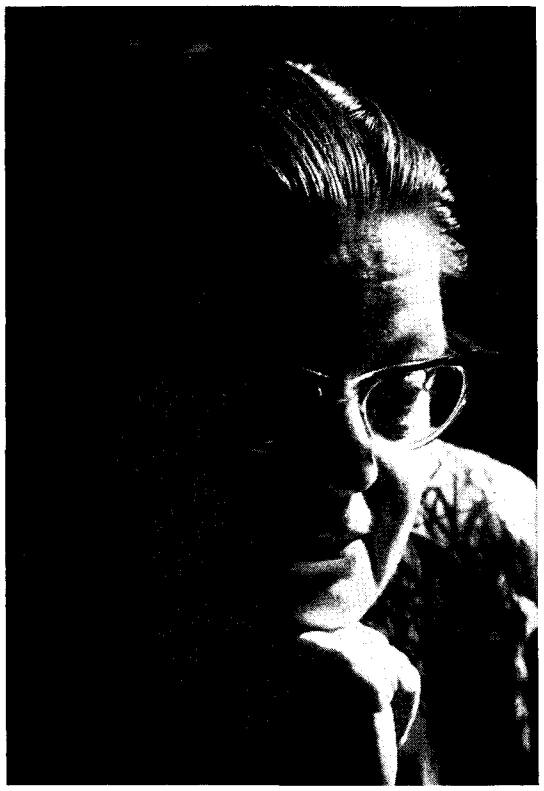
SPEAKING OUT*



The journey from San Francisco (where she was born) to North Bennington, Vt. (where she now lives) was travel enough for Shirley Jackson. The wife of critic Stanley Edgar Hyman and the mother of four, she has written many books. The most recent was a novel, "We Have Always Lived in the Castle."

NO, I DON'T WANT TO GO TO EUROPE

As tourists prepare to swarm across the Atlantic, a noted writer tells how to dislike Europe without actually leaving home.

By Shirley Jackson

If I were to go to Europe—and I have never been—I would not like the food, the traffic, the passports, the buses, the walking, the pretensions, the souvenirs, the other tourists, the money, the clothes or the wine. I don't like any possible way of getting there. I don't like any possible way of getting back. Plane travel is out of the question because I am sickeningly aware, every minute, that there is nothing under the plane holding it up. Travel by freighter is slow and dirty, and you have to sleep with the bananas. My own preferred manner of travel is in a car I drive myself, going perhaps 300 miles a day, and stopping for the night at a good motel. Nevertheless, even if it were possible to get to Europe by driving up the Alaska Highway, across the Bering Strait and down through Soviet Asia, I wouldn't want to. Aside from being leisurely, such a trip has little to recommend it, since I would end up in Europe where I don't want to go. I don't like leaving home in any case, but I dislike even more prying into someone else's country. I frankly don't think it's any of my business how Spanish peasants live.

I know a good deal about all this because my friends have been to Europe, and no one who has friends who have been to Europe ever needs to go. ("We meant to look you up in Rome last summer." "Oh, we left Rome because of the flies and went to Trieste." "Really? Did you see the Smiths there?") Sitting around these days in a large group of our friends without having memories of a contessa (and a little *trattoria*) to draw on is a little like being the only one without shoes on, or the only one who hasn't read *Fanny Hill*. The Smiths and the Browns and the Joneses all had dinner together on the contessa's balcony in Florence. The food was unspeakable, but Jane Smith brought back a recipe for mussels cooked in white wine and garlic which she got from the old man who did the cooking, and every time you go to the Smiths' now you get mussels cooked in white wine and garlic. At Betty Blake's house you get squid, which she learned about in Spain. You have no idea how difficult it is to find an American butcher who stocks fresh squid. Jean Brown learned a couple of off-color folk songs from an old Norwegian sea captain. Mary Jones brought home all kinds of authentic things; you should see their conversation room. And they all sent post cards. To us, at home.

My husband cannot get through the day without *The New York Times*, and likes ice in his drinks. I am mortally afraid of practically everything. Neither of us speaks any language except modern American. We would seem, therefore, ideally suited for European travel—but we have heard too much.

Take the food. It's terrible. In one of the fanciest restaurants in Paris, the night our friends went, the fish was poorly boned and the mousse had melted. You can get so sick of lobster in Italy you could scream, and that goes for olives, too; they don't know how to make spaghetti and meatballs. You can come back and pull rank on the headwaiter in any foreign restaurant in New York, and talk about the *kanin in vin* you had in Stockholm, or the *brandade de morue* in Nice, but you'll never get around the fact that in most of those foreign countries they simply don't know how to cook as well as in the foreign restaurants in this country. Cheap wine is not expensive, but it is vile. Head cheese tastes like gefüllte fish. It's true about a decent cup of coffee. The roast beef of old England is overdone, and the cheese you get in a country pub is surprisingly apt to be American rat cheese. The food in the big elaborate tourist restaurants is carelessly cooked and served; the food in the precious little out-of-the-way places that no one knows about is invariably the kind of food you can expect in a place no one goes to. It's not a good idea to try to find out what any given dish is made of. It is possible, almost vital, to acquire a taste for bottled water. After a tour of an old English castle (some of the walls are 14 feet thick), you have to stand in line for tea. If you get invited home for dinner by a native, you have to eat the food. Watch out for eggplant everywhere.

An American tourist is singularly defenseless in Europe, perhaps because of an inborn niceness, or more probably because of a complete inability to believe that anyone would want to be nasty to him. If a French taxi driver throws a screaming tantrum over the fare, if a Spanish child follows you down the street shouting obscenities, or a petty official decides to hold you incommunicado for three hours, there is pretty well nothing to do about it. It is not likely that a Parisian will step forward from the crowd to calm the taxi driver; the Spaniard is not going to wipe the sly smile off his face and come to your defense; nothing can surpass the supreme arrogance of any petty official.

The American horror of having a scene is money in the bank to natives everywhere. These people have deliberately—it seems deliberate—set up an incredible spiderweb of rules and restrictions and things not permitted and things which absolutely must be done, and even the most experienced traveler is apt to become entangled. Stepping on other people's toes may very well be another common American characteristic, but stepping on a foreign toe may bring more than you bargained for. No one who has not tried to cross a border in Europe can

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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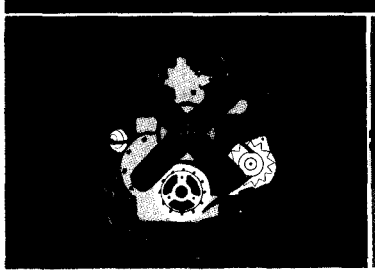

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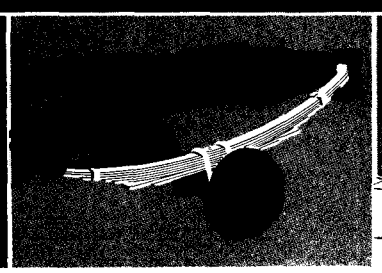

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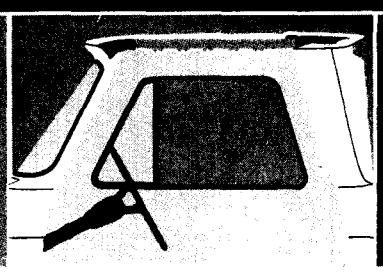

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know what the word "helpless" really means. A state of barely controlled fury accompanies all attempts to bargain with the Greeks, get anywhere on time in Spain, get a straight answer to anything in Ireland, or to understand the Swedes at all. The French are particularly unpleasant. One step off the beaten path and you're on your own; no one in that country really likes you. Americans who at home are quietly competent, able to manage complex missions like buying a tube of toothpaste or finding an address on a side street, learn that in a foreign country their rules no longer apply; they are completely at the mercy of a strange and bewildering new set of rules to which they must submit, and they can hardly take a step without someone's permission.

The people are no help at all. It was Jean Brown who tried to take a picture of an awfully cute young couple in Oslo, and considering the way they acted it's only lucky she didn't understand the language. These people didn't invite tourists to come and gape at them, and they can hardly be blamed for not liking it.

Most of the people you meet in Europe will be resentful and sullen—our friends are unanimous about this—and disgusted at the idea of other people leaving their own comfortable country and coming to hang around where they're not wanted. (A trip to the local oyster beds is highly rewarding.) This of course is not helped by the tourist habit of comparison—particularly on the subject of sanitary accommodations, always a subject to fire American patriotism—but in any case the down-to-earth natives of any country will quite rightly leave you in no doubt as to whether or not they wish you would go home. Heaven help you if you have to find a dentist or a doctor in a hurry. (Arthur Smith got a boil, and it was simply terrible.) Most of the things they try to sell you are for sale in this country—for less. Do not try to make any jokes in a foreign language.

Europe is really quite a small place, but the ways of getting around in it are many. You can walk. (Plan a side trip to see the iron mines.) This is disagreeable in the constant rain. Exploring a city like Rome or Paris on foot is delightful fun, except you can't get across the street because of the traffic. There are interesting little side roads everywhere for walkers, and hills to climb, and thousands upon thousands of stairs, and paths leading down the cliffs, and paths leading up the cliffs, and paths leading across the swamps, and cobblestone streets, and narrow little footbridges, and gloomy towers (the ironwork is 1,200 years old) to climb, and the endless echoing reaches of the museum galleries. No shoes ever made are *that* sensible.

You can rent a car. Memorize the several systems in the different countries for measuring mileage, the several systems for measuring fuel and whether to call it petrol, the several systems of traffic regulations, violations and penalties, the several systems for marking roads and what the various road signs mean, which side of the road to drive on in each country, and a few simple phrases in each language like "Are you a mechanic?" and "The gearshift is stuck." European drivers are not particularly noted for their tolerance toward other motorists, so drive with considerable care.

On the other hand, if you can master the intricacies of a motorbike, are fairly agile, have very little luggage, and exercise caution in taking corners, this might be a preferable way to travel. We also know people who have traveled from one place in Europe to another by bus, but they could never be persuaded to talk much about it.

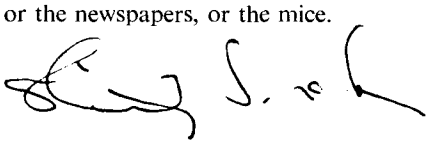
The trains are incredibly efficient, if you ever get on to the system. The most straightforward of journeys will fall apart and shatter into a mass of disorganized problems if it involves taking a European train. No one will tell you anything. No one cares if you get there or not, or if your luggage gets there or not; the function of the train official is to make remarks at your expense to amuse the other passengers. Food on European trains is not really very much worse than food on American trains, but it is very difficult to get any. The other passengers know of only two stations—the one where they get on and the one where they get off—and any stop in between or beyond is incomprehensible to them. The conductor is convinced that you have made some kind of dreadful mistake in getting on his train at all. The railroad stations all look like cathedrals, but it is impossible to find a rest room. It is impossible, as a matter of fact, to find a rest room anywhere.

Perhaps the greatest hazard to Americans traveling in Europe, and the most insistent nuisance, is other Americans. No tourist is ever completely comfortable in Rome after being trapped on the Via Veneto by a crowd of 200 American college students throwing beer cans. The gondola that bumps yours is full of American schoolteachers. Your visit to the magnificent medieval fortress at the top of the mountain (notice the ancient torture instruments; many of them are still in use) will coincide with the arrival of the prepackaged tour of the Albany, N.Y., flower club and their husbands. The Smiths and the Joneses and the Browns spent all one August afternoon on the contessa's balcony counting Americans going by.

You can tell an American

You can tell that these people are Americans because they are uncomfortable and ill at ease, and they clutch nervously at all the things (camera, pocketbook, gloves, extra sweater, dark glasses) they brought with them from the hotel that morning. They say, "My, look at the view from here," and "What is that in *real* money?" They have the look of not knowing what is creeping up in back of them. They have doggedly looked at everything they have been told to look at because they have paid for this trip and they may never get another chance to come. They want to sit down for a minute. They have indigestion. They are wondering how they can get one of those souvenir swords into the suitcase. They are more than half convinced that the flashing eccentric at the next table in the sidewalk café is really a fellow American on a Guggenheim, but they haven't got the nerve to ask him anything.

As I say, all of my friends have been to Europe, and most of them have come back again. I have never been, myself, and I do not plan to go. Now I come to think of it, I wouldn't like the cigarettes. Or the shopkeepers. Or the dirt, or the vegetables, or the garbage, or the cynicism, or the mattresses, or the nightclubs, or the newspapers, or the mice.



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to my muzzer in
Quebec. eh?
muzzer: m-o-t-h-e-r."

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People in a trap

Gloria Richardson confronts Maryland's National Guard.

WASHINGTON: Gloria Richardson is a tall, intelligent Negro woman with a sad, half-ugly, half-beautiful face. She is the leader of the Negro protest movement in Cambridge, Md., a pretty town of 12,000 people, and certainly the most unhappy town of its size in the United States.

Bob Fehsenfeld is a balding, genial fellow with a squint, who wears a long chef's apron over his paunch. Bob is the proprietor of the Dizzyland Café on Race Street in Cambridge, and he refuses to let Negroes into the place. Last year, Negro demonstrators picketed the Dizzyland Café, and Bob Fehsenfeld became briefly famous when he was televised breaking a raw egg over the head of a picket.

Although neither will ever believe it of the other, Gloria Richardson and Bob Fehsenfeld are both essentially decent human beings. And yet both are caught in a trap which is not of their own devising. Caught in their trap, both are impelled to do things and say things and believe things which deepen the hatred and fear in Cambridge. There is a growing danger that the whole United States may be caught in the same trap.

Bob Fehsenfeld called his little café Dizzyland, he says, because "a lot of dizzy things sure happen here." Enshrined on his counter is a broken brick, which a few weeks ago was hurled through his plate-glass window by a Negro. Prominently displayed elsewhere in his café is the "literature" of the White Citizens Council and similar organizations. And there is a sign tacked on the wall: WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE TO SERVE ANYONE AT ANYTIME. That sign is traditional in the South, but it is a rather recent addition at the Dizzyland Café.

"I got nothing against the colored," says Bob Fehsenfeld. "I used to serve 'em—there was a colored woman used to come in here regular. But now they got me in a position where if I served 'em, I'd be out of business tomorrow."

Cambridge has changed, Bob explains, since Gloria Richardson organized her Cambridge Non-violent Action Committee: "It used to be a friendly town. But these demonstrations have turned the feelings of the people. I'll tell you what there is here now. There's hatred, that's what there is."

The evening after I lunched at his café, I saw him at a rally for Alabama's Governor Wallace. Every time Wallace made one of his little jokes about "Japanese Lutherans" and "Chinese Baptists"—meaning Negroes—Bob Fehsenfeld would laugh hugely, his whole body shaking in ecstasy. When Wallace was finished, Bob clapped and cheered wildly, his face flushed with the adoration of the true believer.

Before Wallace started speaking, the counter-rally organized by Gloria Richardson, in the Negro section of town on the other side of Race Street, had already been in full swing for more than an hour. To begin with, at least, a wonderful time was had by all. On the stage of the Elks Hall, a cheerful crowd clasped hands and sang *We Shall Overcome* or *Walking Down to Freedom Land* while a couple of white Carmelite priests played ukuleles. But by the time the white rally for Wallace was finished, the mood had changed on the other side of Race Street. Suddenly, there was hatred.

This change of mood was not spontaneous. It was carefully nurtured by the professional Negro protest leaders who had descended on Cambridge for the rally. The professionals included Minister Lonnie 3X of the Black Muslims. Lonnie 3X set the theme: "White America" had "robbed the Negro deaf, dumb, and blind" for 400 years, and there was no use ever expecting better treatment from the whites.

The theme, in short, was simple black racism, less muted than the white racism of Governor Wallace and his friends. "White America" was the enemy. Throughout the long, angry evening no good word was heard for any white man—not John Kennedy, or Franklin Roosevelt, or Abraham Lincoln. On the contrary, the "liberals" were as much despised by Gloria Richardson's supporters as by Governor Wallace's. "The white liberals," said one speaker pithily, "can shape up or ship out." Here are a few more quotes from my notebook:

"We are radicals, not moderates. Moderates negotiate with whites; radicals denounce them. Moderates seek accommodation with whites; radicals seek a showdown." "We can turn this nation upside down by acts of social dislocation." "The white power structure has given all it's going to give—if we want freedom, we're going to have to fight for it." "There must be a great rising up, a revolt for freedom now." "What is this civil-rights bill? It's 100 white men dictating the destiny of 20 million blacks."

Gloria Richardson made two speeches, and in both she talked about "revolutions" and "civil war." But she had publicly promised that she would not lead a march across Race Street, into the white part of town, and her last speech was an obvious attempt to head off a march by offering a rent strike as an alternative. But this would have produced no pictures of Negroes being manhandled by white troops. John Lewis of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) called on the audience to "go out tonight, and begin a long, hot, discontented summer." In the end, Gloria led a chanting crowd to Race Street, to confront the bayonets of the National Guard. When the Guard commander asked her if she wanted to be arrested, she answered "yes."

It was the only answer she could give. Later, after the Guard had dispersed the crowd with tear gas, I had a brief talk with Gloria as she waited to be carted off to detention. Would I be unfair, I asked her, if I wrote that her rally was as anti-white as Governor Wallace's had been anti-Negro? You had to "sense the mood of the people," she said, and you had to "get in front of them to lead them." It was no use to say there were "good whites as well as bad whites."

But surely, I said, if it really came to a "civil war" between blacks and whites, she must realize that the whites would win?

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I know." Then she put her hands to her head. "Oh God, I'm tired," she said.

Gloria Richardson can no more afford to be moderate than Bob Fehsenfeld can afford to serve Negroes in his café. She had to lead the crowd to Race Street, or somebody else would have done so. But it is quite clear where the competition in extremism among the black racists and the white racists is taking us. It is taking us to the point of no return, beyond which rational discussion and reasonable accommodation will no longer be possible.

Stewart Alsop

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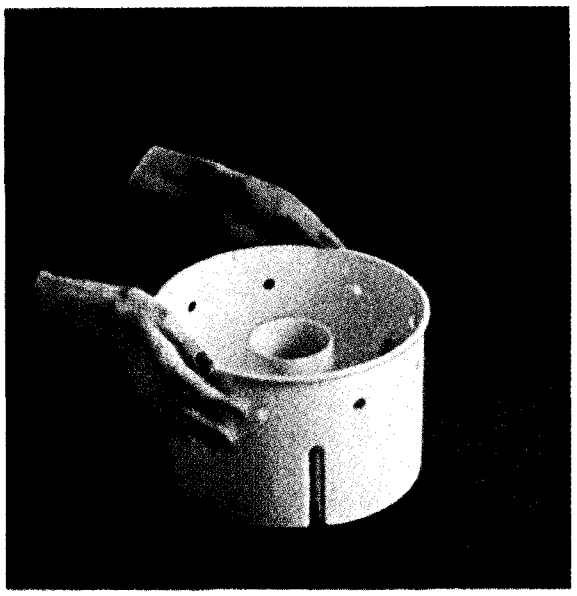

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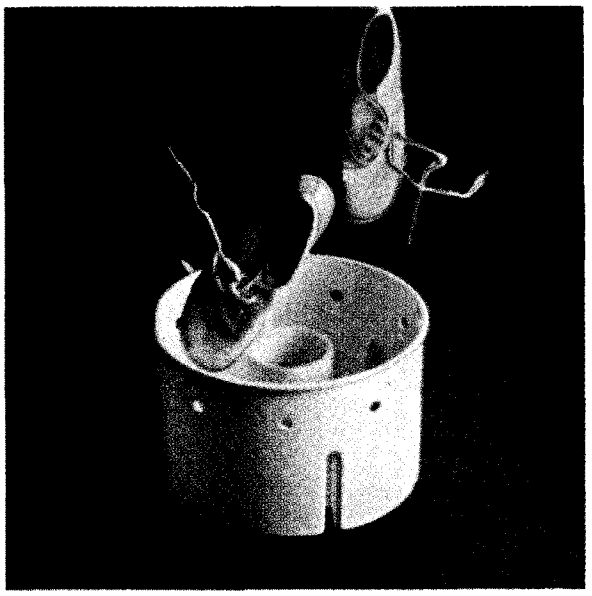

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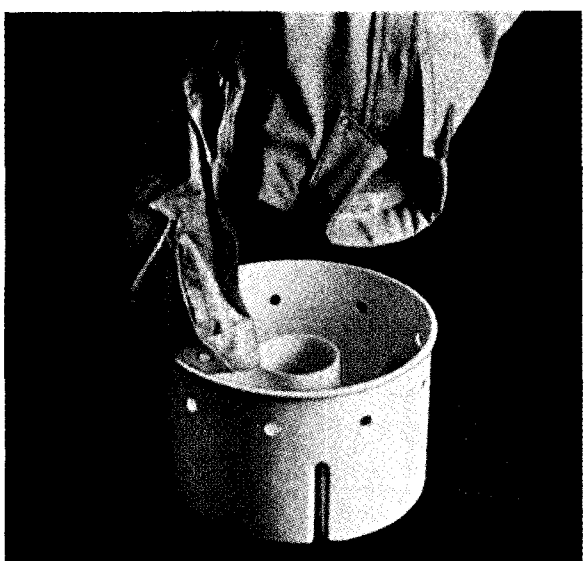

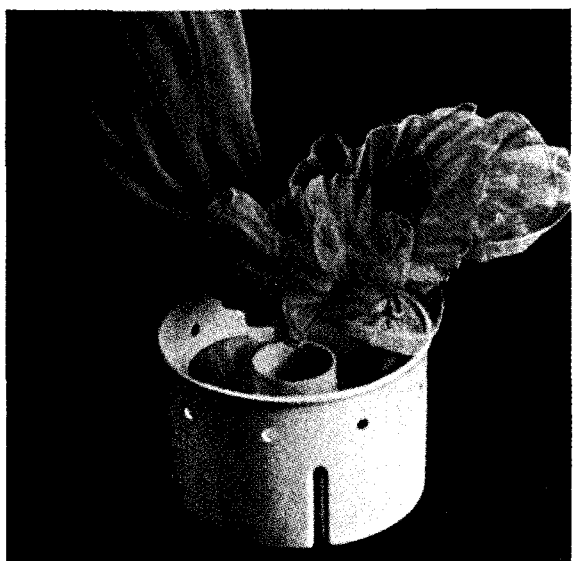

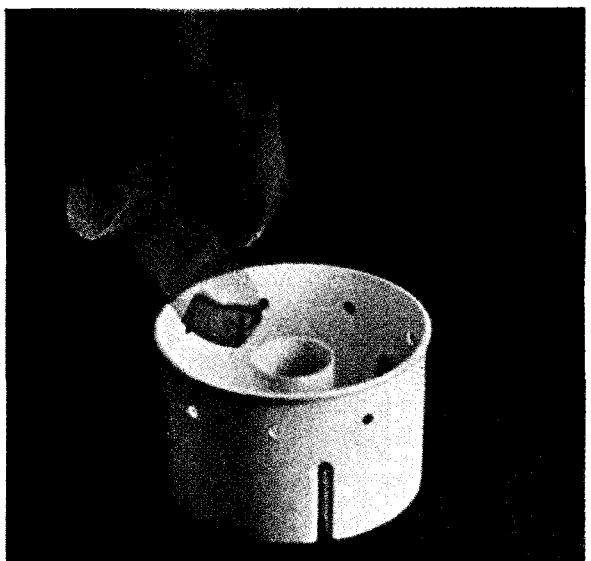

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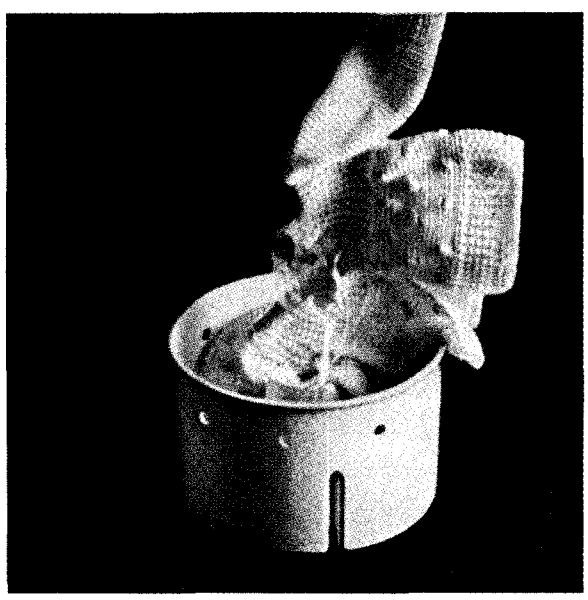

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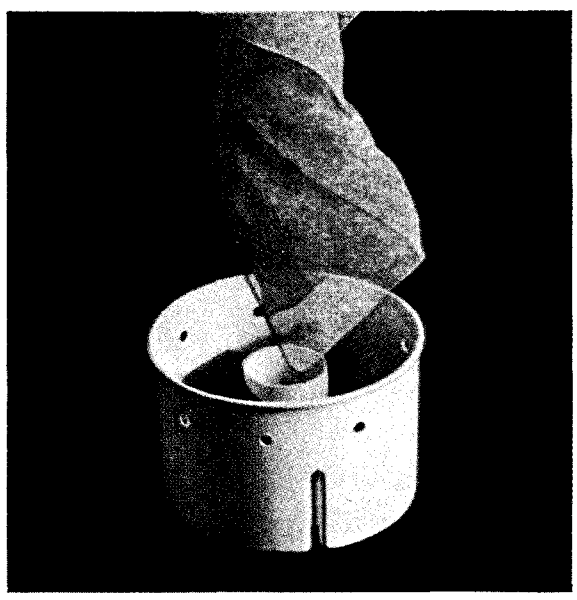

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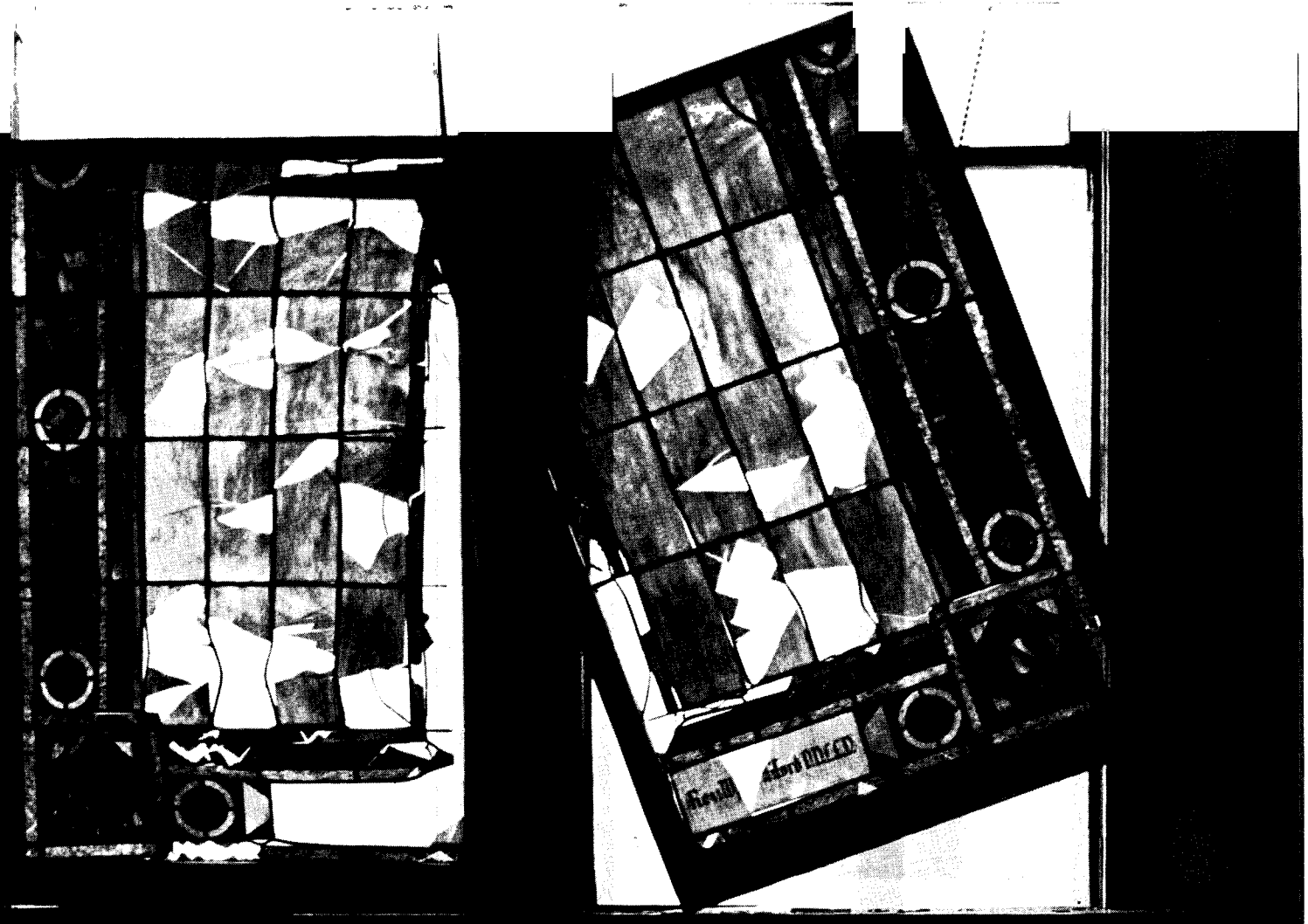

Shattered windows of the 16th Street Baptist Church stand askew after blast that killed four young Negro girls.

The Birmingham Church Bomber

By George McMillan

LAWMEN KNOW WHO HE IS. ALL THEY LACK IS THE EVIDENCE THEY NEED FOR A CONVICTION. HERE IS THE UNTOLD STORY OF HOW FBI AGENTS AND ALABAMA POLICE OFFICERS LEARNED HIS IDENTITY—AND WHY THEY EXPECT TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE.

In all the hatred and fear and violence that have marked the present racial upheaval in America, no single incident has so shocked the conscience of the country as the bombing of Birmingham's 16th Street Baptist Church last September 15. The explosion under the church stairway at 10:22 that morning hurled rubble for blocks, injured 19 people and killed instantly four young Negro girls inside the church. The wanton, brutal crime sickened Americans on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line and gave new impetus to the drive for civil-rights legislation. As nothing else had done—or perhaps could do—it epitomized the ugliness of racial conflict. President Kennedy, echoing the national temper, said he felt a "deep sense of outrage and grief." And the FBI immediately announced from Washington that it was starting "the biggest manhunt since the Dillinger case."

Since then, however, there has been only silence from the FBI, and the crime remains unsolved. "The investigation is a sham on the part of law agencies in an effort to soothe the national conscience and placate Negroes," the Rev. Fred L. Shuttlesworth, Negro leader of the Birmingham

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Tears streak the face of Mrs. Claude A. Wesley after funeral services for her daughter Cynthia, 14, killed in the explosion.

Birmingham Bomber

civil-rights movement, has charged bitterly. There is cause for his bitterness: 21 previous bombings in Birmingham are still unsolved. But law agencies are determined that the church bombing shall not be the 22nd. And the investigation has been no sham.

Law-enforcement officials know who the bomber and his accomplices are—have known for months. But they have still not been able to put together the kind of airtight case they need to take "Mister X" to court. The FBI is convinced, however, that he will sooner or later make a slip—and when he does, a lawman will be there.

Several arms of the law have worked on the case. Only the FBI itself knows how many agents it assigned to Birmingham. Bureau officials say there were "more than thirty-five," but some estimates put the number as high as 100. In addition, Jefferson County Sheriff Mel Bailey and his deputies were deeply involved in the investigation. So were the Alabama state police under Col. Al Lingo. And, of course, the Birmingham city police were on the case from the start.

Two of the first men on the scene after the explosion were Lt. Maurice House, head of the Birmingham detective force, and one of his men, Detective Marcus Jones. They were a good team, House and Jones. They had worked together over the years in the detective division of the Birmingham police department but never so closely as in the months just past.

When Jones and House got to the wrecked church that Sunday, the uniformed police and firemen were already there, trying to rope off the area. A menacing, angry crowd of Negroes had gathered. Some were throwing rocks at the police. Others were crying hysterically. As soon as Homicide finished its work on the bodies of the four victims, Jones and House and the local FBI men went into the church for a quick check, found nothing, and decided at once to call in FBI lab men from Washington.

A bombing is one of the most difficult of all crimes to solve: The explosion itself usually destroys the evidence. There is no weapon to be left behind, no cartridge shell. Dynamite, the explosive in most such bombs, is usually wrapped in paper which goes up in dust with the blast. The best hope for evidence is in the timing mechanism. If a time clock was used, for example, pieces of the metal might be found someplace around the scene.

While waiting for the FBI lab men, Birmingham police started on the next thing that had to be done at once: trying to find everybody who had been at the scene of the crime at the time the bomb went off. They started by canvassing the neighborhood. House, Jones, FBI agents and other law-enforcement men worked together, interviewing everyone in the houses and on the streets as they moved in concentric circles outward from the church itself. They worked all that day and on through the night.

Late that afternoon the two FBI lab men arrived. They divided the blast area into quarters and began meticulously sifting the rubble. They put every solid object into bags for further study.

The next morning Jones and House asked a city engineer to prepare a scale map of the neighborhood around the church. On the map they began to place people, one by one, as they weeded out hundreds of fragments of information. After weeks of this search, police decided they had the scene figured out. "We're pretty sure we've got a true picture, pretty sure we've seen and talked with everybody who was on the scene," Lieutenant House told me. "We've pieced it together, and it all makes sense."

The picture showed that there were 14 people on the scene who would have been

TEN DAYS AFTER THE

in a position to see anyone who placed the bomb beneath the back stairs of the church—if it had been thrown or placed there with a short fuse. Nine of these people were right around the corner; two of them walked within three feet of the bomb seconds before it exploded. The janitor came down the steps just before they were blown into rubble—he had time only to reach the front of the church along the sidewalk before the bomb went off. In fact, his presence so close to the explosion led to a rumor that he either had planted the bomb himself or knew who had, but the investigation later cleared him of all suspicion. And at least four other people were continuously in sight of the steps for at least 15 minutes before the bomb exploded.

The 16th Street church is so close to the downtown business district of Birmingham that, during weekdays, many cars owned by white people are parked around it. But on Sunday there are none. And at this time of racial tension the Negroes who were out on the street near the church that Sunday morning would certainly have noticed any car with a white man or men in it that drove up to the church, and stopped long enough to throw or place a bomb.

All of this provided virtually certain evidence that the bomb had been planted in advance and detonated by some kind of timing device. The presence of these witnesses also convinced the police that the timing device had not been an ordinary fuse. Such a fuse burns at a rate of about two minutes per yard. To last 15 minutes, the fuse would have had to be more than 20 feet long. That much fuse, burning that long, would have made enough smoke to call attention to the bomb. It would also have made a slight sizzling noise which the janitor, for one, would almost certainly have heard as he passed within inches of the bomb.

Both the FBI and the Birmingham police therefore began to develop theories about the kind of timing mechanism that was used to trigger the bomb, and both have conducted experiments to test their theories. But neither agency will discuss its theories or say which of them seems most likely. No enforcement agency likes to give away its case.

One of the theories, however, is that the time mechanism was nothing more than a simple wax candle. Such a device could be made by fixing a short conventional fuse to a book of paper matches and the matches to a candle, so that when the candle burned down, it would light the matches which then would ignite the fuse. The delay time would depend on the length of the candle, which could be set in an open container with the dynamite. This kind of fuse would make very little smoke, if any, and no noise.

One law-enforcement agency experimenting with such a fuse received some very helpful hints from an unexpected source. A speaker at a racist meeting held in the Birmingham area a short time after the bombing told his audience in step-by-step detail exactly how to build a timing device with a candle. Local authorities reportedly have in their possession a tape recording of that speech.

Despite all theories, however, the FBI did not find in the debris any conclusive physical evidence of the bomb or the tim-

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CHURCH BOMBING THE KILLERS STRUCK AGAIN—THIS TIME AT THE LOCAL POLICE.

ing device, and therefore does not know for sure how the bomb was detonated. One official in the case told me that the only piece of physical evidence found was a fishhook, but he either did not know or would not say what function this homely object might have played in the construction of a timing device.

Meanwhile the search for the bomber, or bombers, was going on in another way. It was obvious from the first day that although many, perhaps most, of the white people in Birmingham were deeply segregationist, not many would plant a bomb under a Negro church on Sunday morning. That would take a special kind of person, a special kind of mentality.

It has been an open secret among southern police departments for some time that the number of men who will commit overt acts of premeditated violence out of racial hatred is actually quite small. Atlanta proved the point. When the Atlanta police force, with the community behind it, determined to prevent disorder during the school integration there, it prepared dossiers on all the known racial troublemakers in the South. It was one of the first instances, perhaps *the* first, of a southern police department's making a forthright attempt to fix in advance the point from which violence could be expected, and being prepared to meet it in its predictable form. And the effort succeeded: Atlanta was integrated without violence.

Southern racist groups like the Ku Klux Klan are not particularly dangerous—not as organizations. The danger, according to an expert on the southern racists, lies in the few individuals "whose own taste for and experience in violence itself leads them to commit criminal acts."

After the Birmingham church bombing the FBI "checked out every Klansman and possible suspect in the Southeast," one FBI official told me—more than 8,000 individuals. More important, the bureau—working with the Birmingham police department, Sheriff Bailey's office and the Alabama state police—focused particular attention on the few really violent men and the hardest of the hard-core organizations.

Even before the 16th Street bombing the FBI had begun to move in on these tiny clusters of violent bigotry. "The FBI has saturated the hate groups with informers in the past eighteen months," a southern police official told me. As it turned out, informers who had been recruited by Sheriff Bailey's men and the city police were at least equally helpful.

Turning on the heat

If any policeman, deputy, FBI agent, or law-enforcement official were asked, he would deny it, but the evidence is clear that everybody on the side of the law now turned the heat on this group of potential suspects.

According to *The Thunderbolt*, a fiery newspaper published by the National States Rights Party, whose headquarters are now in Birmingham: "After the Negro-church bombing the N.S.R.P. headquarters was practically surrounded by FBI agents. Not only our members but Citizens Council, K.K.K., United Americans for Conservative Government members were almost daily harassed."

"There's no doubt about it," says a policeman who watched the FBI at work on the case. "They stayed right on the backs of these characters. They went to their bosses, asked questions of their landladies, dogged their footsteps, made it uncomfortable for them."

The kind of men responsible for the 16th Street bombing are not the sort to take police surveillance without violent protest. Theirs is the type of mentality that fundamentally hates all authority and retaliates compulsively when the heat is on. Ten days after the church bombing they struck back.

At 2:31 A.M. Wednesday, September 25, there was a small explosion (probably one stick of dynamite) in a Negro residential section of Birmingham. The blast made enough noise to bring a flurry of telephone calls to police headquarters. The information was instantly relayed to patrolling cruisers, and within 10 minutes at least 50 law-enforcement men—"nearer 100" according to one reporter on the scene—were in the neighborhood, looking for the bomb site.

They owe their lives to the fact that they failed to find it. Thirteen minutes later another bomb went off at the same spot. This one was a shrapnel bomb—a couple of sticks of dynamite in a rusty five-gallon paint can crammed with nails, bolts and other sharp bits of metal. The police are convinced that the trap was intended for them—and to *kill* them. The two bombs were planted where a pie-shaped vacant lot came to a point at a three-way intersection. The spot was some distance from any house, and the early-morning hour made it unlikely that the bomb was intended for any one victim living in the neighborhood.

"It was meant for us," a patrolman told me. "It was set to allow just enough time for us to get there. If we had found the bomb, maybe fifty officers would have lost their lives or been mangled."

"Up until that shrapnel bomb went off," said a man who has worked with the police in Birmingham, "a lot of the cops really believed that the bombers had never meant to hurt anyone, only to intimidate 'em. Some of the police even believed that the Sixteenth Street bomb had gone off at the wrong time, that it hadn't really been meant to hurt anybody, not to say kill anybody.

"But the shrapnel bomb changed all that. It convinced the police that these bombers weren't just a bunch of segs who wanted to scare niggers."

The public reaction to the shrapnel bomb was one of consternation. "They're throwing dynamite anywhere, everywhere," said the Reverend Mr. Shuttlesworth. "It's clear that law and order have broken down." He called on President Kennedy to send troops to Birmingham.

Governor Wallace, as alarmed as anyone by the bombings and the national revulsion they had caused, reportedly put the heat on Colonel Lingo's state police. And the following Sunday he announced from Montgomery that "State investigators expect to break the Birmingham-church case within the next few hours."

Lawmen in Birmingham—city and county men and the FBI—were shocked by this announcement. They were convinced that the state police didn't have enough evidence to wrap up the case;

Lawman stands guard while Birmingham firemen and ambulance attendants remove covered body of one victim from wrecked church after the lethal bombing last September 15.

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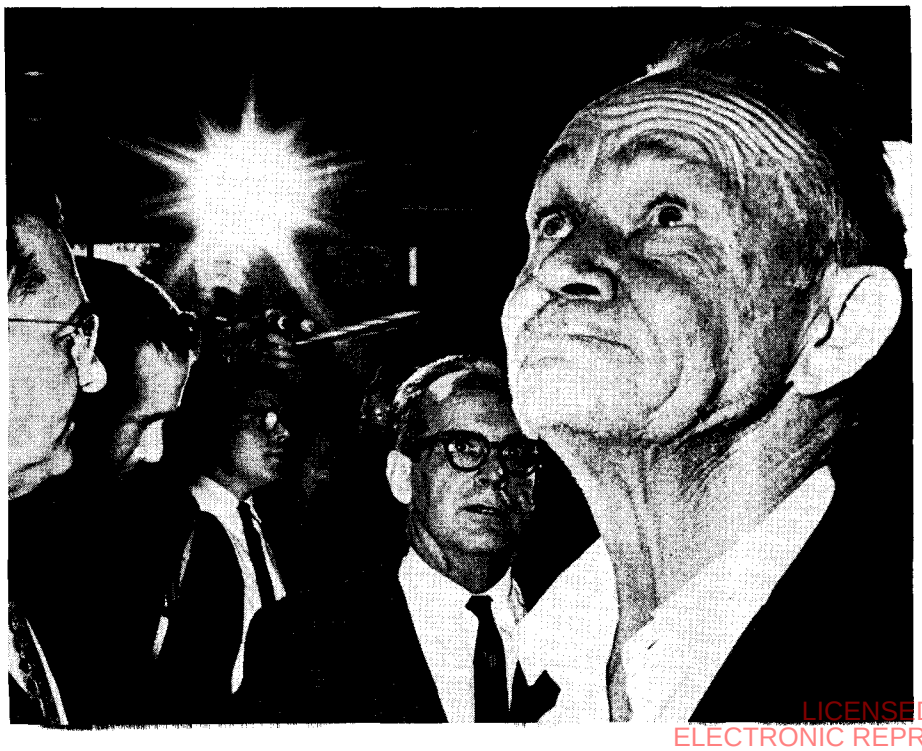
State police chief, Col. Al Lingo, ordered the arrest of three men.

ARRESTS BY STATE POLICE FAILED TO BREAK THE CASE.

Arrested by state police: top left, John W. Hall; top right, Charles Cagle; bottom right, R. E. Chambliss. Police hoped—in vain—they might shed light on bombing. Instead, they were convicted of illegal possession of dynamite, are now free on bail.



Birmingham Bomber

that Colonel Lingo's men must be depending on evidence they themselves had gathered. And they knew they hadn't completed the investigation to their own satisfaction.

A few hours after Wallace made his announcement, the state police arrested two men, R. E. Chambliss, 59, and Charles Cagle, 22. Both were from Birmingham, and both had been involved in Klan activities. Cagle had been arrested near Tuscaloosa last September 29, and charged with carrying a concealed weapon, although a date has not yet been set for his trial. Chambliss had a record of several arrests—but no convictions—in connection with Klan activities.

The state could hold Chambliss and Cagle only 72 hours without a charge, and state police began grilling the two suspects. Apparently the police thought the men had information that might lead to a solution of the church bombing, but Chambliss and Cagle would not talk.

The state then charged the two with illegal possession of dynamite. (Eventually another man, John W. Hall, was arrested on the same charge.) The three were tried on October 9, 1963, in City Recorder's Court in Birmingham, were fined $100 each and sentenced to 180 days in jail. All have appealed the sentence and conviction, and are now free on bail.

In the opinion of the FBI and the city and county police, the arrest of Chambliss, Cagle and Hall seriously hurt the chances of building a case against the men who planned the 16th Street-church bombing. They considered it a premature arrest in a major case.

The action obviously warned the bombers that the law-enforcement agencies knew a great deal about the crime, probably even the names of the individuals involved. This meant they were in grave danger, for it was a crime that well might mean the death sentence.

At the same time, however, the arrests betrayed the fact that the police did not yet have the kind of evidence needed to bring the bombing case into court. And even people with twisted minds could hardly miss the point that, as things now stood, the greatest threat to their safety was that someone involved in the crime would talk.

At a place and a time that cannot yet be revealed, a group of men including the man who made the bomb, the man who placed it and everyone who knew the identities of those involved, met. They called it "the kiss-of-death meeting."

"If any one of you ever talks, it will be the kiss of death for you," the leader of the meeting warned. "We join hands here and now in swearing that each of us takes a vow to kill the man who gives anything away to the police."

"And they weren't kidding either," says a policeman who knows about the kiss-of-death meeting. "There was a time when they used to brag more or less openly about these bombings. But it finally got through their heads that some of them might pay a fearful damned price for running around blowing people up."

The church bombers had good reason for alarm. At the time Colonel Lingo made his arrests, the FBI, the city police and the sheriff's office all knew who had engineered the 16th Street bombing, although they will not say how or when they learned the truth. And they knew who his accomplices were.

"The FBI knows who bought the dynamite, who made the bomb, who placed it there, and who engineered the crime," I was told by Macon Weaver, U.S. attorney in Birmingham.

"We know every detail about it," Lieutenant House, the Birmingham detective chief, told me. "We just don't have the evidence."

The ringleader in the Birmingham-church bombing—an out-of-state man—has "probably been involved in more bombings than any one individual in the South," I was told by a high police official in another southern city. "Invariably that bastard is in the general area when a bomb goes off."

Police and FBI either know or have good reason to believe that this Mister X planned the 16th Street-church bombing at a meeting in Birmingham two weeks before it happened; that he was at the house of the men who planted the bomb two nights before the bombing, and that his car was parked two blocks away from the 16th Street church on the Sunday morning the bomb went off.

Mister X is under constant surveillance. "Of course we can't literally stay with him twenty-four hours a day," said a law-enforcement official. "But we put him to bed every night and check him first thing every morning. If we have reason to think that something is brewing, then we really tail him." Mister X knows he is being followed. "Generally he is able to tell the difference between a local detective and an FBI man," said a city police official. "He hates us but he hates the FBI even worse. When it's the FBI tailing him, sometimes he doubles back, spits at them, yells something at them."

"You hogs!" is a favorite epithet.

Police believe his hostility would not be limited to insults if he should ever catch a law officer prowling around his home. Not long ago I persuaded a detective in the southern city where Mister X lives to take me out to the bomber's house for a look. We went on a rainy night, out into the raw suburbs, finally onto a muddy, unpaved road.

"I'll shoot my way in"

"The bastard's house is right up there," said the detective, pointing. There was nothing to see but a wall of darkness.

"Can't we get any closer?" I asked.

"You can get out and walk if you want to," he said, "but I'm not goin' any farther. We get up in there and we would have to shoot our way back out. Maybe the day will come when I've got enough evidence to arrest him. When that day comes, I'll go up in there and get him even if I have to shoot my way in.

"There is nothing on earth I would like better than to put that bastard on the scene"—that is, on the scene of a crime, at the time of the crime, with a witness to his presence.

Mister X has never yet been found at the scene of the crime, however. "He has a distinguishing physical characteristic," a detective explained, "and he always tells his buddies it's too dangerous for him to be seen, that *he* would be noticed, marked and remembered."

A police officer who has observed Mister X for some time described how the church bomber works: "OK, there's racial trouble, or the promise of it, or some integration situation coming up in some southern town or other, let's say. All right, Mister X shoves off for that place. He goes there. He may speak at a rally or two of some Klan Klavern or some other racist organization like that.

"If he doesn't already know where the

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hard core of nuts is in that community, he will talk around a little, feel the situation out, find those birds. Then he'll get with them. He often uses a hotel room, asks these birds to meet him there. When he gets them together, he'll say:

"'OK, you fellas have got trouble here with these niggers and their friends the Communistic Jew S.O.B.'s. You've got to *do* something. There's nothing like a bomb. If I were you people, I'd put a bomb down someplace.

"'I can bring someone in here to do the job. It'll cost you about $500, with materials. Can you fellas raise that much?' And, as time has proven, they very often do raise the sum."

The "materials" Mister X refers to are dynamite and timing devices, which do not cost that much. The rest of the money goes to him, for he makes almost his entire living out of the hate movements. He asks for $1,000 if he is going to have to use some of his own "specialists" instead of local men. For many years he had a small core of men in Chattanooga, Tenn., who did his ugly work for money. More recently he has relied on men from the Atlanta area.

There was a time when Mister X used to haul dynamite himself, but now he has grown too cautious for that. One day recently he was driving through a southern city and inadvertently went through a red traffic light at an intersection. He was being followed at the time. The car following him sent a message to a police cruiser in the area, which quickly apprehended Mister X, arrested him for the violation and took him to headquarters.

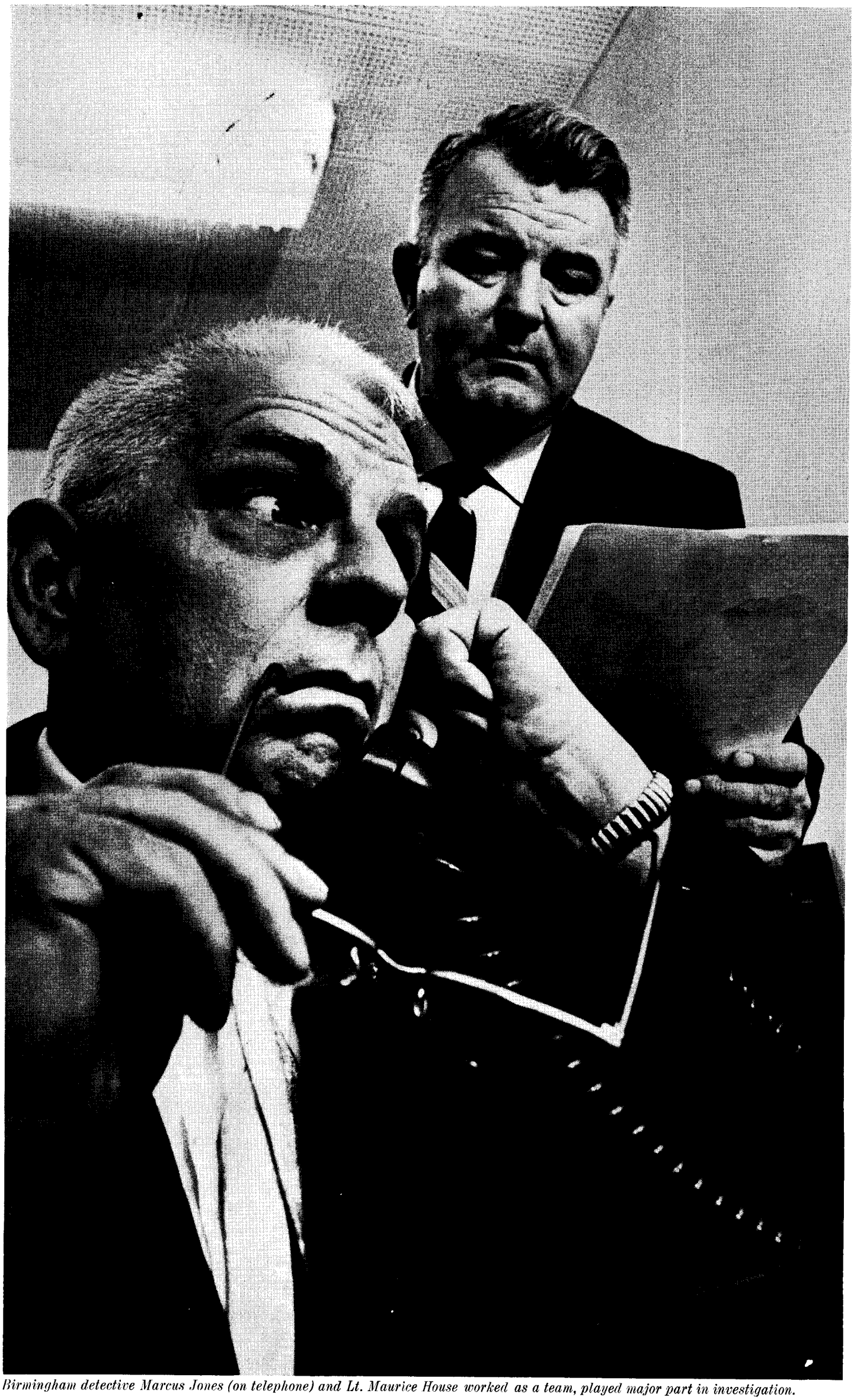
No sooner had this happened than a police wrecker appeared on the scene, hauled Mister X's car off to the police garage, where a small army of policemen and FBI agents attacked it like an army of starved ants. Out came the seats, the spare tire, the contents of the pockets—every single loose item in the car. Each was carefully laid on the garage floor and photographed, but nothing of interest was found. Then, just as quickly as they had stripped the car, they put it together again and returned it to the spot where Mister X had left it. He drove off unaware that it had been shaken down. He will probably learn about it for the first time when he reads this.

"He's so hot now that the only way we'll ever get him is to back up to him, maybe get him for conspiracy," a police official told me. A federal conspiracy charge could be made against Mister X if there were evidence that he had conspired in Memphis, say, to bomb a place in Birmingham, especially if he carried somebody across a state line to do the bombing. He has done that in the past. It is unlikely that he will do it again.

Nor are any of the people with whom I talked really very hopeful that they can find anybody to turn state's witness. "You've pretty nearly got to have somebody who was at the meeting when it was planned," U.S. Attorney Weaver said. "And just remember that the people who did this are going to the chair."

But the lawmen who are after Mister X aren't going to lose interest in proving him guilty of the church bombing. "This is one case that's not going to cool off," said a newspaperman—"not as long as there's a racial crisis going on in the streets of Birmingham."

Most of all, the FBI still wants to get Mister X. "We will get him, too," said a high FBI official. "He'll make his mistake. We're going to solve this case if it takes ten years." THE END



Birmingham detective Marcus Jones (on telephone) and Lt. Maurice House worked as a team, played major part in investigation.

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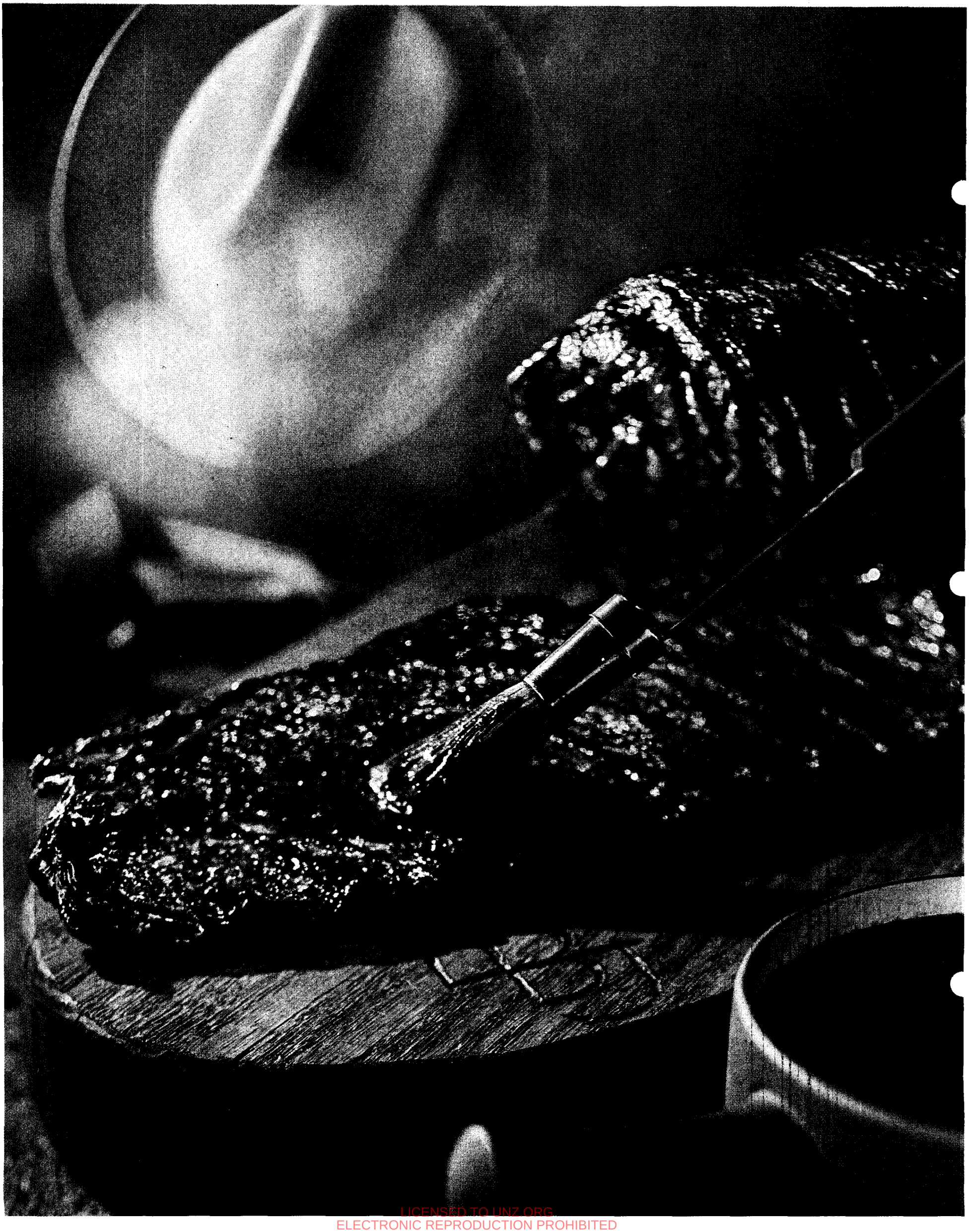

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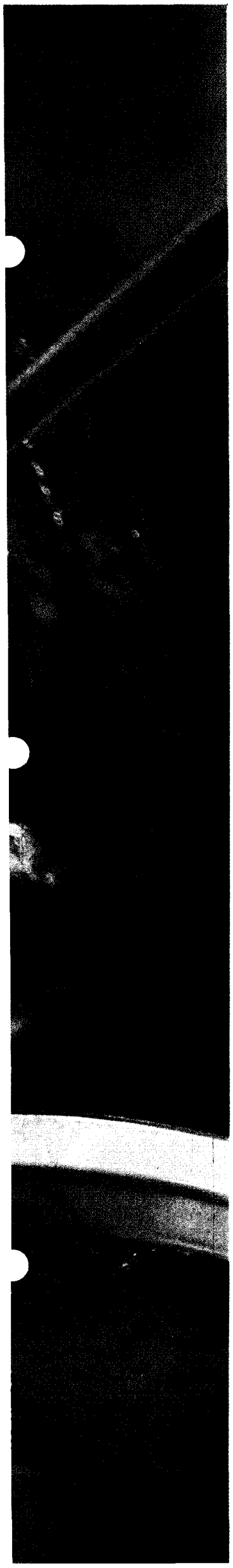

THE HEAT'S ON

As outdoor cooking becomes a national passion, the simple backyard grill gives way to pony-drawn chuck wagons and lavish broiling carts that let participants rough it in high style.

Johnson barbecues need many cooks.

Lady Bird serves beer with the ribs.

The lady in the low-cut dress, perspiring daintily over a bed of hot coals, muttered a soft Italian oath and then smiled gamely. "I may be cooked before the shasslik," she said. The lady was Gina Lollobrigida, which must say something about how far the current craze for outdoor cooking has gone. In recent years, cooking out-of-doors has become a summer way of life for most Americans—from the backyard wienie roast to President Johnson's Texas-sized barbecues. What began as a good way to broil a steak has turned into a wildly elaborate method of preparing lobster tails and even, of all things, baked Alaska. The simple $2.99 charcoal grill has evolved into complex mechanisms ranging up to $3,500. This last creation is called an "Angus," weighs 450 pounds and comes with electric ice-maker, glass-and-bottle racks, locking storage cabinet, stainless-steel cooking pit and oven, sauce receptacles, and, of course, your own monogram. For people with simpler tastes there is the "Sooner Schooner," which looks something like a covered wagon and should be pulled onto the patio by a pony. It costs $1.900 and weighs about 500 pounds. If you don't have a pony, you can settle for the "Sequoyah"—a patio wagon you pull yourself, like a Chinese coolie. This obvious status drop reduces the price to a modest $350, but the company promises that "even burned food from this one tastes better." Although the cookout idea undoubtedly was started by a wife somewhere who wanted to get out of the kitchen, it has won almost universal acceptance. Steve Allen even seems to have convinced himself that it is a wholesome attempt to return to the simplicity of nature. "This is the way man started," he says brightly, "huddled around the fire with his family, eating a dead animal." Wholesome or not, it clearly is here to stay. If you would like a 16-page booklet containing the complete menu and additional recipes for the celebrity meals pictured on the cover and these eight pages, send 25 cents with your name and address to Curtis Publishing Co., Dept. REC, P.O. Box 76, New York, N.Y. 10046.

Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson's Barbecue Sauce

¼ cup butter
¼ cup vinegar
¼ cup catsup
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup Worcestershire sauce
1 onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 shakes tabasco
Few grains red pepper

Melt butter in saucepan, add lemon juice, vinegar, catsup, Worcestershire sauce and spices. Bring to boil and pour over meat to be barbecued. Menu includes sliced barbecue beef roast and ribs; smoked ranch beans; country potato salad; Texas coleslaw; sliced dill spears; Spanish sweet onions; sourdough biscuits; fried fruit pies; coffee.

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Tippi Hedren's Lobster Mirin

Guests watch Tippi Hedren broil lobsters marinated in wine.

20 lobster tails
1 cup soy sauce
1 cup Mirin (Japanese white wine) or dry white wine
1 lemon, juiced
2 knuckles of freshly grated ginger (or 3 teaspoons ground ginger)
3 tablespoons chopped parsley

Remove membrane from lobster. Combine ingredients for Mirin sauce. Marinate from 2–4 hours with meat side down. Cook the

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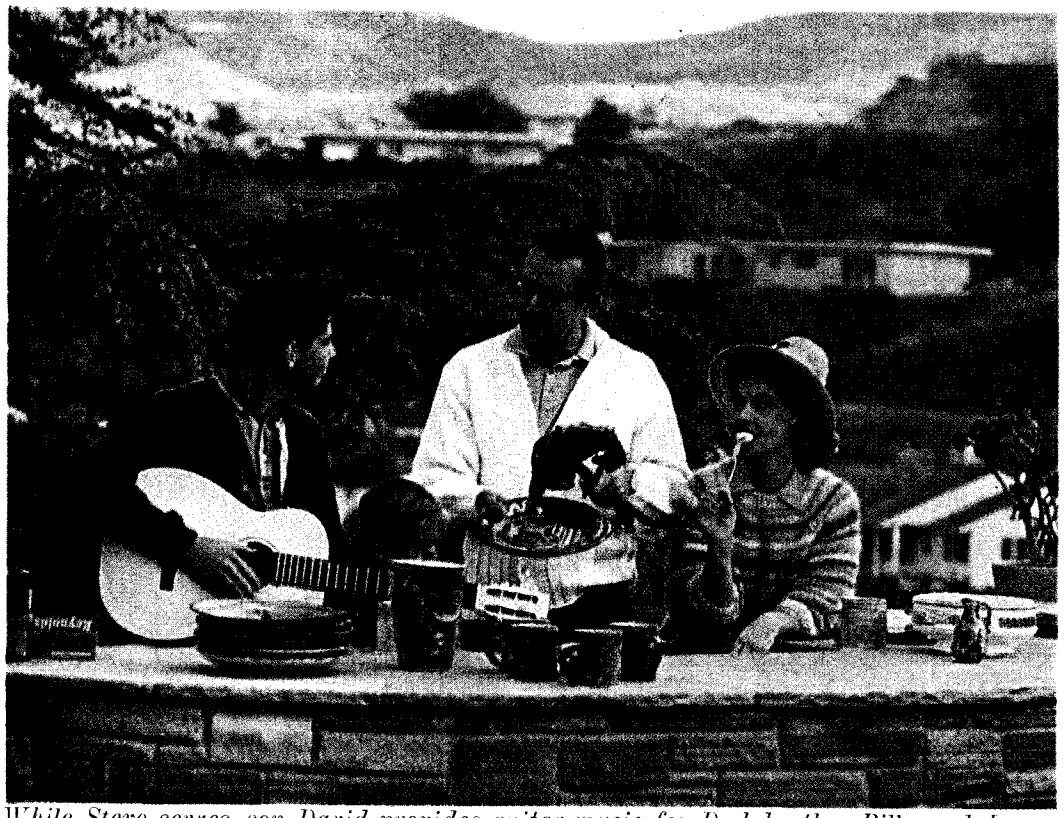
tails meat side down on a buttered grill for 10 minutes. When brown, turn over for 10 minutes more. Baste with melted butter and Mirin sauce. Serve with individual bowls of melted lemon butter. Serves 10. Menu includes Alma's quiche Lorraine; platter of cherry tomatoes, carrot curls and celery; grilled stuffed zucchini; Annie Bea's golden potato salad; fresh fruit spears soaked in kirsch; cheese (Brie, Camembert, Gouda and American Jack).

Steve Allen's Tamale Pie



While Steve serves, son David provides guitar music for Dad, brother Billy and Jayne.

- 4 large onions
- 1 bunch celery
- Olive oil
- 4 cloves garlic
- 3 green peppers
- 1 quart can whole tomatoes
- 2 #2 cans kernel corn
- 2 lbs. ground sirloin steak
- Salt
- 2 tablespoons chili powder
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 4½ cups boiling water
- 1½ cups yellow cornmeal
- 1 can pitted black olives

Sauté diced celery and onions in olive oil for 20 minutes. Add diced peppers, tomatoes, garlic and cook 20 minutes more. Add corn and remove from fire. Sauté meat, with 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne, 2 tablespoons chili powder. Simmer 5 minutes. In separate pot cook cornmeal in boiling water and 1 teaspoon salt for 10 minutes, stirring until smooth and thick. Take ovenproof baking dish (3 quarts or larger), paint edges and bottom with cornmeal mixture. Combine meat and vegetables, adding chopped olives. Pour in casserole and add rest of cornmeal on top for a crust. Brush crust with melted butter. Bake 25 minutes in a 425-degree oven. Serves 12. Menu includes ribs, salad, corn.

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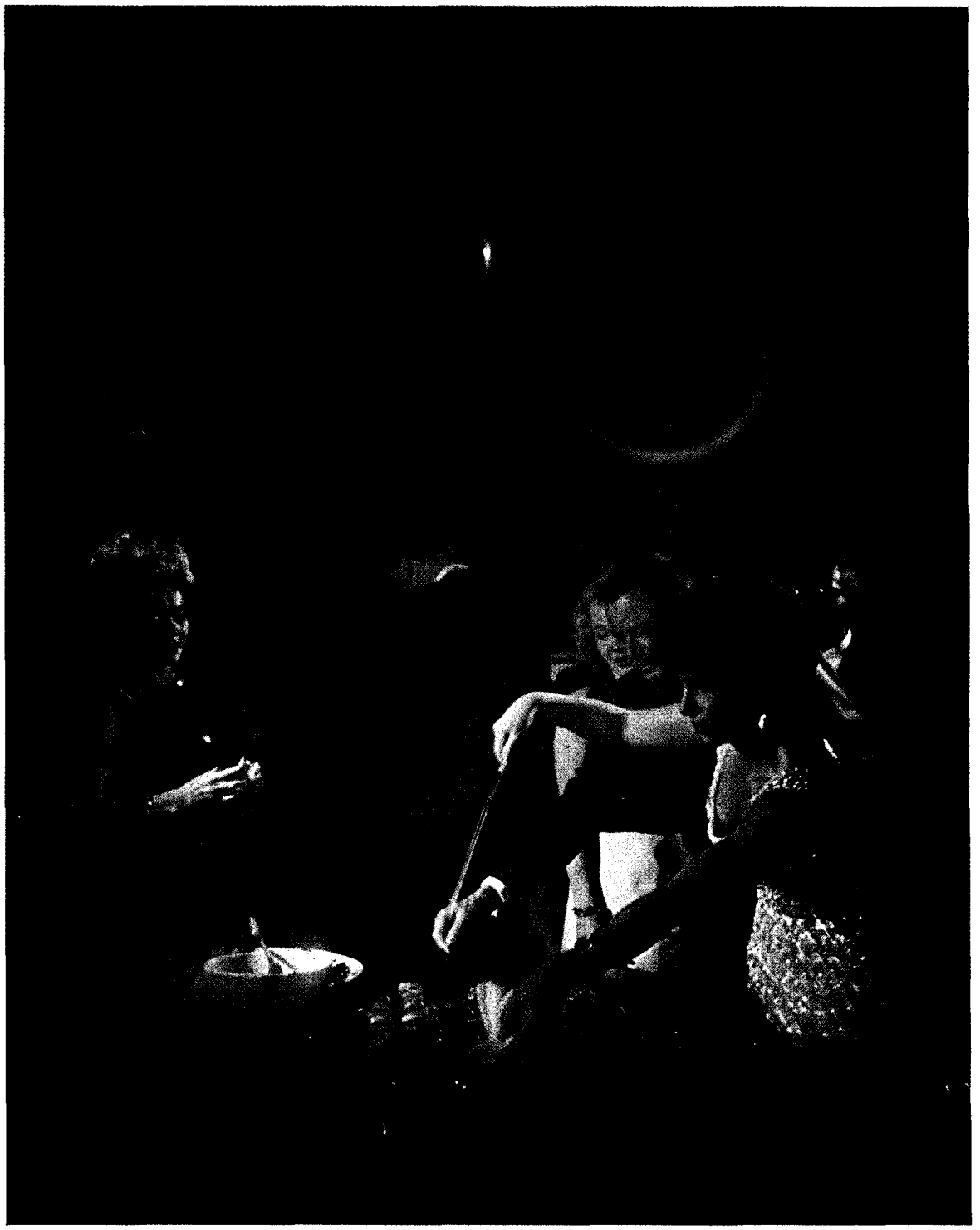
Photographs by VYTAS VALAITIS
Food photographs by HENRY RIES

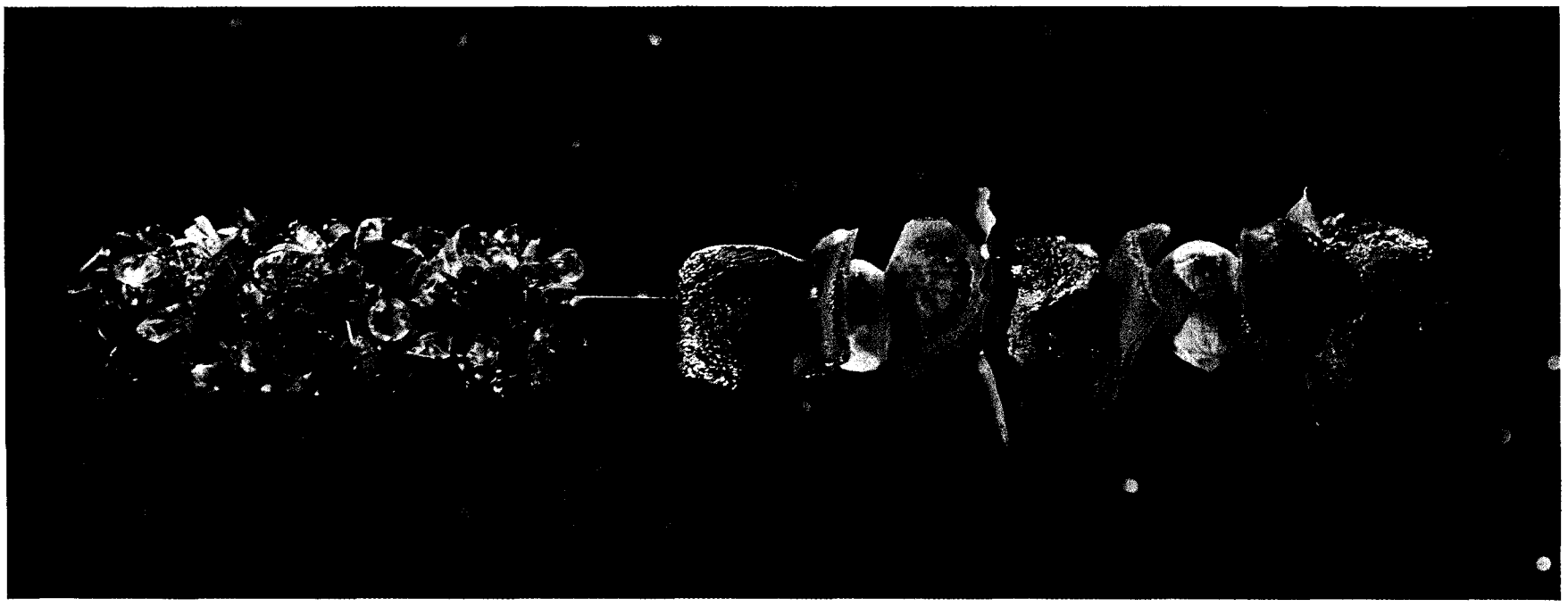
Gina Lollobrigida's Shasslik

30 lbs. of veal (cut in cubes about ¾ inch thick and 2 inches long)
6 lbs. of lamb cubes
1 clove garlic, minced
1 quart lemon juice
1 bottle Worcestershire sauce
15 tomatoes
15 green peppers
10 onions
1 box bay leaves

Marinate meat 24 hours (sauce made from lemon juice, Worcestershire and garlic) in refrigerator in pottery, glass or plastic dish. Alternate meat and vegetables on skewers and place two bay leaves on each skewer. Cook on charcoal about 30 minutes, turning occasionally and basting with marinade. Serves 30. Menu includes cold chicken stuffed with pâté and eggs; prosciutto and melon; artichokes Romano; rice Bandiera Italiana; tossed green salad; fresh fruit-champagne compote; caffè espresso.



Gina Lollobrigida takes time from film-making to cook for 30, including Zsa Zsa Gabor, Glenn Ford.



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A cookout is a natural for outdoor-minded Justice Douglas.

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas's Wood-Smoke Steak

Salt
Olive oil or vegetable oil
1 bottle Worcestershire sauce
¼ pound butter
3 nubbins of garlic
1 lemon, juiced
1 pint of tomato purée
2 three-inch-thick porterhouse steaks (about 4 pounds each) or single steaks.

Rub salt freely on both sides of steak, dip in oil and place right on coals. (A thick bed of coals is required, preferably of charcoal, but the coals of mountain mahogany, oak or hickory will do.) Sear each side quickly. Baste with sauce made from ingredients above. Turn steak frequently, basting on each turn. This steak has the aroma of the woods in it. It will be black and charred on the edges and will carry a delicate trace of wood smoke. Serves 8. The menu also includes baked potatoes, a tossed mixed salad, French bread, and vanilla ice cream with chocolate brownies.

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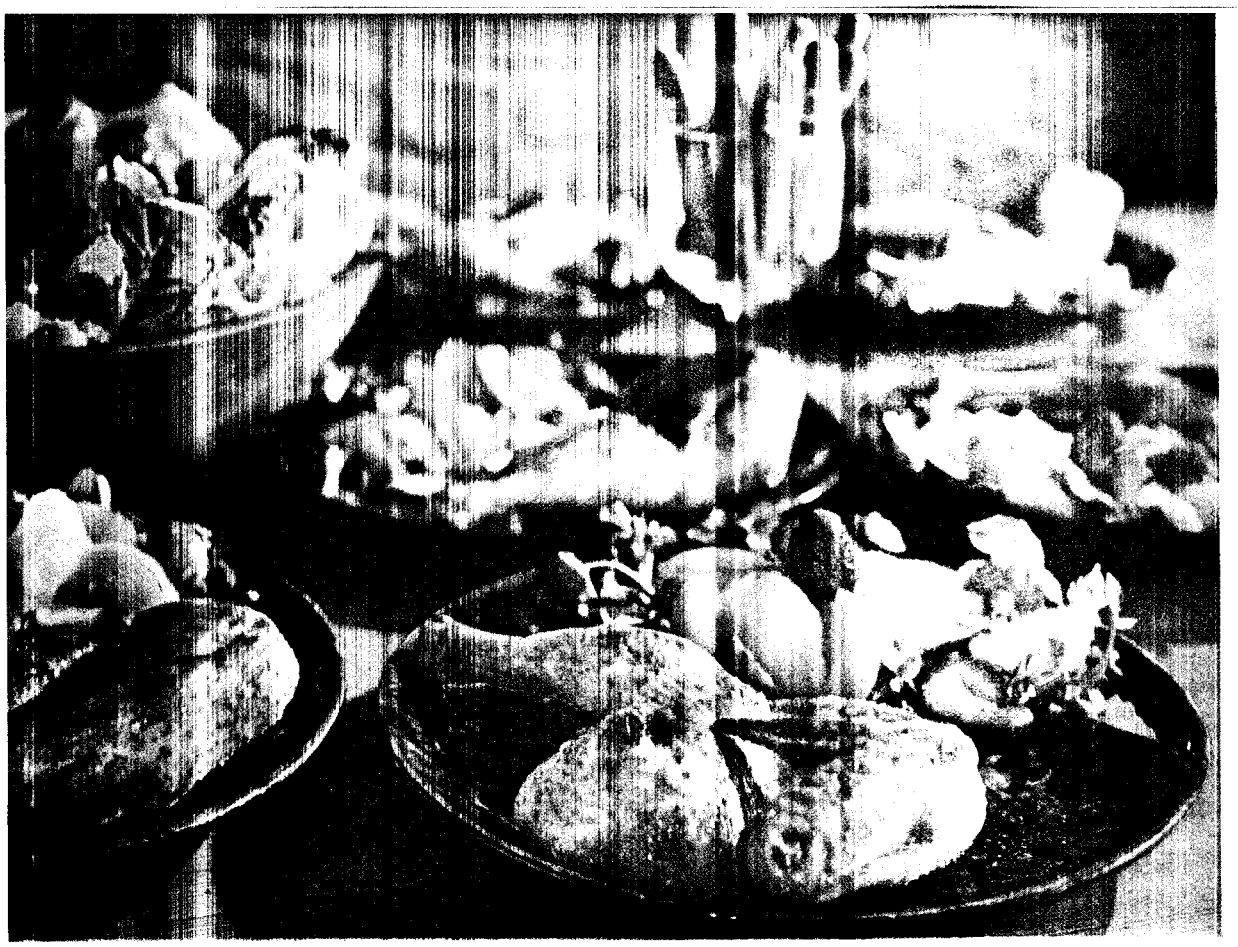
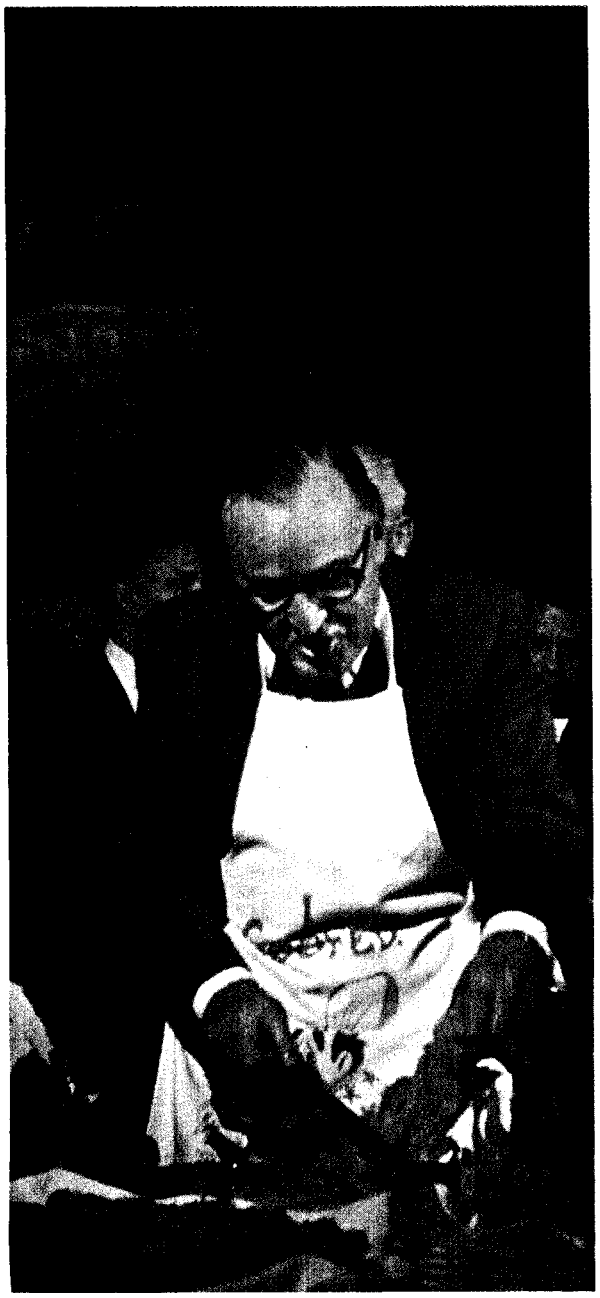


Pierre Salinger's Plucky Chicken

9 ounces red wine
⅓ cup hot liquid mustard (made from 2 tablespoons dry mustard with hot water to fill the cup)
1 cup sauterne
1⅔ cups soy oil
5 chickens cut in half

Combine sauce ingredients and beat to blend. Marinate chicken halves for two hours. Grill on charcoal brazier, about 35 minutes. Serves 10. Menu includes tossed green salad; corn on the cob; a fresh-fruit salad; warm, soft rolls; bite-sized French cookies with coffee.

California's governor carves his turkey.



Governor Pat Brown's Turkeybake

1 14–16 lb. turkey
2 cups sauterne
1 cup salad oil
1 clove garlic, minced
1 cup soy sauce

Combine sauce ingredients and blend. Marinate turkey in sauce for 2 hours, basting occasionally. Cook turkey on spit 4–5 hours (20 min. per lb.). Serves 12. Menu includes hors d'oeuvres—ham-cream-cheese-and-chive roll; deviled ham. egg, dill tomato on cracker; smoked-salmon-and-caviar cornucopias; barbecued salmon with stuffed olives; garden salad; fruit compotes with sherbet; buttered French bread.

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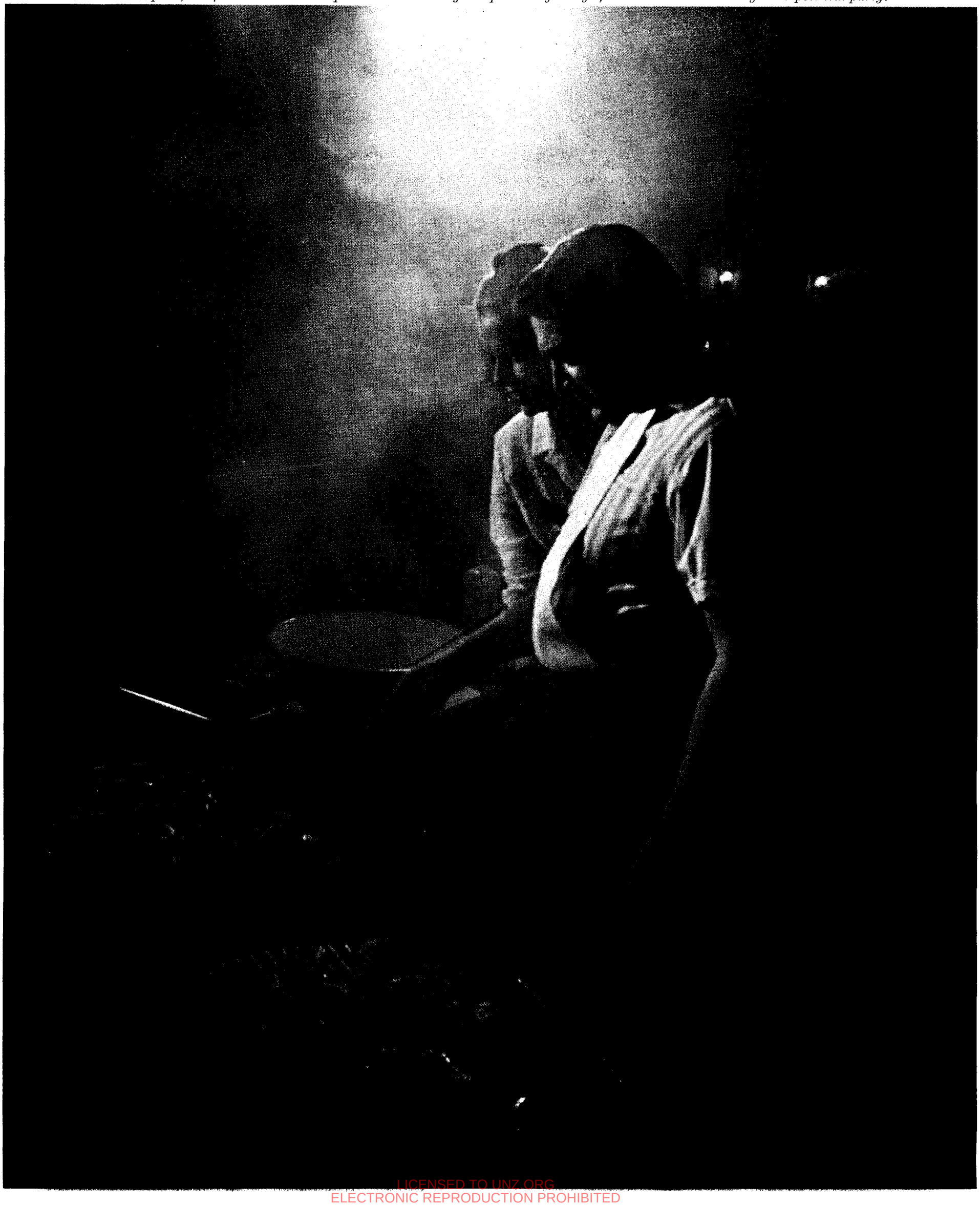
Dressed in his cookout apron, California senatorial aspirant Pierre Salinger supervises grilling of 16 chickens at a Beverly Hills political party.



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How to be a loser with four aces

Fathering quadruplets would change the fortunes of most men, but

At the time, it seemed like a big deal. Within the space of an electrifying 17 minutes on the afternoon of March 4, 1963, Phil and Barbara Axe of Lima, Ohio, had become the parents of quadruplets. The Axe quads—all girls, all healthy, all identically cute—were front-page news in New York and Chicago. The press coverage was worldwide. Ohio Gov. James A. Rhodes flew to Lima to kiss the babies.

Phil Axe, a stocky man just turned 28, already was the father of three children and now had seven. For a man who at one time had studied for the priesthood, this was a fairly jolting turn of events. Axe was numb. He knew that his $125-a-week salary as promotion manager and retail-advertising salesman for a Lima newspaper was scarcely sufficient to cope with his new overhead, so he began negotiating with Madison Avenue for TV commercials that would pay handy cash on a repeating basis.

Then, scarcely six months after the quads first saw the light of day, the Fischer quints popped into the world at Aberdeen, S. Dak. Phil Axe's quads were suddenly obsolete. Madison Avenue marched West.

Today, his shoulders sloping under the weight of due bills, Axe says gloomily, "In this game, five aces beats four. They pay off on numbers."

Axe is a devout man who loves his babies and the cheerful brunette wife who bore them, yet the course of his life over the past year has been enough to make bachelors run for cover and married men seek traveling jobs.

On the night of last March 3, the eve of the quads' first birthday, Phil Axe ate a pinch-penny casserole supper that his wife had laid out on a dime-store oilcloth table covering, and then padded into his tiny living room and slumped down on a sofa. He wore a T-shirt with the tail out. He has a soft build, and his belly lobbed against his T-shirt. There was a tired pallor in his round Dutch face, and he spoke in a beaten-down voice, dragging at a cigarette. What he looked like, in short, was a born loser.

"I never did, and never will, expect others to assume my financial responsibilities," said Axe, sitting there under a prosaic print of a Robert Wood landscape. "That's a father's burden. Nor did I ever believe you have children to make money. But we've received crank letters criticizing us for what little commercializing we've done, and I think if people would realize the expenses—well, hell, you've *got* to commercialize a little. Right now we can't see where we can give our kids anything but the basics."

And then, wistfully clinging to his hopes for a romance with Madison Avenue, he added, "But the kids *are* identical, and they all do look alike, and I imagine three or four years from now, when they're all the same height and weight, they'll be more identical than now. Do you suppose somebody will come out with a Double-Doublemint gum?" Judging by Axe's past form, not a chance.

In 1953, Axe quit his theological and liberal-arts studies at St. Gregory's Seminary, Cincinnati, deciding more accurately than he knew that he was cut out for something other than the priesthood. He wanted to continue college, but his father had six other children back home in St. Marys, Ohio, so Phil dropped out of school and went to work. He went to Lima, (pronounced "Lime-a") an industrial town of 51,000, where he joined the advertising department of the Lima *News*. He worked hard, won the respect of his colleagues, and was elected treasurer of the Lima chapter of the American Newspaper Guild, a white-collar union. At this point his natural attraction to bad luck began to exert its pull.

Gone with the union

An elderly multimillionaire named Raymond Cyrus Hoiles, owner of a chain of small-town newspapers, bought the Lima *News*. Hoiles hated unions.

The old man (standing foursquare against public schools and a variety of similarly collectivist innovations) rid his shop of every union in the place, leaving Phil Axe and his fellow workers standing helplessly on a picket line while Hoiles ran in out-of-town replacements. "He never missed a day of publication," says Axe.

Then Axe actually got a break. Two local businessmen, Sam Kamin and Jim Howenstine, rounded up the strike victims and bankrolled a new paper, the Lima *Citizen*.

"The new paper," says Axe, "was a challenge I enjoyed. We were fighting to give the people decent reading." But no sooner had Axe warmed to the good fight than his draft board grabbed him.

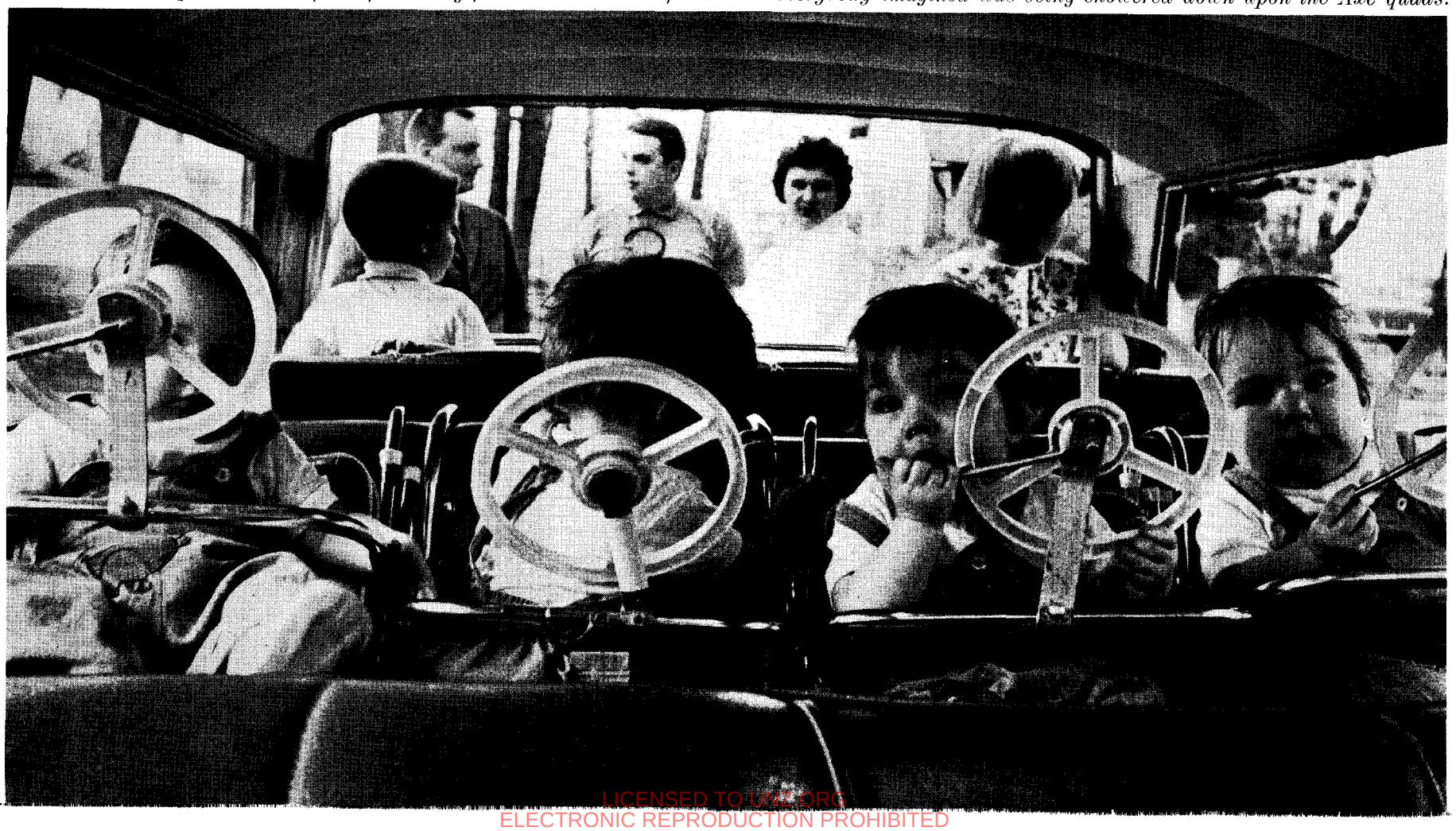
Donning khaki, he promptly set a record for the most pneumonia cases contracted by a U.S. Army private in 90 days. After his third attack the Army decided it wanted no part of him.

Shortly after returning to the *Citizen*, Axe met a nurse at St. Rita's Hospital named Barbara Berkemeier. At the time, Phil Axe was a patient in the beginning stages of tuberculosis.

He licked the TB and on June 6, 1958, married his nurse. "I want to have twelve children," she told him. Phil Axe said he would settle for six.

Kathy was born in 1959, Chuck in 1960, Timmy in 1961. By this time Barb Axe needed no obstetrician to tell her when she was pregnant. In each of her pregnancies the first physiological signs had been immediately preceded by a strange accident: Each time, she had dropped a glass pitcher on the kitchen floor. And when on a hot afternoon in August, 1962, a pitcher of iced tea crashed in the usual way, it announced

A new station wagon was one of the few real gifts in the bonanza of loot that everybody imagined was being showered down upon the Axe quads.



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by Myron Cope

not of jinx-prone Phil Axe.

Barbara and Phil Axe pose with their numerous progeny on steps of the Toledo home which they found only after an epic search.

an event that would soon be noted around the world.

On February 14, 1963, Barbara's obstetrician, Dr. Frederic G. Maurer Jr., ordered her into St. Rita's for X rays. After studying the pictures, Doctor Maurer turned to Phil Axe and said, "Congratulations. You are going to have a pair of twins."

"You mean we're going to have twins?" said Phil.

"No. I said a pair of twins," replied the doctor.

The doctor's announcement sped out of Lima and traveled the globe. In Japan, an English-language newspaper headlined the story: PERUVIAN EXPECTING A PAIR OF TWINS.

Loyal to his own newspaper, Phil Axe had the presence of mind to give the *Citizen's* editorial department first break on the story. As a result, the yet-unborn quads became the focal point of a war between the *Citizen* and Hoiles's *News* that was to rival—if not in actual violence, certainly in bitterness—such great journalism wars as the circulation battles waged in Chicago during the 1920's. With Phil Axe, this is simply the way things develop.

"Meanwhile," recalls Axe, "folks around town were telling me how wealthy we'd be—that the state and federal governments would supply me with things, and that foundations stood ready to contribute a lot of money for births of over three children. But we didn't give two seconds' thought to that kind of talk. The only thing we were worried about was four lives."

At the quads' birth, press, radio and TV reporters descended on Lima from as far east as New York and as far west as Chicago. On his first morning as a world-famous father, haggard Phil Axe withstood a one-hour nine A.M. press conference in the hospital's medical library, then granted individual interviews in his wife's room from 10 A.M. to five P.M. This marathon produced the kind of result that in Phil Axe's life seems fated.

"How big a house do you have?" one reporter asked.

Six months earlier Axe had bought a $13,900 white-shingle house—an ordinary little two-story dwelling—with an FHA mortgage. It had five rooms in all.

"I have a five-bedroom house," replied the dog-tired father, his tongue slipping. His wife's eyes popped, but she did not feel sufficiently bold to interrupt. Months later, when the Fischer quints were born in Aberdeen and another set of quints, the Prieto babies, were born in Venezuela, new houses were offered to their parents without charge. All that Phil and Barbara Axe received was a flood of letters from people saying they were glad to hear the parents were well-fixed and able to raise their quads in comfort.

Meanwhile in New York, Chet Huntley told his NBC-TV audience that Axe had hired two press agents. Actually Axe could not even afford to subscribe to a clipping service.

Quickly the great Lima newspaper war heated to a boil. Four days after the blessed event the *News* ebulliently splashed across eight columns a story that the late press critic A. J. Liebling would have described as a "no-news" news story. The story declared that it was untrue, as an ugly rumor had claimed, that President Kennedy had wired the Axes his congratulations. Headlining the story AXES GET NO KENNEDY CHEER, the *News* quoted from a telephone interview with White House press aide Andrew Hatcher, who confessed he knew nothing about any congratulatory message. At the same time the *News's* story hit the street, the *Citizen* triumphantly came out with a photograph of a telegram from President and Mrs. Kennedy.

Phil had a secret

A few days later the *News* struck back. Phil Axe was scheduled to appear on Garry Moore's *I've Got a Secret*, and the show's producers asked that no publicity be given his appearance lest the panelists learn his secret. The *News* provided publicity. The *Citizen* angrily countered with an editorial that began, "How low can a newspaper sink?"

Says Phil Axe, "As the old saying goes, I was caught between the dog and the fire hydrant."

Meanwhile, back at the five-room mortgaged house, Phil sat stupefied by the way people all over town seemed to think that the birth of his quads had made him wealthy. "When I went out to make my retail calls," he says, "everybody was surprised I was still working."

One reason they thought he was wealthy was that the *News*, even while its editorial columns were knocking him, had its advertising salesmen out pressing merchants to take congratulatory ads announcing gifts of merchandise to the Axes. These gifts ran along such lines as four child-size bed pillows, two cases of soda pop, an auto tune-up and a chicken dinner (at the Pizza Planet). The total image effect was that of a windfall. Attorney James Hunt, representing the Axes without fee, finally had to phone the *News:* "I'm not threatening legal action," he said, "but let's be reasonable and call off those ad salesmen."

A rumor circulated through town that a national magazine had offered the Axes $50,000 for an exclusive story. And the inference that they were rolling in money gained strength when they went to New York and appeared on CBS's *I've Got a Secret* and NBC's *Today* show. Actually neither network paid them a talent fee. CBS paid their traveling expenses.

Upon their return to Lima, the Axes received a phone call from a real-estate salesman who wanted to show them a $60,000 house. "You're making TV appearances," he reminded Phil. "I know you can afford this."

At the barbershop one day, Axe's barber told a postman who had just come in, "This is the fellow whose wife had those quads. How'd you like to have all his bills?"

"I'd like to have all his money," said the postman.

"I assure you," piped Phil, "we're not getting wealthy."

"You don't have to tell me those poverty stories, buddy," shot back the postman. "I've got information from pretty good sources."

That, says Axe, was the closest he'd ever come to punching a man.

Unlike Aberdeen, S. D., which generously treated the Fischer family as a local institution, Lima for the most part exhibited little more than curiosity toward the Axe quads. Limaland, as the natives call it, is not a close community. It has a large laboring class and a number of wealthy families guarding old fortunes, some from a bygone oil boom. "Your babies," Phil Axe was told more than once, "were born in the wrong town."

In a small way, the Axes did receive material help. St. Rita's Hospital excused all charges not covered by their hospitalization insurance. The hospital doctors rendered no bills. The Axes got free milk, bread and diaper service for one year. The Playtex Company offered a one-year contract, paying them $600 if they would use Playtex Nursers exclusively. An auto dealer named Jim White gave Phil a new station wagon in exchange for his '59 Chevy. Aside from these gifts, all others amounted to a total value of no more than $1,500, and these were mostly bric-a-brac that could not be resold to pay household bills.

One woman offered to pay for the right to name the babies, but the parents said no thanks and named the quads Susan Marie, Anna Marie, Julia Marie and Rita Marie.

Every week of their married life Phil and Barb Axe had made a point of putting aside something, even if only two or three dollars, until they eventually had $500 in the bank. But this nest egg began

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Landlords blanched—the oldest of the seven Axe children was only four.

After a hard day in the playpen, quads are loosed on father at kiddies' hour.

Born Loser

to vanish fast—monthly visits to the pediatrician, for example, cost $46. One night Phil sat down and worked out a budget. Allowing for no luxuries whatever, he found that his expenses totaled exactly the sum of his take-home pay—$114. Phil Axe promptly got ulcers.

Though Phil is a worrier, his wife remained one of those cheerful, born-to-be-a-mother types. She was able to keep a spick-and-span house while managing seven preschool-age children. Phil was thankful for her nature, but whenever he groaned, "We've got to cut back on expenses somewhere, so we can enlarge this house," it made his teeth grind to hear her chirp, "Oh, don't worry, something is bound to come along."

To provide surplus, however, Barb Axe put herself on call for emergency night surgery at St. Rita's. Phil baby-sat. One Saturday night they decided to break out of their white-shingle penitentiary and go dancing at the plush Milano Supper Club downtown. They hired a sitter. After the second dance, Barb was called to surgery.

In October, seven months after the birth of the quads, Phil took a second job selling men's clothing at Milo Turner's Squire Shop. He worked six P.M. to nine, five days a week; 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Saturdays; and one P.M. to six P.M. Sundays. He put in a 32-hour week at the Squire Shop in addition to his regular 40-hour week at the *Citizen*. "You'll kill yourself," Barb warned him, but he was making two dollars an hour at the Squire Shop and didn't intend to be stopped.

With Christmas over, the store went out of business.

What's more, Phil Axe had to go into the hospital for five days to regain his health. His weight had dropped from 195 pounds to 175, and his cigarette consumption had gone from one-and-a-half packs a day to two-and-a-half packs.

"Your wheels are spinning, Phil," Dr. Wes Shankland, the Axe family doctor, told him as he put him on tranquilizers. "You've got to slow down."

"Doc," replied Phil. "The way I look at it, I'll be able to consider slowing down in about thirty years."

The New Year arrived promising no relief in the Axes' Spartan existence, but they planned a small family party on the night of Phil's 29th birthday—January 4. On the morning of the birthday, Phil went to his office as usual. Shortly after he arrived there, co-publisher Jim Howenstine assembled the *Citizen's* staff in the cafeteria. He told them the paper had run out of money and was folding. Phil canceled his birthday party and drove to Toledo to look for a job.

Being a competent ad salesman, Phil had no trouble getting a position with the Toledo *Blade*, and at a $10 weekly increase in pay. But Toledo is a two-hour drive from Lima, so Phil Axe stayed in a Toledo Y.M.C.A. room Monday through Friday, paying $12.50 weekly rent. Hashhouse meals and incidentals cost him about $20 more.

Phil and his wife went house hunting in Toledo, hoping to rent, but ran into a stone wall of landlords and landladies. "Do you have children?" Barb Axe was asked repeatedly.

"Yes, we do."

"How many?"

"Seven."

"How old are they?"

Barb Axe would bite her lip and reply, "The oldest is four."

End of interview.

"They might as well have told us to go live in the street," says Phil.

After finally locating a child-loving landlord, the Axes moved to Toledo in April, leaving a FOR SALE sign in front of their Lima home. Lima real estate was going begging, and at last word the Axe house—with its $96 monthly mortgage payments and $205 yearly taxes—still weighed heavily on Phil's budget. He was paying $95 rent in Toledo. He had picked up $1,600 severance pay from the *Citizen* but had run through much of it. He figured that if he were lucky enough to get a buyer for his Lima house, he'd have to take a $1,500-to-$2,000 beating. The one-year supply of free milk and free diaper service ended on the quads' first birthday.

"Look, we're not jealous of the Fischers," says Phil Axe. "There was a headline, AXES GET THE AXE AND FISCHERS GO FISHING. Well, I was glad for Fischer. Whatever he got, he'll use and need. The Fischers are going to have a problem raising those kids as individuals, because they'll always be in the limelight. Even with ours, to go anywhere is impossible, because you're just bombarded by people, and, of course, we can understand this.

Pray for the quints

"The Fischers," says Phil, "are of the same faith as we are, and a week after their babies were born we had a mass said for them. And we remembered them in our prayers. We're not jealous."

Then Phil Axe smiles wryly and allows that it would be nice, though, to have some of the Fischers' sponsors.

The day of the quads' birthday party was a fitting page in the life of Phil Axe. A miserable rain fell from a glowering sky. The Lima *News* took no notice of the most unusual birthday in the city's history (though it devoted prominent space to the impending 95th birthday of a retired farmer in a nursing home and reiterated its political philosophy by editorially denouncing full employment as a totalitarian scheme that would force every man to hold a job whether he liked it or not).

The rain was still falling dismally when the Axes bundled up their seven children and drove home from the party. Phil Axe carefully hung up the jacket of his only presentable suit and sat down on the living-room sofa.

"You know," he said, "the doctor told us that in our case the chances for another multiple birth are tremendous." He sighed. "You know the old saying," he said. "Seven come eleven."

Then, glancing at his wife, Phil Axe added, "About three months ago I was sitting here reading, and I heard glass crashing on the kitchen floor. I ran in there, and thank God it was only a glass, not a pitcher. I'll tell you, she scared the hell out of me." THE END

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4¢

This, perhaps, is the most pleasure you can get for so little money. Incredible as it may seem, a serving of Campbell's Tomato Soup costs only 4¢. When you think how good it tastes, or how much it adds to the enjoyment of a meal, or how happily your family downs it . . . well, maybe that's why it's America's favorite soup.

Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*

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By Pete Hamill

Bottled in Bond: Sean Connery

After kicking about for 11 years

Sean: sweat shirts, steak and beer.

The press agent threw a furtive glance over his shoulder, surveyed the handful of drinkers in the London pub, and then stabbed the beer-and-onion-scented air with his cigarillo. "Sean Connery?" he said, in a strangled voice. "You want my *honest* opinion of Sean Connery?" He took a biting drag of the cigar, drained his whiskey and soda, and began to talk about the actor who, in the movie role of James Bond, plays the smoothest espionage agent of them all.

"Sean Connery," he said, in a voice that began in sober, measured tones, but finished like a cry for help, "is a great, big, conceited, untalented, wooden-headed *ninny!*" He put the glass down violently on the bar and flipped the cigarillo over his shoulder. "That's what *I* think of Mister Sean Connery."

The following day, in a drafty corner of Stage D at the Pinewood Studios outside London, a group of technicians was preparing a scene for *Goldfinger*, the third of the Bond movies. A camera operator, who has worked on all three, peered through a viewfinder, turned slowly and squinted into the overhead lights.

"Sean Connery," he said, "is one of the classiest actors I've ever worked with. This guy is a real man. In this business you don't come across many of *them*."

The object of such polar affections is a lithe, 33-year-old, six-foot-two, 190-pounder who, after 11 years in show business, has suddenly found himself at the top of the movie heap. "Nobody is more surprised than me," Connery says coolly, "although I suppose it had to happen sooner or later."

The monumental lack of interest in the pre-Bond Connery was, in some ways, understandable. In repose, Connery's face is unremarkable: bland, brown eyes fixed among features that are only saved from monotony by a set of long, slightly protruding ears, and a small scar on his left cheekbone, the result of an accident in a soccer game. His teeth are white, but when he yawns, which is frequently, his molars display a fine set of gold fillings. He looks, in short, like many of the unexceptional young men who knock each day at the gates of movie studios.

"The difference with this guy," explains Albert R. Broccoli, who co-produces the James Bond films, "is the difference between a still photograph and film. When he starts to move, he comes alive."

Connery's recent ascent has been astonishingly swift. Since his first appearance two years ago as Ian Fleming's Secret Agent No. 007, Connery's price per picture has shot from $30,000 to about $300,000; he has starred in four films in the past 17 months with only a week's break between each (as Bond in *From Russia With Love*, with Ralph Richardson and Gina Lollobrigida in *Woman of Straw*, in Alfred Hitchcock's *Marnie*, and *Goldfinger*). The money and film offers are pouring in at almost the same rate as his fan mail, but Connery seems to be taking it in stride.

"I've been down to my last quid many more times than I care to remember," Connery says, his voice breaking into the Scottish burr that is his voice away from the camera. "But nowadays, it's a case of being down to my last bag of rubies."

With a few of those rubies, he has finally said good-bye to a long series of moldy furnished rooms. Last year he purchased a four-story town house in London, which is amply stocked with books, a bar, canvas and easel for his hobby of oil painting, a secretary, two children, and his wife, actress Diane Cilento, who recently received an Academy Award nomination for her supporting role as the sultry slattern in *Tom Jones*.

It is a measure of Connery's current status in the film world that he can refuse to discuss his home life, or to admit photographers across his threshold, and get away with it. "My private life, or most of it, is my own business," says Connery, "and I intend to keep it that way."

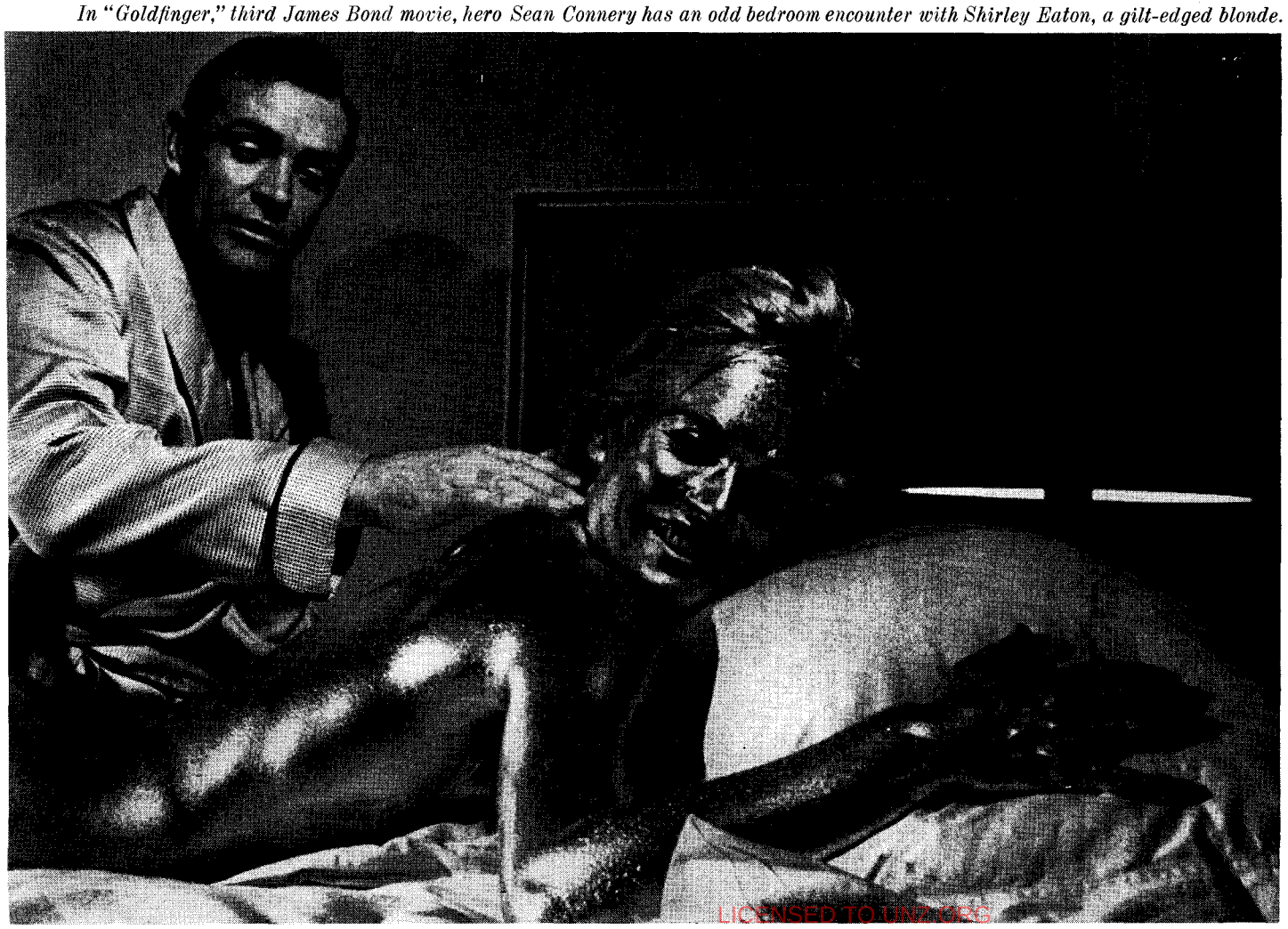
Some people in the film business feel that Connery's insistence on privacy might keep him from the very top rank of the film world. "Sean could be the biggest star in movies since Gable," says director Terrence Young. "But he won't be. He doesn't give a damn for the ancillary assets of being a star. It's not that he's ungrateful; it's just that he's too concerned with personal integrity. A hell of a lot of people don't like Sean because of this."

The grips on Hitchcock's *Marnie* did like Connery. So much so, in fact, that they took up a collection and bought him a $1,000 wristwatch. On the other hand, publicity men invariably dislike him. "Sean is a publicity creation," said one press agent, who worked with him before Bond. "*We* made him and now he treats us like swine." It is probably Connery's maverick approach to fame that appeals most to his fellow actors. Connery has been known to keep journalists waiting months for interviews; he recently shrugged off an invitation to participate in the cornerstone-laying ceremony for the new MCA skyscraper in Los Angeles; he shocked Hollywood by asking to read the script of Hitchcock's *Marnie*, something unheard of in an industry where Hitchcock is revered. "When he goes out," says one friend, "it's to enjoy himself as Sean Connery the individual, and to hell with the public and studio."

Connery protests that too much has been made of his failure to conform with the established patterns of the film business. "I just don't have time for all that jazz," Connery says. "I've been working continuously for a year-and-a-half and I don't see why I can't grab my relaxation where and when I can. For the first time in my life, I can *ask* to read a script, and if you had been in some of the tripe I have, you'd know why. If I wore hats, I think you'd find I still take the same size."

Compared to the fatuous James Bond, Connery comes off as an admirable, self-effacing, modest, 100-percent, level-headed good guy. Bond, as 20 million book-buyers in 11 languages know, is the creation of Ian Fleming, and he moves swiftly through a world of crooks, dames and brand names with an air so blasé that he easily takes the pseudo-sophistication championship of the world. But where Bond drives a 1939-model 4½-liter Bentley, supercharged with an Amherst Villiers supercharger, Connery drives a battered Jaguar which he just purchased on a trade-in for a Volkswagen. Bond is garbed in the most expensive Savile Row finery; Connery prowls his town house in Levi's and dirty sweat shirts. Bond digs things like speckled eggs from French Marans hens, boiled for 3¼ minutes; Connery is a

In "Goldfinger," third James Bond movie, hero Sean Connery has an odd bedroom encounter with Shirley Eaton, a gilt-edged blonde.



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in show business, he now roosts at the top of the heap.

steak-and-potatoes man. In addition to a predilection for vodka (shaken, not stirred), Bond is a wine snob. Connery drinks beer. They share only a passion for roulette. Author Fleming, however, thinks Connery is perfect. "He has done the part wonderfully," Fleming says. "It was a great piece of casting. He certainly looks like Bond, and I don't know who could have done it better."

Connery today is more than somewhat amused by all this sudden approval, and speaks about it in a dry, sardonic voice. "If America had been discovered as many times as I have," he says, "no one would remember Columbus." He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on August 25, 1930, the son of Joseph and Euphamia Connery. "No one can quite make out my accent because of the Irish name," he says. "But I like my accent and refuse to talk what some people call English. My distant ancestors, of course, have all been Irish and proud of it."

Connery's father is a truck driver, and Sean himself drove a milk truck for a year after leaving school at the age of 15. Eventually, he joined the Royal Navy, where he acquired a severe dislike for authority and two tattoos reading SCOTLAND FOREVER and MUM AND DAD. "I was discharged at 19 with a case of ulcers," he says. "I obviously wasn't temperamentally suited for Navy life."

He spent the next few years at an assortment of jobs: cement mixer, lifeguard, bricklayer, plasterer, soccer player. For one six-month period he worked as a coffin polisher. By 1953 he was working as a printer's assistant for the Edinburgh *Evening News*, and one weekend he went to London to take in some shows. He met a friend who was working in an English company of *South Pacific*. The friend told him they were auditioning chorus boys and that he should take a shot at it. Connery rehearsed for 48 hours, cramming in some hoofing lessons, and practicing some songs. "I went in and chanted a bit, and sang a bit, and to my astonishment was hired," he says. "It was really a lark." He spent the next 24 months on the road with *South Pacific*. "I was hooked," he says.

When the road trip was over, Connery soon found that the life of an actor was not all chips with everything. "I went into my Too Period," he recalls. "I was too tall or too big, too Scottish or too Irish, too young or too old."

Nevertheless, Connery did manage to sustain himself with occasional TV and repertory jobs, and finally got his big break in 1956 when he was cast as the battered prizefighter in a BBC-TV production of Rod Serling's *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. One critic called it a "shattering performance," and the next day Connery's telephone kept ringing.

"I must have received 200 offers that day," he says. "I finally settled for 20th Century Fox, but it didn't work out the way I had hoped. In fact, it proved a marriage of disaster."

Connery was thrown into a series of second-rate Hollywood films, an experience he now likens to "a man walking through a swamp in a bad dream." Eventually, he fled back to London. One director who knows Connery feels that Connery's pre-Bond period was crucial. "He was on the garbage heap of acting," the director says, "but it gave him what he needed most: craft. He did everything: hoofing, movies, Shakespeare, TV, legitimate theater, everything. But it also made him somewhat bitter. The stories one hears now about his big head, his standing people up and the rest, they are the actions of a man having the last laugh."

The key to these last laughs, of course, has been the Bond films. He got the Bond role in an odd way. He starred in a 1961 BBC television production of *Anna Karenina*, with Claire Bloom, and got good reviews. At the same time, the London *Daily Express* was running a popularity poll to pick the man who should play Bond on the screen. From a total of 250 actors, Connery found himself among those who pulled the most votes.

Connery promptly was called in for an interview with the film's makers, and as coproducer Harry Saltzman recalls: "We spoke to him and saw that he had the masculinity the part needed. Whenever he wanted to make a point, he'd bang his fist on the table, the desk, or his thigh, and we knew this guy had something. When he left we watched him from the window as he walked down the street, and we all said, 'He's got it.' We signed him without a screen test."

"I did put on a bit of an act," Connery remembers, "but it certainly paid off. The reason I wanted to do him in the first place was to enable me to do other and more serious work. But after all, there's absolutely nothing wrong with the Bond films. They're good, solid entertainment, and Lord knows, there's not much of that around these days."

About the future, Connery usually shrugs. "I suppose more than anything else, I'd like to be an old man with a good face," he says. "Like Hitchcock. Or Picasso. They've worked hard all their lives, but there's nothing weary about them. They never wasted a day with the sort of nonsense that clutters up a life. They know that life is not just a bloody popularity contest.

"For now, I'm reasonably content with what I'm doing. After all, I can kill any s.o.b. in the world and get away with it; I've got the powers of the greatest governments in the world behind me; I eat and drink nothing but the very best; and I also get the loveliest ladies in the world." He paused, laughed, and asked: "What could be better?" THE END

Connery on "Woman of Straw" set. "I'd like to be an old man with a good face," he says.

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Armageddon

By Leon Uris

CONCLUSION

The last of the Gooney Birds

Berlin was now locked in the grip of a tight Russian blockade.

An anxious group of Germans gathered across the boulevard from American Headquarters. They stared through a mist as the color guard marched to the flagpole, and continued to watch silently as the Stars and Stripes went up the staff. Certain now that the Americans were in Berlin for another day, the clump of Germans broke, carrying lunch buckets, shopping bags, briefcases, and trudged toward the U-Bahn.

Outside the city limits three divisions of Soviet troops with heavy armor conducted nerve-racking maneuvers, poised to strike into the Western sectors.

Communist People's Radio increased the tension. They began with a water-shortage scare, then a rumor that the West had annexed the Ruhr. "Food riots sweep West Berlin as thousands are thrown out of work. Babies are dying from the lack of milk. This cruel imperialist policy is bringing new suffering to the exploited Berlin workers!"

On the third floor of American Headquarters, Gen. Andrew Jackson Hansen, the Military Governor, wrestled with the most pressing of his problems. Barney Root, the USAFE commander, had been able to fly in eighty to a hundred tons of supplies daily, and the British were flying in enough to handle their own immediate needs; but now food for the entire population of Western Berlin was a growing crisis.

With the food shortage was a power shortage. The Russians cut the electricity, causing an industry shutdown and a sweep of unemployment.

Lt. Col. Sean O'Sullivan of Military Government brought the grim tidings to Hansen:

"We have a thirty-six-day supply of coal. We can generate enough power to run our own installations, move minimal transportation, prevent a communications collapse, and keep certain emergency facilities going. No coal for German civilians, and almost none can be spared for industrial purposes."

Scott Davidson

Nikolai Trepovitch

Hanna Kirchner

A few hours later General Hansen arrived at USAFE Headquarters in Wiesbaden for a conference with General Barney Root.

"You've got to think of flying in five, six, seven hundred tons of supplies a day. We need coal as badly as food, and somehow we've got to get some more generators in."

Barney Root stared at Chip Hansen as though he were crazy. "Would you repeat that?"

"I'm going to try to sell Washington on supplying Berlin by air."

Barney lit a cigar. "Three years ago we had twelve thousand aircraft in England and on the European continent. Right now our air transport consists of eighty-two worn-out old C-47's—Gooney Birds. My crews are punchy. They're flying almost triple the number of hours we consider safe. We didn't even ask them to fly this way in the war. Chip, I haven't got enough spare parts in Europe to rebuild a Piper Cub."

"Barney, I intend to convince Washington to send over C-54's to replace those Gooney Birds and I'm going to ask the President to recall Hiram Stonebraker to active duty."

"Look, I'm with you all the way. I'll keep scratching around for aircraft and crews."

"You don't believe in this, do you?"

"I'm a bomber man. I don't know enough about transports."

"You don't believe in it?" Hansen repeated.

"You're going to need a hell of a lot more than Stonebraker and C-54's."

Back in Berlin the sound of Russian gunfire could be heard in the suburbs. Communist agitation cars roamed the streets, broadcasting food scares, blaming the situation on Western greed, justifying the blockade by swearing the bridge over the Elbe had collapsed.

General Hansen made ready to fly immediately to Washington.

Sean O'Sullivan groaned like a happy puppy as the sun poured down on his back. It was the first real hot spell of the summer, driving off the fogs and mists, and the first time he had had enough free hours to relax by the Wannsee lake.

Overhead there was a constant drone of American Gooney Birds pulling up from Tempelhof, and just across the lake their British counterparts, the Dakotas, were landing on the Gatow airstrip.

There was a thin strand of imported-sand beach behind which rolled a long, lush lawn filled with patio chairs and umbrellas, and there was a pool. The great house had been converted into an American Officers' Club. Like most of the other mansions on the lake, it had once belonged to a top Nazi who had stolen it from a Jew who could not return from the grave to reclaim it.

Ernestine Falkenstein sat beside Sean, her head on her knees, arms about her legs. She knew that the eyes of every American officer looked her over. The American women were looking her over

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too, in grudging admiration. Sean was breaking that unwritten law against bringing a German girl into their midst. Well, she could hear most of them say, she is not as bad as most German girls. . . . After all, she is the niece of Ulrich Falkenstein, the leader of the Democrats, and she is a pretty thing—if you like the type.

She took a handful of sand and let it trickle through her fingers onto Sean's back. From his drowsing, he reached behind him to brush away an imaginary fly. She persisted.

"Let me sleep, woman."

"A handsome young colonel asked me to come to the beach with him. Tell me, old man, do you know where he went?"

Sean rolled over on his back and stretched. "Lord, what a day."

Ernestine knelt above him so that her warm flesh touched him.

"You are like the other woman who sits on that rock on the Rhine, singing to poor souls and making them crash on the rocks, seeking her mystic charms."

"Sean, it is getting too painful to be funny."

He sat up, so they were side by side, looking into each other's eyes.

"You and I would be like a couple of freight trains hitting each other head on," he said.

"Does it have to be that way?"

"Yes."

"Damn you. You sound like Uncle Ulrich."

"He's a wise man," Sean said, and he lay back on the sand and stared at the sky. She lay beside him. Their eyes followed a Dakota circling, then falling toward the treetops and out of sight.

For several days informers working inside the Russian and German Communist groups had alerted the Americans that a "workers' *Putsch*" was brewing.

The logical time to try it would be during the early-morning rush hour, when the trains exchanged populations from sector to sector. The Communists first would send in organizers who would move to key points in the Western boroughs. The leaders would be followed by "action squads" armed with concealed clubs, knives, stones, bottle bombs and small arms, who would be loaded on the underground and elevated trains and cross into the Western boroughs, where their leaders would be waiting at the town halls, the power plant, American radio transmitter RIAS and key factories. When they reassembled they would begin riots and seize their locations.

The plan was to create chaos in several dozen places and force the West to commit its garrisons to restore order. Then a second wave of Communists would cross over in trucks and grab dozens of new targets. This follow-up group would include Soviet soldiers and Communist SND police dressed as civilians. By now the West would be spread too thin to cope with the new mayhem.

At this point General Trepovitch, the Russian Sector commandant, would offer to send in his troops to restore order, provided the Western troops agreed to return to their barracks. Tempelhof and Gatow airdromes were the prime targets and would be closed due to "technical difficulties." With the West in their barracks, the Russians would control the entire city in a bloodless coup.

The propaganda organs would then leap into action and explain that the workers, tired of Western imperialism and unemployment, had rebelled, and that only the benevolence of the Soviet Union had prevented a blood bath.

0515. *Putsch* day.

Shenandoah Blessing's breath evaporated in the morning chill as his driver pulled up to the Kreuzberg Town Hall, where a temporary command post had been established. The Borough of Kreuzberg lay directly across from Mitte Borough in the Russian Sector, where a series of rail lines would exchange the heaviest traffic. Lieutenant Blessing, commanding military police, had checked his subway and elevated stations, which were due to take the first shock of the *Putsch*. It was deceptively calm.

Illustrations by Ray Prohaska

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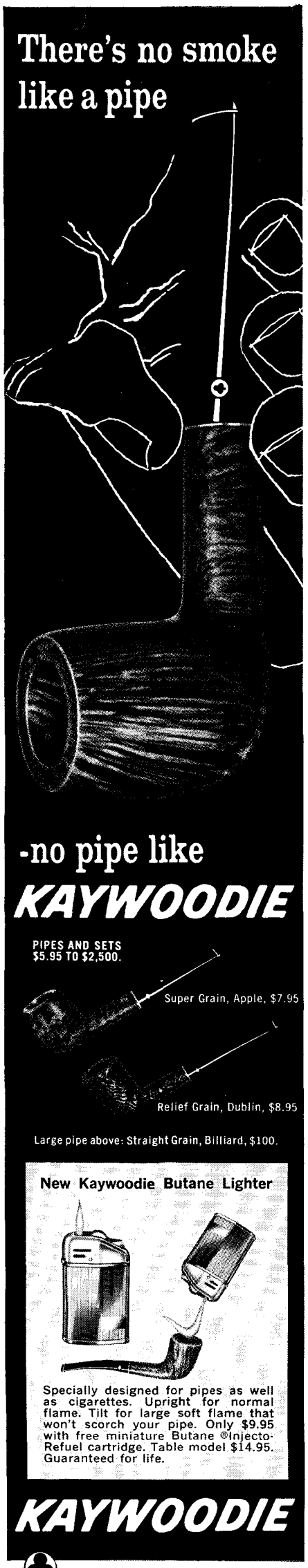
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Armageddon

Deputy police president Hans Kronbach, who had quietly built a force loyal to the city government, the *Magistrat*, had decided earlier to commit them. They were staked out, along with the newly trained "order companies," to spot Communist leaders.

The constabulary under Blessing would act as a mobile force. In the Russian Sector, dozens of American informers were in Mitte, Pankow, Friedrichshain and Treptow for the purpose of watching for Communist movement. The final backup force was the regular garrison with headquarters at Tempelhof; all troops were poised to move to trouble spots.

Blessing stepped outside the Kreuzberg Town Hall, uncapped his thermos jug, and sipped some coffee. The street was gray and quiet.

He got into the jeep and told his driver to drive him toward the major subway and elevated transfer point on Yorckstrasse. It was 0545. The Communists would be coming soon. Blessing tuned in on the British and French frequencies and heard them checking in. He stopped the jeep at Yorckstrasse and waited. 0600.

The sound of wheels on steel rails humming in the distance from the direction of the Russian Sector grew louder and louder. The train leaped into view with a smell of brakes as it screeched to a halt. The doors opened and the first rush of morning passengers exploded onto the platform.

Four known Communists were buried in their number to take up a position at the Kreuzberg Town Hall. At the foot of the steps they were spotted by a member of an order company. Four American constabulary soldiers walked quietly alongside them, snapped on handcuffs, and walked them away quickly and efficiently toward a holding station.

Blessing picked up the microphone in the jeep. "This is Sportsfisher One calling all piers. The tide is coming in. How is fishing in your area?"

"Hello, Sportsfisher One, this is Redondo," the squad at Moritzplatz subway radioed back. "One small sand shark."

"Sportsfisher One, this is Venice Pier," Kochstrasse detachment called. "The tide is coming in fast but no fish yet."

"This is Long Beach Pier calling Sportsfisher One," called the key complex of Anhalter Bahnhof, with its numerous exchange points and masses of movement in proximity to the Russian Sector. "We picked up two sand sharks, three blues of about sixty pounds, and a maneater."

"This is Sportsfisher One calling Long Beach. Are they hitting hard?"

"This is Long Beach. No, they're kind of sluggish. We reeled them in easy."

The pattern was beginning to open. Blessing listened to the British and French frequencies again. All along the line Communist leaders were getting picked up.

Blessing returned to his command post at Kreuzberg and phoned the garrison at Tempelhof. In the first fifty minutes they had snagged some seventy Communist agitators. At Potsdamer Platz, the key exchange point, the first school of mackerel, an action squad, was bagged.

A Joint Command in the British Sector assessed the information. By 0620 three hundred known agitators and action squad members with no explainable business in the Western sectors had been spotted and swept up in quick, sure movement.

At 0702, two rail cars containing the largest load yet, 300 action squad people, moved for the destination of Beusselstrasse elevated, where they were to disperse for the joint targets of the power plant, the Plötensee Prison, and the West Harbor. A tip-off came ahead of them and they walked off the train into a mixed company of French and British soldiers with fixed bayonets.

By this time the Russian monitors knew they had walked into a Western trap. General Trepovitch tried to head off the disaster of sending more people in. At this rate, the West could deplete their loyal core of Communist strength in an hour, and it would take weeks, if not months, to build up for another try. He called off the *Putsch* and shouted that he was surrounded by spies.

When General Hansen returned to Berlin from Washington, he was a tired man. In the National Security Council he had encountered an almost completely negative reaction to his proposal that the crisis in Berlin be treated as a challenge to America's global prestige that demanded the firmest response, and he had met stiff resistance to his plea that a major airlift be mounted to sustain the blockaded city. But he had argued valiantly, and the President himself had finally come around to Hansen's point of view. C-54 Skymasters would be made available, diverted from their bases all over the world. Hansen could call upon whatever manpower he required, including tough Gen. Hiram (Crusty) Stonebraker, the hero of the Hump Airlift, who was in retirement. Stonebraker, in turn, would reassemble the best men who had served under him in the China-Burma-India Theater and bring them to Germany. It had been a hard battle, but Andrew Jackson Hansen had won it.

Stonebraker gathered his crew: chief of staff, chief pilot, logistics expert, maintenance expert, cargo and ground transportation man, communications man, weatherman and airfield builder. These were Air Force regulars of high rank, and Stonebraker had only to ask that they be assigned to his command. He pulled one officer out of civilian life—Clinton Loveless, a production-control genius who had been languishing in a Madison Avenue advertising agency.

Clint Loveless arrived at Wiesbaden in Western Germany in the middle of the night.

"I've got a plane standing by at Rhein-Main to run you to Berlin tonight," General Stonebraker told him. "Hansen's troubleshooter, a Colonel O'Sullivan, will meet you at Tempelhof. You get together with the Germans in the *Magistrat* and find out just what it is going to take to feed these people. Cut everything to the bone. Look over the air installations and ground facilities. Come back with a rounded, thumbnail picture."

"Yes, sir. What are we landing in Berlin now?"

"The day I took command, a week ago, we put down a thousand tons."

"How far can we push this?"

"With the present setup, not another ounce."

Clint understood, and got up to leave. The general gave a nod that said he was glad Clint had come.

The situation was bad. They were short on every kind of personnel: weathermen, crews, mechanics, engineers, radiomen, radar men, office personnel, cooks, doctors, carpenters, drivers. Housing, food, medical facilities were substandard. Rhein-Main, the key air base outside Frankfurt, was at 150 percent of capacity, with more people pouring in each day. There were no beds, and a food shortage threatened. Rhein-Main had the worst living and working conditions of any American air base in the world. It was called Rhein-Mud.

Air Installations reported that the two American bases of Rhein-Main and Y-80–Wiesbaden were inadequate in length of runways, taxiways, hardstands, fueling facilities, loading and unloading facilities, hangar space, dump space, administration buildings and all lighting; floodlights, approach lights, hangar lights were below standard. Most existing equipment was obsolete. Beacons and ranges to and from Berlin could not control precision flying in the narrow corridors. There were no ground-controlled approach systems to "talk down" pilots in bad weather.

Ground transportation had to have more and larger trucks and trailers, spare parts, garages, mechanics, drivers. Better roads and storage dumps were an urgent necessity. Rail lines and spur lines had to be built to bring in aviation fuel from Bremerhaven; rail lines were needed to bring in coal from the Ruhr; loading and unloading of aircraft were erratic and awkward and cargoes were bulky, improperly packaged, improperly weighed, improperly tied down. Crews were flying too many hours. Coal was a dangerous cargo, with explosion potential. The weather was the worst in Europe and the approaches to Berlin were treacherous, running over Russian airstrips, demanding steep angles of glide into the midst of a jammed city.

The two Berlin airports of Tempelhof and Gatow were only ninety seconds apart by air. More radar was urgently needed to keep control of everyone's position. Unless ground-controlled approach was installed to maintain positive air discipline, mid-air collisions were possible. The Gooney Birds were covered with dangerous grime from coal cargoes that was wrecking delicate instruments and corroding cable systems. The numerous takeoffs and landings with heavy loads placed unmerciful stress on engines, brakes, tires. There were no facilities for proper maintenance; the spare-part situation was beyond mere desperation.

This was Hiram Stonebraker's inheritance.

Clint Loveless returned to Wiesbaden from Berlin and gave General Stonebraker further bad news.

"Both the Tempelhof and Gatow strips are breaking down. Just stand there a half hour and watch the Gooney Birds land and see the blue flames shoot off their tires. With C-54's hitting the runway with triple the present loads, the runways will be knocked out in a few weeks."

Clint had drawn a list of urgent needs: new runways at both Tempelhof and Gatow, and then the repair of existing ones. New aprons were needed for loading and unloading, new lighting. Finally, they had to find the site for a third airfield.

"We can fly in pierced-steel planking and asphalt," Clint said, "and we can use the rubble in Berlin for a base. Labor is no problem. The clinker is how to fly in bulldozers, steam rollers, graders, rock crushers. There aren't any in Berlin."

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"What's the food picture?"

"Stores are running very low, General. Less than a month's supply of staples. We're going to have to fly in fifteen hundred tons of food a day."

"My God, we've only reached a thousand tons a day of everything—with the British helping. That has to be re-evaluated and cut in half."

Clint shook his head. "It would be lighter to fly in flour than bread and have them do the baking in Berlin. By dehydrating potatoes and vegetables and powdering milk we can swing it with a minimum of eighty tons of potatoes, forty-four tons of vegetables, and twenty-one tons of milk. Sixty tons of fat, a hundred tons of meat and fish, all boned. Thirty-eight tons of salt and ten tons of cheese."

There would also be need for whole milk, special foods for hospital patients, food for the zoo, and for seeing-eye dogs. When he was done, Stonebraker knew Clint had figured it down to the ounce. In truth, they were asking two and a quarter million people to cling to bare threads and forget every comfort and most necessities known to a civilized community.

Summoned from all over the world, the C-54's converged on Western Germany. One of the pilots was Capt. Scott Davidson, who had flown in from Hickam Field at Honolulu via Hamilton Field in California and Westover Field in Massachusetts as lead pilot of a flight of eleven aircraft. En route, they had combined with twelve more C-54's from Panama and nine from Alaska.

Scott cut his engines on the hardstand at Rhein-Main and growled for Nick Papas, his flight engineer, and Stan Kitchek, his copilot, to secure the craft. He was weary. He stretched, looked forward to a hot soaking tub, a three-day pass, and shaking down Frankfurt for quail.

As the last craft of the squadron cut engines, a burst of activity erupted. The planes were surrounded by ten-wheel Army trailers whose crews began pulling out the cargo; first sergeants assembled the squadron personnel on the apron, and maintenance men queried each captain on the condition of his airplane.

Col. Matt Beck, head of operations and chief pilot on Stonebraker's staff, met Scott at the bottom of the ladder.

"Would you come over to Operations with me, Captain?" he said. "We want to run down the personnel and the condition of the aircraft."

"Excuse me, Colonel—where's the fire?"

"These ships will be worked on tonight and stripped of certain components. They'll be flying cargo to Berlin tomorrow."

"We're beat, sir."

"You'll bed down on the field tonight and be ready to fly tomorrow."

Scott's bath and the great treat that lay in store for German womanhood went glimmering. He got into Colonel Beck's jeep, and rode down the row of C-54's.

The first things Scott saw of Rhein-Main were a coal dump fifteen feet high covering an acre of land, and a field of antennas that covered another acre. He had never seen anything like it. Bustle was everywhere. Huts were being hammered together for enlisted personnel like a Gold Rush boom town. Maintenance docks, hangers, warehouses, and fire stations were being erected; roads were being built on a base of mud. They passed an immense park of the Transportation Corps jammed with trucks and trailers. Negro soldiers were shaking them down.

Colonel Beck pointed across the road to a small city of displaced persons who were the laborers. The movement, the gray dinginess, the mud that encased the entire field, the temporary structures all reminded Scott of wartime.

Matt Beck stopped before a building marked 7497TH AIRLIFT WING. Scott was asked to wait in the colonel's office. The place meant business, he thought. He stretched and tried to doze.

Hiram Stonebraker, who had been inspecting the new building projects, entered the office wearing a pair of grimy fatigues. "You the chief pilot of the Nineteenth out of Hickam Field?"

Scott blinked his eyes open.

"What's the status of your craft?" Stonebraker said.

Scott didn't answer.

"What the hell's the matter with you? You tongue-tied?"

"So far as I know, you're a kindly middle-aged gentleman in dirty dungarees. I never give them classified information."

Stonebraker looked at his coveralls and stifled a smile. He walked out of the office right into Matt Beck, who had heard the end of the conversation in horror. "I'll tell him who you are, sir."

"Never mind. Get his record over to Wiesbaden, then shoot him over there."

The thing that made Hiram Stonebraker a major general while other men remained majors was his talent for

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selecting and using men. He read the book on Scott Davidson, and found two men in his headquarters who knew of the captain personally.

Scott was a hot pilot—guts and ice water. He had knocked down eleven Jap Zeros with a P-38, and later flew P-47's. He had more strafing and ground-support missions on Marine and Army invasions than could properly be recorded. He had survived a miraculous landing in a badly damaged craft, suffered wounds that might have finished a lesser man. He made an even more miraculous recovery, to fly again for ATC and MATS, where he was considered a superb pilot.

Hiram Stonebraker liked what he read—except for certain things on the fitness report: "This officer is a potential leader but is lackadaisical, is always late with reports, and avoids responsibility."

"We met earlier today, Captain," Hiram Stonebraker said.

The two silver stars adorning each shoulder were much in evidence now.

"I had a sort of feeling I may have made an error in judgment," Scott said.

"You were within your rights. I'd have chewed you out if you hadn't demanded proper identification."

"Thank you, sir."

"Captain, I'm going to recommend you for a temporary appointment as chief pilot of the wing at Rhein-Main. It's a big job. Cut the buck and I'm sure it's yours permanently. You've got a lot to be briefed on to get the picture of what we're up against here, so I'll turn you over to Colonel Beck again."

"General . . . I . . . uh . . ."

"Well?"

"Sir, I appreciate the general's confidence—even on a temporary basis. However, sir, I'm afraid I might let you down. I'm just not much on the administrative end of things."

"You can speak plainer than that."

"If the general gives me leave to speak."

"The general does."

"Sir, I made myself live when I should have been dead, so I could fly again," he said with a charm, sincerity and appeal that could melt the hardest heart. "I lay there in a bed for six months while they were pulling lead and aluminum out of me and pumping me full of blood. The only thing that made me pull through was the thought of flying, General. I'm just not cut out to play wet nurse to boy pilots or pin up numbers in a chartroom."

Crusty knew the breed. The old crushed-hat gang, a direct descendant of the barnstormer. They would fly into brick walls and the eye of a hurricane, but you couldn't give them a command or make them make decisions.

But Hiram Stonebraker also knew men. He liked something in this one and he wanted to believe he could get the best from him. Scott was the first in with the C-54's and certainly the best pilot who had shown up so far.

"You'll do what I tell you. Now get down to Operations and learn your job."

Clinton Loveless was hard at work in the Airlift Control Center on Taunus Strasse in Wiesbaden. Here were direct lines to Frankfurt Air Traffic Control Center and Tempelhof Approach and Gatow and all the fields in the zones. Minute-to-minute records were kept twenty-four hours a day, recording movement of all air traffic, the status of each squadron, weather maps and forecasts. And mainly, the Howgozit board showing the tonnage set down in Berlin. It had edged to 3,000 tons a day.

Statistical Service turned the control center and the staff conference room into mazes of charts and graphs showing turnaround times, engine availability, utilization of aircraft, flying hours per crew, and all those facts needed to keep a precision control as accurate as the precision of flying in the corridor itself.

A dozen C-54's from the 46th at Bergstrom had come; sixteen from the 22nd Transport at Fairfield, California; nine came from Great Falls; they came from Westover; more were on the way from Hickam and Tokyo and Texas. The Airlift was growing larger than its parent, MATS, the Military Air Transport Service.

The Air Matériel Command got spare parts from all over the world, and manufacturing lines rolled again for yet more parts. At Erding outside Munich a German-American manual of parts was written, and German technicians were hired to replace 40,000 spark plugs a month and break down and reconstruct all instruments in the C-54.

The unpronounceable base of Oberpfaffenhofen, known as Obie, was activated for the 200-hour overhaul; engine build-up was begun at Rhein-Main; daily spare-parts trains ran from Obie and Erding to the new railhead of Zeppelheim, which fed into Rhein-Main and Wiesbaden.

Ten thousand Americans were there or on the way, and with other thousands of British, Germans and displaced persons some 50,000 people would be involved in supplying Berlin.

A sea lift to support the airlift poured in ten million gallons of aviation fuel a month and brought in new engines built in Texas, and wheat from Canada.

As the Americans flew the southern corridor with ever-growing precision, the British flew into the northern corridor out of their fields at Fassberg, Celle, Lübeck Fuhlsbüttel and Wunstorf.

As August wore on, it became apparent that closer liaison would have to be established with British Headquarters which was located in the medieval town of Lüneburg, and exchanges of personnel began to take place.

British Operation Plain Fare put on a magnificent show. The British had only a hundred aircraft, many of which were old Dakotas. They could make three round trips a day, but they had only two crews for each aircraft.

The main British effort was flour, which accounted for half their cargo tonnage. And they solved the problem of flying in Berlin's gas and oil, which was loaded in bulky barrels, by contracting civilian tanker planes. Shortly, the Tudors and Lancasters flew in all of Berlin's liquid fuel by flying tanks. They also solved the perplexing problem of flying salt, which had proved to be deadly corrosive. It was beaten by flying the salt in the belly of waterproof Sunderland seaplanes which landed on Berlin's Havel Lake. In preparing for winter, when the lake would freeze, they were designing panniers that could be slung under the craft, as salt was carried in ancient caravans.

"Get this thing and whip it, Clint,' Hiram Stonebraker said.

We hereby challenge any wagon to get you to the World's Fair with as much comfort, performance, st

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The C-54's were being asked to do a job for which they were never designed. All the manuals no longer applied. The chief pilots had worked out methods to get the greatest efficiency with the least wear through absolute power settings and by cutting down ground idling time. Yet the repeated stress of takeoffs with heavy loads and high manifold pressure had resulted in piston erosion. The high usage of craft played hell on combustion chambers, and there was excessive wear on seals, gaskets and ignition wiring.

Hydraulic systems, particularly the gear-retracting mechanism, were overworked, and the coal and flour cargoes eroded cables, wires, contacts, plugs, instruments and radios.

There were breakdowns of the delicate nose wheels, never designed for the unusual poundings they were receiving, and fuel leaks were a constant source of headache.

Clint Loveless's phone rang.

"Suh, this is Sergeant Bufford," a Texan drawled. "I'm here at Rhein-Main at the Lost Wives' Club. We got us a Mrs. Clinton Loveless who came in by commercial aircraft. We reckon she belongs to you, suh."

Clint blinked with disbelief. "Has she got two pale kids with her?"

"Ma'am, you got two pale kids?"

Judy took the phone. "Clinton. Will you *please* come over and get us?"

"I'll be damned."

It rained a deluge. Rhein-Main was a lake. Miserable teams of displaced persons and drenched airmen prepared the line of C-54's for flight. Hiram Stonebraker's car, bearing a limp, wet flag with two stars, stopped before Operations, as their "block time"—the four-hour period in which each base dispatched its aircraft—approached.

Stonebraker, shaking the water off, entered the chief pilot's office. "You going to run us up to Berlin, Captain?"

"Yes, sir," Scott Davidson answered. "We'll be number fifteen in the block."

"When you reach Tempelhof, tell them I want to try out a ground-controlled approach."

Scott studied the wicked downpour outside. "Couldn't have picked a better day for it, General."

Thirty crews filed into the briefing room. The weatherman stood before his map. "The European Continent is under the influence of a deep low off the British Isles, causing a prognosis of bad flying weather for the next forty-eight hours."

A grumble around the room.

"Ceilings will vary from zero to five hundred feet, visibility from zero to one and a half miles. A tight pressure gradient is causing strong winds aloft from the northwest, three hundred fifteen degrees. Winds will be forty to forty-five knots."

It would be a long day.

Scott Davidson stood before the men and briefed them on new VHF radio installations and beacons in the center corridor, then gave a lecture about being fed up with the numerous little accidents on the ground which were causing great time waste. He spoke of the tricks of taxiing heavy loads, executing turns, and braking carefully to handle the delicate nose wheel of the C-54.

As Hiram Stonebraker heard him speak, he felt smug about his hunch on Davidson. Scott had been able to charm commanders' wives, duck responsibility in the past, but was quick to recognize that with Stonebraker his luck had run out, temporarily. Also, keeping the big birds in the corridor and getting tons into Berlin became like wartime all over again. The mudhole of a base, the urgency of the airlift, and the endless challenges were turning him into a fine chief pilot.

Stonebraker and Clint Loveless waited in the staff car near the airplane as the rain pelted down on the team of a dozen Polish displaced persons and the American sergeant in charge of the loading, who got drenched through their ponchos as they filled the plane with sacks of coal, barrels of asphalt, and "married" the load, to distribute it evenly, with a number of lightly packaged cartons marked DANISH CHEESE.

Scott's copilot, Stan Kitchek, and Flight Engineer Nick Papas walked around in ankle-deep water in the pre-takeoff inspection while Scott signed his clearance forms at Operations and picked up a flight kit.

The steps were rolled up and they all boarded. Clint sat in a jump seat installed in the rear of the flight deck. The general stood behind the copilot. Up and down the hardstands trucks drove off, stairs rolled away, wheel chocks were pulled, and the line of birds started taxiing into take-off position.

Block time approached. Scott watched as the tower released the first plane. As its engines revved to takeoff power, sheets of water gushed off the wings. The plane sloshed down the runway and went nearly to the end before becoming airborne. It dissappeared immediately into the weather.

Stan intoned the check list.

"Nose wheel."

"Centered."

"Parking brake."

"Set."

After a three-minute interval the second bird disappeared into the overcast.

"RPM."

"Eight hundred."

"Fuel pressure."

"Seventeen."

"Oil pressure."

"Seventy."

Nick told Clint Loveless to buckle in because it was going to be rough. He plugged into a jack and gave the general a pair of earphones.

"Main tanks."

"On."

"Booster pumps."

"High."

"Generators."

"On."

Nick pushed against the windows to make certain they were locked. They were, but they were leaking.

Stan called the tower.

"This is Baker Easy Fifteen calling Rhein-Main Tower for taxi and takeoff instructions."

"Baker Easy Fifteen, this is Rhein-Main Tower. Block time is changed to zero seven three seven. Take off on runway two six. New altimeter setting is three zero, zero, zero. The time is zero seven three six. You are cleared for takeoff."

As Scott pushed the throttle forward, the multithousand horsepower in the engines leaped to life. He felt the strain of the great engines pulling the airplane through the water and he knew he would need most of the runway.

Stan Kitchek called out the speed. At eighty, Scott eased the yoke back, tilting the nose wheel off the ground.

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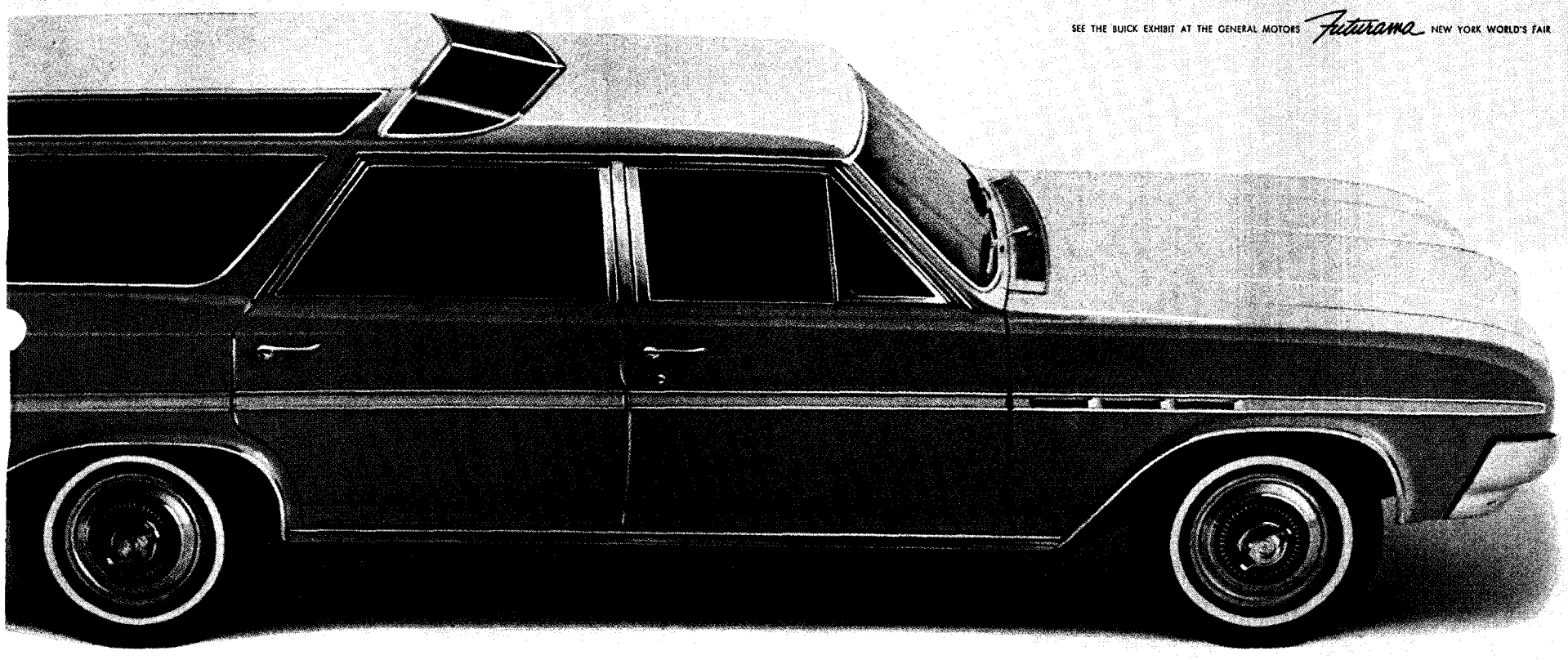

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If you think this is going to be a lot of smooth talk about how luxuriously Chevrolet rides, you're right. But keep on reading. We've got all kinds of interesting facts and figures to back it up.

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It's Chevrolet's seven engines, each one precision-balanced for smoother running and longer life, ranging from the standard 140-hp Six all the way up to an extra-cost 425-hp V8. (You can see where the "jet" in Jet-smooth came from.) And Chevrolet's smooth-shifting transmissions, too.

And it's Chevrolet's Full Coil suspension—a big chrome-alloy steel coil spring and double-action shock absorber at each wheel. By the way, just to show you how fussy we are about the Chevrolet ride, we tailor the springs to the weight of the various models.

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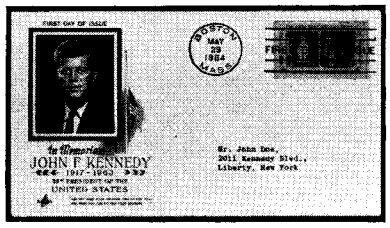

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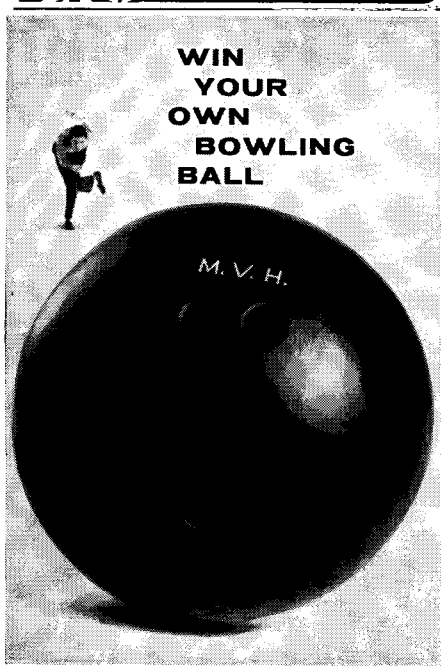

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Armageddon

two one-way streets into Berlin, the north and south corridors. A single one-way street, the central corridor, was used to leave Berlin.

Similar makes of aircraft flew in block times at the same speed but at staggered altitudes. Precision flying in the narrow air lanes through absolute power settings had become a science. It all narrowed down to a single bottleneck—the air over Berlin.

On Stonebraker's last flight into Berlin, the ground-controlled-approach system had put down the first three planes of the block cleanly. When Baker Easy Four missed two approaches, it caused the rest of the block behind him to stack—and then had come the breakdown in communications, radar control, holding patterns. The key lay somewhere in the behavior of Baker Easy Four.

What was it? What was it?

Two days later, when the solution finally came to him, he assembled his operations staff. "Gentlemen, I have just solved the way to end the stacks over Berlin. There will be no more stacking in case of weather. If a plane misses his approach or for any reason cannot land he is to return to his home base in the center corridor and come back in the next block.

"If Baker Easy Four had been sent back after his first attempt during the fiasco, there would have been no stack over Berlin.

"We will not only fly to Berlin in three-minute intervals, we will land in three-minute intervals. The rhythm will not be broken by a missed approach. The craft will return to base and the beat . . . beat . . . beat will continue behind him."

In a matter of days the tonnage rose from 3,000 to 3,500 tons to 4,000 tons, and then the daily goal of 4,500 tons was reached. It was reached on a stormy day during which Ground-Controlled Approach talked down 80 percent of the flights.

The air bridge roared on day and night, and now the beat . . . beat . . . beat was that of a giant metronome, and with each beat another ten tons was transfused into the city of Berlin.

The engineers and the Berliners labored furiously to complete a third airfield at Tegel. Day, night; day, night; beat . . . beat . . . beat; ten tons, ten tons, ten tons.

Although the miracle had come within grasp for the first time, the greatest single challenge still lay ahead, for soon they would face that long-time ally of the Russians—winter.

Sean held the door of his flat open, awkwardly.

"So this is your sanctum," Ernestine Falkenstein said. It was a lovely flat, of course. The occupation forces took the best. "Well, aren't you glad to see me?"

"I wasn't prepared for an invasion."

"Look," she said, reaching into a shopping bag like those carried by all Berlin women. She produced two steaks.

"Where the hell did you get those?"

"Black market."

"You, in particular, with your uncle's name, should never go to the black market," he lectured.

"Oh, stop it, Sean. Lil Blessing gave them to me. She said I could find my way to your heart with these, but you don't have one."

"Ernestine Falkenstein, look at me. Are you tipsy?"

"Poo-poo-poo."

"You've been drinking."

"Poo-poo-poo. Just enough to have the courage to storm into your fortress."

Sean knew he must relent or he would have a bawling female on his hands. "OK, there's the kitchen. Get busy. I'm starved."

Ernestine heaved a sigh of dismay. "Oh, dear. I thought you would say that. Oh, Sean, I studied so hard to be a lawyer I just never learned to cook. I'll just ruin the steaks and you'll never see me again."

"Well, now, didn't you and your great friend Lil Blessing prepare for such a contingency?"

"I made reservations for us at Hooperdink's. It is a fine restaurant, even though it happens to be in the Russian Sector. Franz said he would personally attend to the steaks."

"You've got yourself a date."

Hooperdink's, about the only building on Gernerstrasse not flattened, was a large house converted into one big room broken into paneled booths. The walls and crannies held boar and stag heads, beer mugs from the Middle Ages, Dresden figurines and tapestries.

"*Herr Oberst*," Franz said, bowing dramatically. "An honor, sir."

He took the steaks, swore to do them justice, escorted Sean and Ernestine to a choice booth already enhanced with the presence of a bottle of chilled champagne. The room was warm and sentimental. Ernestine sipped, then sang to a zither melody that came from the front of the restaurant. Sean, she thought to herself, have you grown tired of me before you even let yourself know me? Oh, you lion among men. It was growing painful now and she knew she could not show him. She longed to say, "*Ich liebe dich.*"

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular."

Franz ushered three German couples to a large table in the center of the floor. She recognized her brother Gerd among them.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I wanted tonight to be perfect. My brother has just come in, and he can be quite unpleasant."

Sean smiled. "I will be the epitome of restraint and charm," he promised.

Gerd nodded to Ernestine and she to him. He excused himself from his table and came to their booth. Sean rose.

"Hello, Erna."

"Gerd. Colonel O'Sullivan—my brother Gerd."

Sean shook his hand and asked him t have a seat.

"Only for a moment," Gerd said. "M partners and our friends are having small celebration."

Gerd's meaning was plain to Ernestine He was saying: See, Germans also can en joy Hooperdink's and there are still de cent German girls left who prefer th company of German men.

On the other hand, Gerd was not un happy that his sister was in the compan of a known Ami officer. He felt strongl that Germany's future lay in an allianc with the Amis, and what better way t cement an alliance? Erna and Uncle rich made him look good. In fact, he ha ditched his old Nazi friends and joine the Democratic Party. It was good busi ness.

"Mother and Father?" Erna asked.

"Both well. Father devotes full time t managing our Wilmersdorf branch. An our sister Hildegaard?"

"Hilde has made a full recovery, than you."

"She is in Wiesbaden, is she not?"

"Yes."

Sean felt the stiffness between them, wa sorry for Ernestine's discomfort, and gla when Gerd turned the conversation t him.

"You have heard the news, *Herr Obers* Your people and the British landed nearl five thousand tons again today, and i such weather. I never cease to marvel a it. If you land much more coal, you' drive me out of business."

Gerd was trying to be pleasant. It wa a bad joke. He was reaping a fortun from the blockade by the manufactur and sale of an *ersatz* coal, called Blockad Briquets, composed of compressed saw dust, dried grass and low-grade peat.

Gerd accepted a glass of champa from Sean. Decent chap, he thought held it up to toast. "*Prosit.* May we neve be enemies again."

Sean did not answer.

"Yesterday," Gerd continued per sively, "your airplanes brought bomb Today the crowds stand and watch Ten pelhof with a holy vigil. I used to be a antiaircraft gunner. It is still strange fo me to look up into the sky without tryin to shoot you down."

Sean flung the champagne from h glass into Gerd's face.

"What the devil!"

"Gerd! His brother was a pilot—an was killed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You've got to admire the kid's drive."

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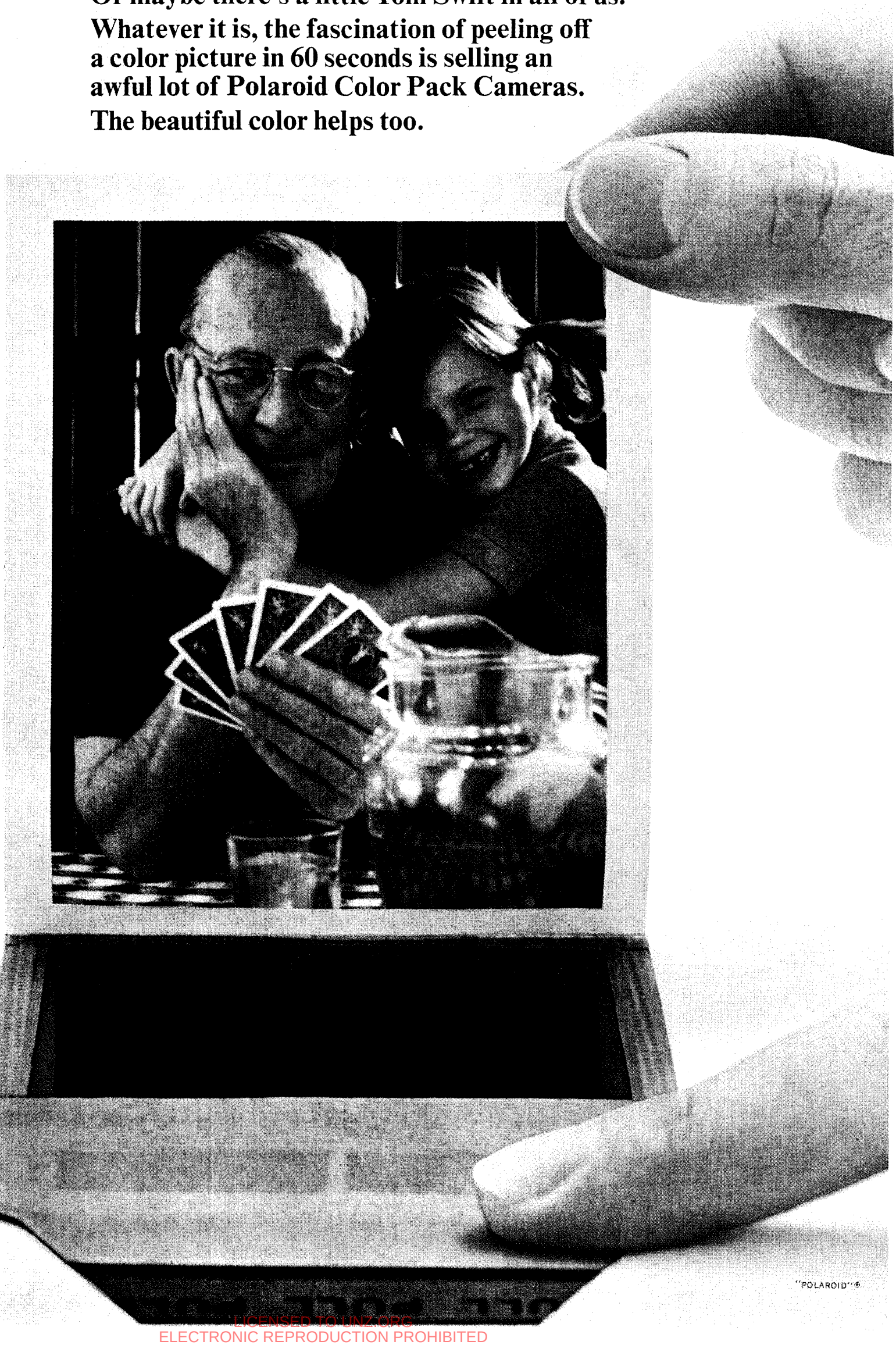

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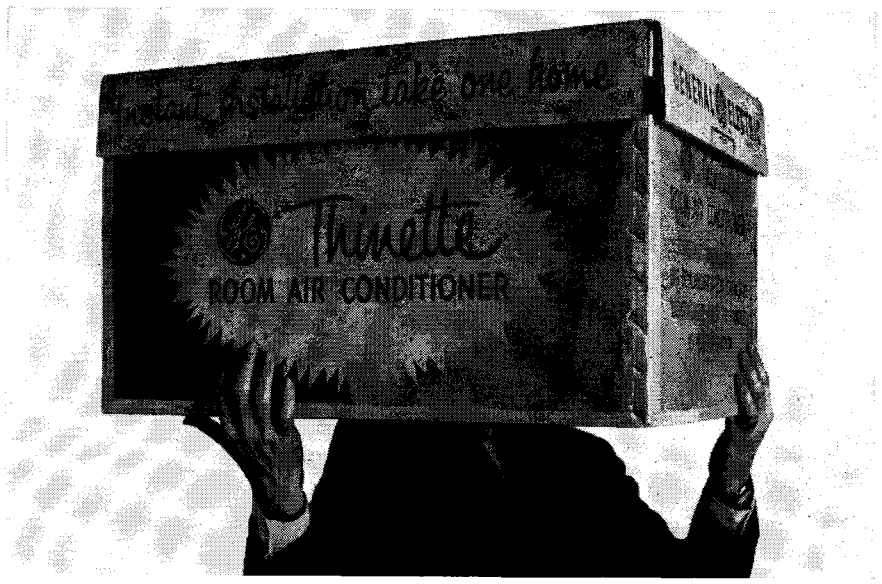

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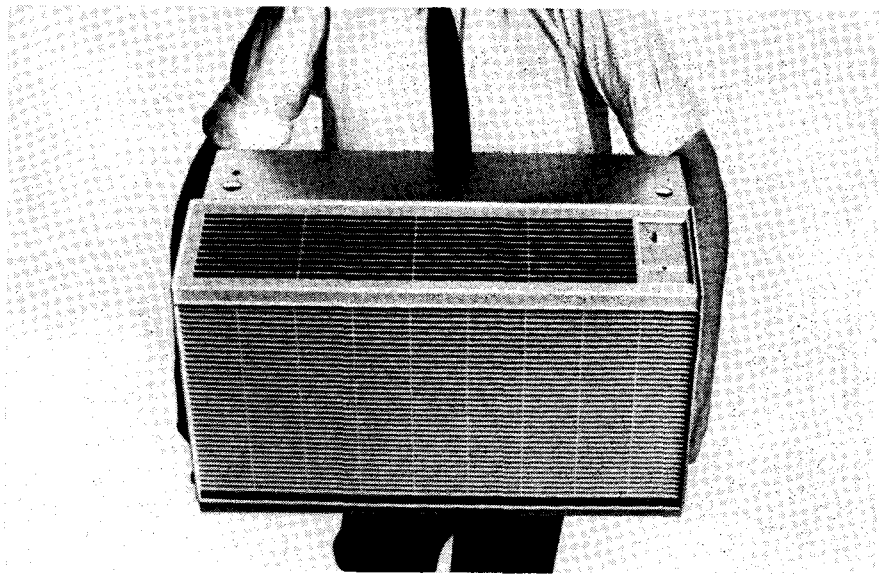

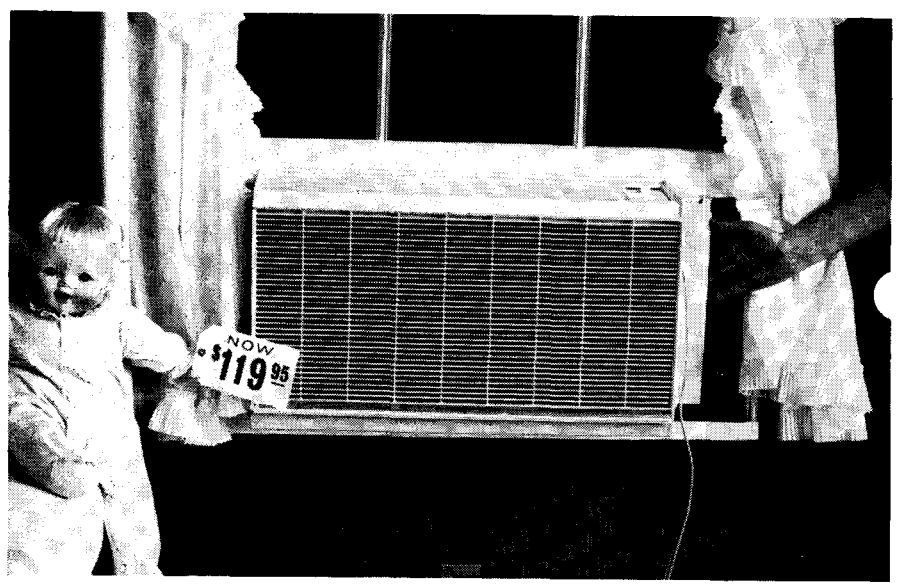

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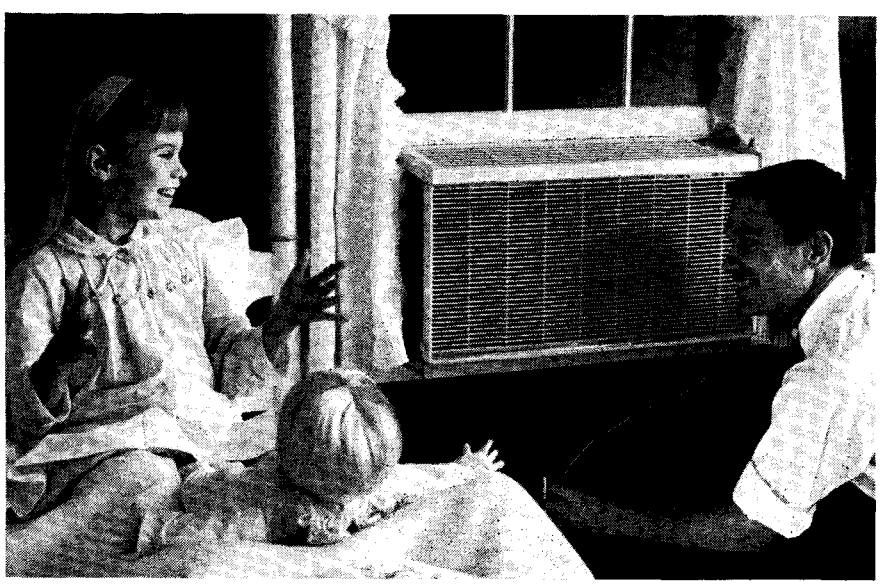

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Gerd stiffened, waved his friends back. A small smile formed at the corners of his mouth. "Forgive me, *Herr Oberst.*"

The zither player picked up a melody quickly.

"Let's get out of here," Sean said.

"Sean," she said outside, "he did not know."

But Sean did not hear. There was not another word exchanged until he stopped the car before her uncle's flat.

"Good night. Please see yourself in."

"I cannot let you go away like this."

His fists clenched and his face contorted with rage and confusion. And he could hold it no longer. He buried his face in his hands. She tried to touch him, but he became rigid.

"Oh, God," she cried, "I cannot stand it any longer. Please take me to your room. Please, Sean, please."

Ernestine sat in the deep window frame as the daylight came. There was little to be seen outside; the fog swirled angrily, close to the ground.

Overhead there was the unabated thunder of the engines on the first leg of the approach to Tempelhof. Ernestine walked back to the bed and stroked Sean's hair. There was sadness in his eyes.

"I did not know I could ever listen to the sound of engines again without terror," she said. "Now they are like a lullaby, like the sound of waves coming in to the shore."

She lay beside him, and he folded his arms about her without words.

There were few remarks while they dressed, as Sean made an effort to spare her pain. He kept thinking that it would be best if they got out before his housekeeper arrived. Ernestine was the niece of the respected leader Ulrich Falkenstein and had to be spared an indignity, but he could say nothing.

They drove away, silently.

"If you will leave me off at the Tempelhof station, I can take a train to work."

He agreed; it would not look right to pull up in front of her building.

The usual morning crowd of Berliners was clustered near the station, watching the planes take off and land, take off and land, take off and land. This morning the birds groped through a heavy fog under ground-controlled approach. The Berliners gasped with each new landing as they caught sight of the craft at the last instant, bursting through the white shroud.

He stopped the car. There was an awkward moment of not knowing how to say good-bye. Ernestine knew enough to go with dignity. She swung the car door open.

"I've got to see you again," he said. "Tonight."

"*Auf Wiedersehen.*" She got quickly out of the car, and he watched her disappear up the steps of the elevated. The crowd on the platform screamed at the same instant. A C-54 dropped almost on top of them.

The ground shook as the plane smashed into the side of a building several blocks away. Glass, brick, and pieces of the craft spewed everywhere. There was a terrible silence—then the explosion.

Sean was swept into the midst of a mass of running humanity. The plane and the building were demolished. All that was left was a section of the tail, the American Star, and MATS, ALASKA. There was a sorrowful wail of ambulances and police cars over the screams of horror.

My dearest sister Ernestine,

I must be the lucky cat who always lands on her feet. I adore my new job as governess and housekeeper with the Loveless family here in Wiesbaden. My room is quite decent and comfortable.

The boy is Tony, nine years old, and the girl is Lynn, who is ten. They are very affectionate and well behaved, for American children.

The Americans are strange people, but they fool you. Just when I am beginning to think Colonel Loveless is shallow-minded, he shows his genius in other ways.

I remember how Father used to treat our maids and I suppose that was what bothered me the most when I began working. Yet, I am never treated as a maid. Not the way we treated them.

I am glad to hear that Colonel O'Sullivan has found a room away from his own quarters. It will save you embarrassment. How does Uncle Ulrich look upon all of this?

I must run. Each night I read to my babies in German and I look forward to it so much. I hear them calling "Hilde," so I rush this letter to you with love.

Hilde

Scott checked his watch. The movie house would be emptying. He told Nick Papas to drive him along Rhein Strasse in the general direction of the Kurhaus, where many maids working in American homes would be passing. They checked out a half-dozen girls, passed them up—then both of them saw her at once.

Click, click, click went the heels of Hildegaard Falkenstein.

Nick blocked the intersection. The girl walked boldly around the front of the car, looking straight ahead.

"*Fräulein,*" Scott called, "could you please help us? We're lost."

She answered in rapid German, which they could not understand, and continued across the street.

Scott got out of the car, blocked her way, gathering all of his boyish innocent charm, holding his hands apart helplessly and agonizing the conversation along in German. He mumbled a few words under his breath about the girl's beauty.

Hilde tried to step around him, but he wouldn't let her pass. Words like "nylons," "chocolates," "perfume" were making no impression.

Hilde grew short. "If you do not stand aside," she said in English, "I will call for the police."

"Well, I'll be damned."

"Please let me pass. I do not play with little boys."

"Little boys! Oh, honey, if you knew what you were missing, you'd cut your throat."

"Let me by or you'll cut your own throat."

She stepped forward, daring him to lay a hand on her. Scott backed off. She continued down the street and turned the corner at Gustave Freytag Strasse and walked into the Loveless house.

Nick Papas laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks.

Scott slowed the car before the house of Lt. Col. Clinton Loveless and made a note of the address.

Clint Loveless studied the list for repair or replacement of equipment. The general had had him at Erding Base to break the spare-parts repair bottleneck. The top priority read: *Starters, landing lights, harnesses, inverters, gyro flux-gate compass, master indicators, ammeters, gyro horizon indicators,* and on down to *windshield wipers, oil-pressure transmitters, propellers.*

There was a knock on his door.

"Come in."

Scott Davidson entered.

"Hello, Scott."

"I had to come to headquarters on some other business and wondered if I could see you for a few minutes."

"Sure."

Clint pushed his paper work aside and rubbed his eyes.

"Colonel, you are in a hell of a position to do me a favor."

"So?"

Scott smiled. "Sir, I'd like an introduction to your housekeeper."

"No."

"But ——"

"I don't want any of you crushed-hat guys chasing after her. She's too good a maid."

"Colonel, I don't have that in mind at all."

"Then there must be something wrong with you."

"The truth is that I met her once and—well, I was pretty damned crude. I'd like to make amends."

Clint Loveless had grave doubts about the sincerity of Scott Davidson. But what the hell? Trying to keep men away from Hilde was ridiculous. Furthermore, Clint flew with Scott and placed his life in the man's hands too often to be uppity.

"Colonel, could I just happen to drop around your house, like for dinner or something?"

"Like maybe you've thought this over?"

"Well, sir, as a matter of fact, with me flying two runs a day to Berlin and all my paper work, I've got limited time off."

"Like when do you have in mind?"

"Like tonight, Colonel?"

Clint was amused by Scott's gall. "Cocktails are at six-thirty. I assume you've already cased my house and know how to find it."

"Colonel, you're a good troop."

Judy Loveless thought Scott Davidson was adorable, and just loved being part of the scheme. When Hilde served drinks in the living room she was introduced to the captain and matter-of-factly said she had met him. If she was uncomfortable about his sudden appearance, she did not show it.

"Won't you join us for dinner, Captain?" Judy asked.

"Oh, no, that would be putting you to too much trouble."

"Nonsense."

"Well ——"

"We insist, don't we, Clint?"

"We insist."

"Hilde, set a place for Captain Davidson." Hilde nodded, and went to the kitchen for her own dinner and to feed the children.

Scott waited until a reasonable time had passed in order to give proper attention to the hostess, then found a pretense to get into the kitchen.

Hilde was at the kitchen table, joking with the children. Scott poured himself a glass of water, edged his way into the group, and quickly endeared himself to the children.

Tony and Lynn were sent off to put on their pajamas and study. Hilde flitted about the kitchen, putting the final touches on the dinner, as Judy and Clint discreetly remained in the living room with the Martini mixer.

"Sure is a pleasant coincidence," Scott said.

"I think not," she answered.

"Look, I wanted to find you to tell you I'm sorry about the other night. We were tired and I just had too much to drink."

"I don't think you're sorry."

"I went to a lot of trouble to find you so I could show just how sorry I am."

"What you are sorry about is that your ridiculous pride has been damaged. This trouble you are going to now is an attempt to redeem it."

Hilde was neither amused, charmed, nor swept up by him. The resistance was failing to melt on schedule for Scott Davidson.

"Can't I have a clean slate?" he persisted.

Hilde set the bread knife down and wiped her hands on her apron. "This town is filled with easy girls who should be able to fill your appetite. You're only going to damage your pride further if you attempt to see me."

"You're being too rough. I'm a lot of fun, Hilde."

"Strange, Captain. I find you dull, spoiled and immature."

Marshal Popov advanced the timetable for the take-over of the city.

The Russians clamped down on blockade runners, sending a half-dozen of them to the firing squad. Harassment of Berliners at the checkpoints reached a new high. And then came an assault on the city government just short of war.

Action squads, trained with military precision, assembled in Marx-Engels Platz under the control of Russian officers in civilian disguise. They poured into the Western Sector, over 5,000 strong, many in American lend-lease trucks. They converged on the City Hall and the *Magistrat* buildings, armed with clubs, knives and stones, and carrying banners.

This was the tactic that had crumbled freedom in Czechoslovakia. This was the replay of the Prague riots. The action squads broke into the buildings, smashed up offices and left the main chambers in a shambles. American, British and French liaison officers were beaten up, and the telephone lines to the West were cut.

Neither the Russian Sector police nor the Red Army were anywhere to be seen, allowing the action squads free hand. At the end of the day *Oberbürgermeister* Hanna Kirchner was able to see General Trepovitch to demand protection.

The Russian shrugged. "I cannot keep the workers from staging a democratic demonstration. They hate the imperialist Airlift aggression. It is the free right of the workers to protest."

The angry little lady came to her feet. "I never believed," she said, "there could ever again be anything as loathsome as the Nazis. The Soviet Union has won that honor."

Trepovitch sprang to his feet.

"Go on, hit me," she dared.

He dared not. She spat on his desk and walked out.

The Ring Church on Friedrichstrasse in Wiesbaden emptied of old aristocrats in threadbare finery who stopped for a word with the black-robed minister. Hilde came out with Tony and Lynn Loveless. She stepped into the sudden light, shading her eyes, a cameo in lace and white gloves. The Loveless children, scrubbed and polished, circled around her, running off their relief to be free from the confinement.

"Lovely sermon."

Hilde turned and faced Scott Davidson.

"Hi, kids," Scott said. "How about a milk shake at the Eagle Club? I always like a milk shake after church."

"I am afraid not. It will spoil their dinner."

"Aw, Hilde," Tony complained.

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Armageddon

"I said no."

"Well, we got to listen to our Aunt Hilde," Scott said. "Mind if I walk you home?"

"Otherwise you plan to make a scene here in front of the church," she hissed in a low voice.

"Hey, you kids run on ahead. I'll see if I can't get Aunt Hilde to change her mind."

Tony trotted off with his sister.

Hilde looked beautiful; Scott offered her his arm, but she ignored it.

"Wouldn't like to see a dull, immature, spoiled flyer from time to time, would you?"

"Captain Davidson, the kind of friendship I am interested in goes against your manly nature."

"I thought about that and I'd like to see you anyhow. Maybe I'm maturing?"

"I accept your apology because I believe you mean it now. However, I do not wish to see you."

They gathered the children, crossed the street and continued quietly.

"Don't get angry," Scott said after a time, "but I learned that you never go out on dates."

"Life is much more simple that way."

"I promise I won't complicate things."

It had been a lonely year for Hilde. Scott was charming and he could be controlled now that she had his respect. She knew she was trying to fool herself, because in three or four dates he would return to being what he really was. Yet she did not want to send him off again. They came to the head of the colonnade.

"Why don't we have that milk shake?" she said. "I can always feed them an hour later."

Commissar V.V. Azov was a prisoner in his Potsdam mansion. It was in the wind that he would be liquidated. Indeed, an undercurrent of anxiety ran through the entire Soviet command. Even Marshal Alexei Popov, the great Soviet war hero, might be falling out of favor.

Igor Karlovy placed his own good fortune on the fact that he was the foremost aviation traffic expert in the command. However, this technical skill could not sustain him in Berlin forever.

"How can you remain so certain," V.V. Azov demanded of Karlovy, "that the operation of the new runway at Tegel will not allow the Airlift aggression to continue indefinitely?"

The commissar's face was ashen and he had developed a bad twitch. At times, Karlovy thought, he seemed to be on drugs.

"If they had ten runways in Berlin, the Lift would still collapse in winter. There is an entirely new set of problems never solved in aviation."

"It seems the Americans have ways of solving a lot of unsolvable problems."

"I assure you, Comrade Commissar, they are barely holding even now. Coal reserves have fallen to less than a two-week supply. A single streak of bad weather in December and they have no choice but to quit."

At the Scala Officers' Club, Scott was barely able to have a dance with Hilde without being cut in on. Anyhow, it was kind of nice to study her from a distance. She danced near their table with a pink-cheeked, fuzz-faced Army second lieutenant, and winked at Scott. He appraised her backside, her legs, her bust. He didn't know how long he would be able to keep his promise.

A wild, barefoot conga line circled the club, moving from the little bar and dance floor to the main bar, where the band on the stage joined as they picked up dancers. They congaed up the stairs to the balcony, where couples were necking, and back down again, and Hilde laughed until her sides hurt. She continued to bubble all the way home.

"It has been a wonderful day—the most wonderful day since ——" Since the last time she saw Scott. Scott meant wonderful days.

But she understood by his silence what was now happening and was bound to happen. He pulled up to the curb.

"Let's sit and talk a moment," he said.

"OK. I don't know how to thank you for the day."

"That's a bad thing to say to me. How long you figure we can go on like this?"

"That's up to you."

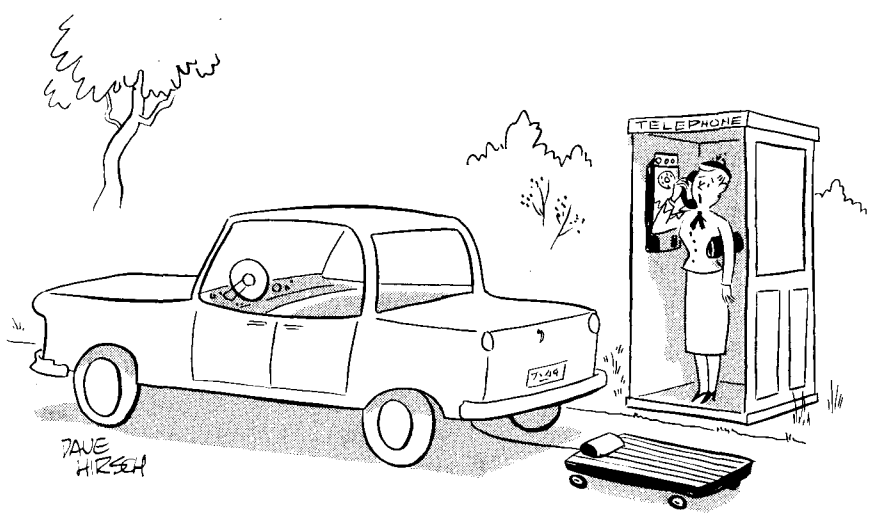
"Hilde, we've got to bend a little. I'm a nice guy."

She shook her head. "That is just the trouble. You aren't a nice guy. You are a rat, just like I am. We are two of a kind. I do not dislike you because you are a rat, but I know you."

"All right, so we're both rats. Then what's the harm?"

"Good night, Scott."

The Air Force and Army had set up low-cost holidays in requisitioned German resorts in Bavaria. Scott's leave was overdue. He had flown nearly a hundred



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Are all of your mechanics still there?"

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flights to Berlin, but his own growing sense of duty kept him on the job.

Stan Kitchek and Nick Papas shoved off for Bavaria, hunting a couple of new Schatzies. Scott stayed on to fly the general and Colonel Loveless to Burtonwood in England, recommissioned as the 59th Air Depot. Clint headed a team of production-control people trying to break the bottleneck of the 200-hour overhaul.

The C-54's went to a hangar known as Station No. 1, where the process began with a stripping of radios and instruments, and continued from hangar to hangar, where the planes were steam-cleaned to remove the coal dust, and their parts, instruments and engines were broken down, rebuilt, tested, reinstalled, and checked out.

Only five C-54's a day could be completed on the line. Others were backing up in Germany awaiting overhaul.

Douglas and Lockheed Aircraft sent engineers over to consult with Clint on methods to stop tank leaks, a continuing menace. A special team from Erding Base was given a course on a sealing method known as TC 48 so they could teach it to all maintenance crews in Germany.

After the general and Clint Loveless finished their inspection, Scott remained to confer on pilots' complaints about hydraulic-system seepage, tire wear, faulty wiring, fire hazards, foreign matter in oil screens, and those other things a chief pilot worried about.

Five days after he arrived in Burtonwood, Scott picked up a renovated C-54 at Station No. 5 and flew it back to Rhein-Main.

Scott stood before the door of the Loveless house, not having the slightest idea why he should return. Hilde, opening the door, felt a sense of relief on seeing him for the first time in two weeks, but stifled her joy.

"Bad penny," he said.

"Come in."

"Anybody home?"

"Colonel and Mrs. Loveless are out, and the children are asleep."

"I'm hungry," Scott said.

He sat at the kitchen table. She served him cold chicken and noodles and dark bread.

I am so glad you're back, she thought.

I must be crazy, he thought.

"Where in the hell has the Navy been?"

"Taking care of the Air Force wives!"

Two Navy squadrons of Skymasters arrived, flush with spare parts, wealthy with mechanics, and stuffy with a pride that told them they could put more tons down in Berlin than any squadrons in the Air Force. Now a fleet of 200 Skymasters forged the Air Bridge, with a hundred more of the British.

A huge new transport, the C-74 Globemaster, arrived in Germany with twenty tons of spare engines. An engine lift began directly from the States. C-74's and other new transports came to be used in flying special loads of bulky machinery. They brought in a dozen new generators for the Western Sector power plant.

Multimillion-candlepower lights were installed, extending from the center line of the Tempelhof runway through the St. Thomas cemetery. Superb new beacons and ranges lined the corridors; radar control became absolute; ground-controlled approaches in Berlin gave a promise that this was the miracle to beat the winter.

An army of transportation on the ground kept the rhythm of movement—from mines and ports and depots and railheads to the ready lines at the air bases—in uninterrupted tempo.

New tie-down straps, new weight charts, new communication systems . . . loading crews could empty a ten-ton trailer into a Skymaster in twenty minutes. In Berlin, unloading crews could unload ten tons in fourteen minutes.

A direct coal line ran from the Ruhr mines to the sacking plants at Hanau to the air bases at Celle and Fassberg. Mobile weather and operations trucks now briefed the pilots at planeside to cut down turn-around time.

Mobile canteens fed them at planeside; mobile maintenance trucks cured minor ills; turn-around time in Berlin was whittled to thirty-two minutes from touchdown through unloading to takeoff.

On Air Force Day in 1948 the Combined Airlift Task Force set down 6,800 tons of coal in Berlin. The next day a special lift of shoes, blankets, and warm clothing was flown in. Fifteen thousand children were flown out by the British to foster homes in the West.

There were tears and smiles at Tempelhof. The people of Berlin showered the fliers with gifts that ranged from family heirlooms to trinkets made by schoolchildren.

As the first tests of winter were upon them, the American President announced that sixty more Skymasters were coming to Germany. As the Gooney Birds were retired one by one from the Lift, the beat . . . beat . . . beat of the giant metronome that Hiram Stonebraker envisioned had been really created.

On December 2, 1948, Berliners awakened by candlelight in icy hovels. The first snows of winter floated down on long shivering lines of voters waiting at the polls. With the Soviet Union boycotting the election, the Democratic Party won a majority in the Western Sector.

The first act of the new Assembly was to elect Ulrich Falkenstein *Oberbürgermeister* of West Berlin.

The United States, Britain and France then resumed a three-power *Kommandatura* for the Western boroughs. Among their first duties was to ascertain, with the new *Magistrat*, how much coal could be rationed to the people. Stocks were at a perilous new low and winter was going to make greater demands.

It was then announced to the Berliners that they would be rationed twenty-five pounds of coal per family for the winter. Ulrich Falkenstein appealed to the *Kommandatura* to allow them once again to put the forests to the ax to augment this sparse allotment, and it was agreed.

Hanna Kirchner, now speaking for the Berlin housewives, told her old comrade that the beloved trees should be spared and taken only as a final desperation.

"Hanna," he said, "trees can grow again in the same place. But if we leave Berlin, we shall never grow here again."

The last of the birches and pines and lindens of once-proud forests were felled, and People's Radio mocked, "The last act of Western vandalism is to destroy Berlin's watershed and beauty." Meanwhile, at the town of Helmstedt in the British Zone, long lines of coal trains waited in hope for an act of Soviet humanity to allow them to clear and go to Berlin. The trains grew white with snow and rusted in silence.

Counter-intelligence reported that many of the Soviet command were leaving. One by one, members of the Russian staff failed to show up at normal public functions. A new crop of officers appeared on the scene. And then it was confirmed that V. V. Azov had disappeared.

A week after Azov vanished, the opera box belonging to General Nikolai Trepovitch was empty at a performance of *Aïda*. Three days later a five-line news item on the last page of the Red Army publication announced that Marshal Popov would assume General Trepovitch's duties in addition to his own.

As the West continued to meet the challenge of winter head on and the temper of the Berliners turned to pure iron, Popov ordered Yak fighter planes into the air corridors. They buzzed dangerously close to the C-54's and British Yorks. Antiaircraft fire was likely to commence in the corridors without prior warning. Target sleeves were towed into the paths of incoming blocks. But the Sky Bridge did not waver.

The three military governors of the West called a press conference to make a dramatic announcement: "As of 0600 this morning, all trade from the Western Zones of Germany to the Soviet Zone is suspended. All transit by waterway, highway and rail through the Western sectors of Berlin is to cease."

The West had launched the counter-blockade.

Scott sat on the big hassock and stared into the fire. "I'm getting grounded for a few weeks," he said.

"Is anything wrong?" Hildegaard asked.

"No. The flight surgeon says I've flown too many hours."

"Scott, I have never said it, but I want you to know how wonderful this thing is that you do for Berlin. With my sister Erna there, it means even more to me."

He shrugged. "We didn't vote on coming to Germany. We're told where to fly."

"And to drop candy bars to children in little parachutes? And to give up a good life, like Colonel Loveless and your general?"

"It has been an interesting challenge," Scott said in a semiofficial tone of voice.

"Anyhow," she said, "I am glad you won't be flying. You need a rest."

"I'll be taking a leave, Hilde. I want to go away someplace for a week where they don't know about airplanes. Will you go with me?"

She did not go through with her reflexive reaction to say no, because that could mean sending him away for good. Nor could she tell him she really wanted to go. "It would be a mistake, Scott."

"No strings," he said. "Don't answer tonight. I'll call you between flights to Berlin tomorrow. My leave starts day after tomorrow."

"Hilde, you've been crying," Judy Loveless said, coming into the kitchen.

Hilde dried her eyes and poured Mrs. Loveless a cup of coffee from the pot. "Scott is going on leave. He has asked me to go with him. Till now there has been nothing between us. But he is how he is and he will not change. Somehow, I can't find the words to send him away."

"What do you want from him? A playmate? A dancing partner? Do you think it's fair to keep him hanging around?"

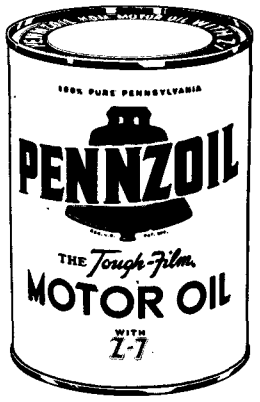
"Then what you say is: I must submit."

"What I say is: You are so much on the defensive you're not giving yourself a chance to discover your own feelings."

"I don't love him."

"Hilde, look at me. Have you ever been in love?"

ASK...



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"No."

"I don't believe Scott Davidson has, either. Eventually you must expose yourself to the risk of finding love."

"If I could believe I could have something like you and Colonel Loveless have. . . ."

"We didn't pick it off of a tree, Hilde, or find it parked at our front door one day. Being in love is troublesome and it brings pain, and it also means being able to give of yourself."

Hilde bowed her head and swallowed.

"You're a big girl, Hilde. If you want love, you're going to build it on tears, room by room."

Scott had forty-nine minutes of turnaround time in Wiesbaden. He grabbed a ride to his office with the Production Control jeep.

He asked the operator for the Loveless number. "Colonel Loveless's residence."

"Hi . . . it's me."

"Hi, me."

Scott heaved a sigh. "*Ja* or *nein?*"

"*Ja.*"

"You—you mean it?"

"Yes."

"Listen, I got to run. I'll call you soon as I get back from Berlin. We take off in the morning."

"I'll wait to hear from you."

Scott returned to Baker Easy One beaming.

Before Scott came to pick her up, Hildegaard had a lightness of heart and a happiness she had never known before.

Things are on the way, he thought, as they drove into the countryside.

She had not been into the villages and forests for longer than she cared to remember. She had never traveled with this feeling of wonderment. How lovely it was. How lovely Scott Davidson was. Hilde's eyes glowed with the discoveries that came from her daring to open locked doors.

At the end of the first day's drive they decided to stop for the night at Rombaden, about halfway to the Bavarian Alps. Across the Danube from the city, the Four Seasons Hotel had rooms available to American officers. Hilde remembered being in Rombaden once with her father in the early days of Hitler. It was a big Nazi city then.

Scott was warm. Scott was understanding. He brushed away all awkwardness by taking separate rooms on different floors.

Dinner was only adequate, but the aristocratic service made her feel like a queen. Off the lobby a great fire roared in the seventeenth-century fireplace and they sipped cognac, which Scott knew the bartender could find if he really wanted to. It was cozy and dreamy. Hilde cuddled close to Scott and rested her head on his shoulder.

For Scott Davidson, the long-awaited, long-denied sign was being given. World flier and past master of the moment of woman's surrender, he knew that triumph was close at hand. He allowed Hilde to loll in her joy, let her approach the delicate moment. He became deliberately passive.

Hilde remembered so many things now. The voices, the sounds, the smells. Scott was American. He was a big man and he smelled good. He was clean, as they were.

"Honey, we'd better turn in," he whispered. "We have a long drive tomorrow. I'll see you to your door."

He unlocked her door.

"Good night, Scott. It has been a most beautiful day."

"Good night, honey," he said boyishly.

Hilde took his hand and brought him into her room. Scott, like a little child, allowed himself to be led. Careful, he said to himself; careful, Scott. He handled her with deliberate slowness . . . and then they were at the bedside.

Even in this moment Hilde longed to cry out, "I love you, Scott," but she could not do it. She almost wept in desperation, begging him to assure her that he loved her. But Scott gave no word. They lay side by side, unable to declare love.

As suddenly as Hilde's passion rose, it collapsed. She rebelled at his touch. They lay stiffly, awkwardly, dumbfounded, silent.

Hilde spoke first . . . a harsh whisper to ask him to leave. Scott did not like men who either pleaded with women or tried to manhandle them. Even at the brink, a man has to keep his pride. He had guessed wrong before. . . . He guessed wrong again.

Scott left her without a scene, got into his car, drove across the river to Rombaden, and drank himself into a stupor. Near dawn a German saloonkeeper called for the American constabulary, which established that the captain belonged at the Four Seasons and returned him to the hotel.

Scott's fingers felt the big, soft down pillow. It took a long time for him to fight his eyes open. The room was in shadow light from an opening in the curtains. He sat up, ever so slowly, held still until the thumping in his head beat more quietly, and smacked his lips to get rid of the foul taste.

The fire in the fireplace was nearly out. Scott moaned, shivered his way to the window, and pulled the drapes open. The Danube River flowed below him. "Where the hell am I?" The Four Seasons Hotel . . . Rombaden . . . Hilde! The marble floor of the bathroom chilled his feet. He dunked his head in the water basin and examined himself in the mirror.

Hilde!

Hilde was packed and waiting in the lobby for a taxi to take her to the train station in the city across the river. Scott approached, with no trace of anger.

"I guess we should sit and talk," he said.

"I don't want a scene."

"Only women make scenes," he said. "Besides, I'm a sick man. Hilde, sit down. The one thing you should know is that, come hell or high water, I'm a gentleman."

She walked to the fireplace and edged onto a couch. "You are a clever man, Captain. I would suppose that your memoirs should rank with the greatest."

"Hilde, I don't get it. You know what I am and you went away with me ——"

"Stop it," she demanded. "It is true that I love you and I need you. And I do thank you for arousing feelings in me I did not know I possessed. Scott, you are a fighter pilot by instinct. Your life is only for the moment of the kill."

"Then take me for what I am."

"For you, Scott, the kill is the beginning of the end. For me, love is going to be the beginning of the beginning."

The doorman came and told Hilde a taxi was waiting. Scott said she would be ready in a few moments.

"If it will give you any consolation," she said, "this trip was my fault. It was unforgivable of me to put a little boy in a candy store and tell him he was not to touch."

Scott felt a need for a few light, face-saving remarks. "See you around."

"You are never to call on me again," she said firmly.

Nick Papas prepared the dining-room table for a payday card game. The captain came in.

"What the hell you doing back?"

"Phased out."

"Finished?"

"*Kaput.* That's baseball."

"You still care for her?"

"Hell, no."

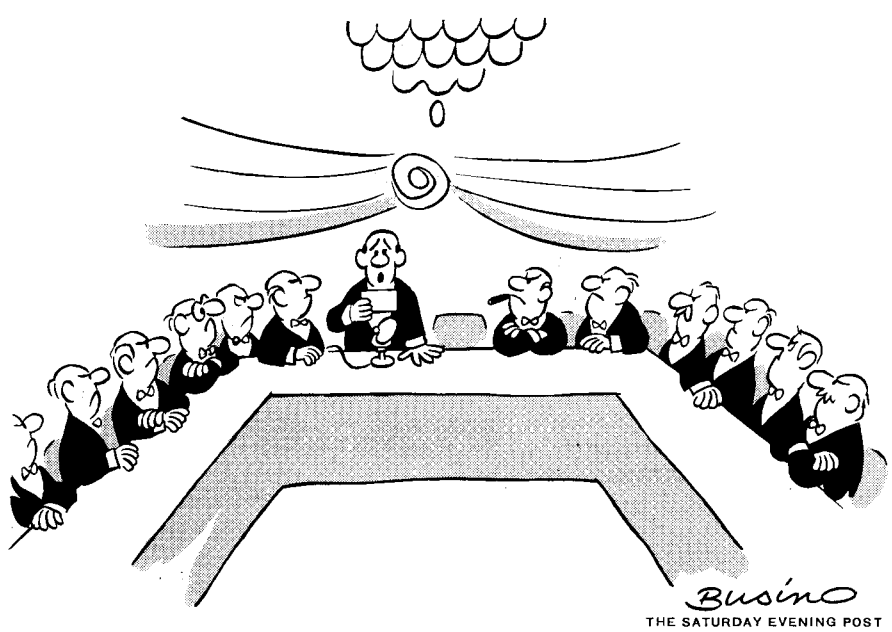
"It's just as well," Nick said. "Pour yourself a belt and sit down, because I've got some poop for you. Remember Chuck Ames? Saw him last night in Frankfurt. He's just been transferred here from Berlin. Anyhow, he's been in Berlin from the first day of the Occupation."

"So?"

"He was here a couple weeks ago looking for housing. He was at the Scala Club and he saw you there with Hilde."

"I didn't see him."

"He took off. Tell you why. He had met Hilde in Berlin over a year ago. Only then her name was Hilde Diehl, and she worked in a joint called the Paris Cabaret. Scott, them damned women fool you every time. . . . She was a hustler."



"First a report from our treasurer somewhere in South America."

Hildegaard thought that it was cruel of the Americans to order Colonel Loveless away on Christmas Eve. Clint came home in the afternoon and informed the family that he had to go to the Erding Base. There was a foul-up on the small-parts assembly lines.

Hilde rushed the dinner of goose. It was eaten halfheartedly; the opening of gifts around the tree became confused and miserable. Clint pulled out when the staff car came.

On Christmas Day he phoned from Erding. Judy cried and Lynn cried because Daddy was alone. The children and Hilde all insisted Mommy go down to Erding and stay with him. Clint was miserable but protested the idea—weakly.

When all the members of her family had assured her they *wanted* her to make the trip, she packed her bags in minutes. Clint drove to Munich to find a hotel room.

When Hilde and the children saw Judy off at the railroad station, it became a good Christmas for everyone.

Erna's letter came the next day. When the children had been put to sleep, Hilde stoked the fire and read the letter for a third time.

Erna was a saint. She and Ulrich had had a real family reunion with Bruno. Hilde knew she would never have gone back to her father first. Hilde did not hate him so strongly as she once believed. These days hate was tempered by pity and the wisdom of maturity. Time healed so many things. Perhaps it could heal this too. Perhaps she would see her family again.

She wrote to Erna that the silly business with the flier was over. Having lost her heart for the first time, she was finding it difficult. She reaffirmed her contention that love was a bother and could bring nothing but pain.

Hilde wrote of thoughts of coming back to Berlin. She wanted to study so that in time she could carry her own weight. But mostly she wanted to be with Erna and to help take care of Uncle Ulrich.

A phone call came from Munich. Colonel Loveless had got a room at the Bayerischer Hof. Hilde heard Mrs. Loveless giggle on the phone and whisper, "Clint, stop it." They were having a grand time. Mrs. Loveless said the colonel would have to stay at Erding till after New Year's.

Hilde assured her everything at home would be under control and insisted she stay with him. Colonel Loveless took the phone, "Hilde, I love you," he said. When the call was done, she returned to her letter to Erna.

The doorbell rang. Scott Davidson stood out in the cold. Hilde walked away, leaving the door open. He followed her slowly, holding his hat in his hand.

"Hi."

Hilde braced herself.

"Know something? I've never been lonely at Christmas before. I'm lonely as hell."

"The children have missed you."

"How about you?"

"I cannot say I have been happy."

"Me too. I'm not happy."

"Scott, I asked you not to see me. If you persist I will move away from here. It will make life very difficult for me."

"I've got a better idea. Why don't we get married?" He came up behind her slowly. "I love you, Hilde."

She looked through misty eyes at the fire. Scott sat down on the big hassock.

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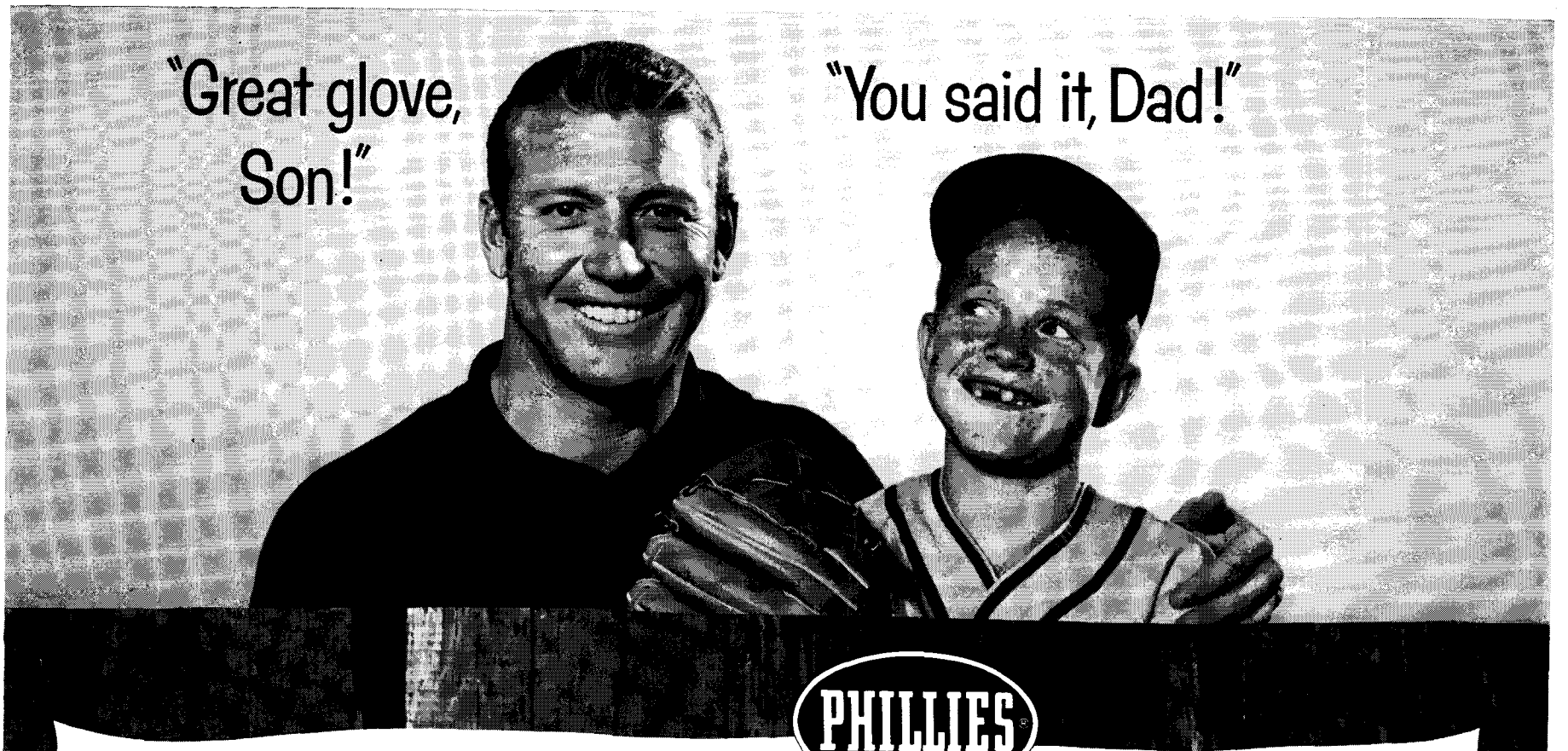

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"We act like a couple of people facing a firing squad," he said.

"Once I believed that marrying an American would answer all my problems. I wanted a world that did not exist. And then . . . I had too much of another kind of world. Somewhere in between there will be a life for me—back in Berlin. As for us, Scott—it won't work."

"Hilde, I'm me. I won't ever change in a lot of ways and I couldn't promise to. But I know that you are the only one I've ever really wanted in my life, and I know damned well that I'm going to do whatever is necessary to make it work."

A smile came from her heart. She believed him.

"We'll both have to learn how to give," he said. "I know you'll take care of me, Hilde. I never felt anyone ever could before. I want more than anything to take care of you."

"Scott, there is so much more to it."

"No, there isn't, except we've been fools."

"You don't understand. After the war, survival had many prices. Berlin was a nightmare. I was very foolish ——"

"I don't give a damn what happened in Berlin."

She found the strength to face him, somehow. The shadow of the fire played on her face. "I did not sleep with you because the only thing that I could have from you was your respect. Scott, I was a prostitute."

"I know all about Hilde Diehl and the Paris Cabaret."

Hilde hid her face and cried softly. "Oh, God—why did you come back?"

She felt his closeness and the love in him and she let herself be held and soothed. "I came back because I'd be a fool to let you go."

"Is there really a chance for us?"

"We know the worst in ourselves and each other and we've faced it openly. I guess a couple of people like us have the best chance in the world."

It was at the New Year's office party that Sean first hinted to Shenandoah Blessing that he was thinking of marriage.

"You'd better come into my office," Bless said grimly.

He followed Bless across the hall; the door was locked behind them. Bless unlocked his desk and handed Sean a familiar-looking folder. Bless had his hands on his face. "I swear to God, I don't know what to do."

Without opening the folder, Sean sensed what had happened. "How long have you had this?"

"About two weeks ago CIC had him listed, along with about twenty others, for a routine check. It was only last week we found those hidden files from the Labor Ministry. No one has seen this but me."

Sean opened the cover. BRUNO FALKENSTEIN.

His trained eye searched the pages of the Nazi documents. The two Falkenstein brothers had been raised in the tradition of the prewar Democratic Party labor movement. Ulrich became a major figure in the unions and political life in Berlin, his brother a lesser figure. When Hitler came, Ulrich was among the few who held to their beliefs in the face of disaster. Ulrich went to the Schwabenwald concentration camp.

Bruno was the mediocre brother. Nazi doctrine appealed to mediocre men. The Nazis made mediocre men big, gave them positions beyond their ability in a normal society, in exchange for unquestioning obedience. Bruno became a Nazi. Today he echoed the German chorus that he had been forced into it to protect his livelihood. Because of his background, he was put into the Labor Ministry. Public knowledge of his activities was deliberately kept vague by him. Even his own family knew little.

The documents Sean read were written in Bruno Falkenstein's own hand. He had planned and executed operations for the securing and shipment of tens of thousands of slave laborers from Poland for the Krupp and Farben industries. Bruno Falkenstein, by his own signature, was a Nazi criminal.

Sean set the folder on Blessing's desk, glassy-eyed with confusion.

"I've been a cop for a long time, Sean," Bless said. "There were times I had a prisoner who I knew should be free. Listen to me, Sean—there is a time when a cop has to be judge and jury."

"He deserves what's coming to him."

"Sure he does, but you don't and neither does Ernestine. Neither does his brother. Maybe they'll throw the book at him just to prove he isn't being protected by Ulrich Falkenstein. And don't forget, he may have been a Nazi, but he's her old man. Sean, there's thousands of these guys getting away. One more won't matter."

Sean O'Sullivan sat in the darkness. Over their little room in Reinickendorf, British Hastings transports burst through the clouds into the snowfall, landing at Tegel.

What terrible forces were there that were making their love hopeless? They had struggled to overcome—they had nearly succeeded. Ernestine longed for a relationship that would bring Hilde back to the family. If Bruno Falkenstein were sent to prison, the raging scandal and her own sense of guilt would make a life together impossible. If he continued to keep the secret, he would have to ask her to begin life with a lie hanging over their heads that would grow, rather than diminish. Sean's own sense of right and wrong told him that such a lie could not remain hidden and untested.

She came to their room, brushing the snow from her. At that moment he loved her more than right or wrong—more than his sense of duty. He wanted now only to survive for a month, a week, a day . . . and he was filled with fear.

"Comrade Colonel," Marshal Alexei Popov said to Igor Karlovy, "one would gather that the Americans and British did not study your estimate of their collapse."

When a political commissar harassed you, that was one matter. When a marshal of the Red Army questioned your competence, it was another.

"If you will recall the conference at which we made our decision," Karlovy began his defense, "I explained at that time that a great deal of the success or failure of the Airlift would depend on American determination. I was ordered to stick to mathematics."

"And what about your assurances the Airlift would collapse this winter?"

"If our intelligence had supplied me with proper information about the high development of ground-controlled-approach systems, I would have made a different estimate."

It was, in fact, everyone's blunder, but no one's blunder. Popov realized that the faithful ally, winter, had been beaten. The colonel was a good officer. Karlovy's estimation of the situation had been echoed throughout the entire Soviet command. Karlovy felt the same amazement as everyone at headquarters. With only half the days of the winter considered safe for flying, the Airlift was setting down 5,000 tons every twenty-four hours. From time to time, the operation was closed for an hour or a day. At times, the Western Sector's coal stocks dipped below a week's reserve and food became so scarce that part of the city was a hairline away from starvation, total darkness, freezing.

But the momentum of the Airlift was so powerful it was able to recover instantly. Beat . . . beat . . . beat. The giant metronome ticked on through driving winds and sleet-covered runways. . . . Beat . . . beat . . . beat. Tempelhof . . . Tegel . . . Gatow.

The electronic miracle wrought by GCA became so finely honed that the planes could be brought down virtually blind. GCA was the final link in solving the riddle. Beat . . . beat . . . beat. Tempelhof . . . Tegel . . . Gatow. Ten tons . . . ten tons . . . ten tons.

Soon it would be spring and the Airlift would soar to greater heights. The scent of colossal victory for the West was in the air.

"Look up to the sky, Berliners," Ulrich Falkenstein's voice came over the loudspeaker trucks, "look up to the sky, for that is where freedom comes. . . ."

Scott cracked an egg, emptied it into the mug of dark beer, swirled it around. "Know what, Nick? I looked real close in the mirror today. I've got four gray hairs. When I think about it . . . I guess I'm the luckiest guy who ever lived. It's easy to come out of the clouds when you've found something better on the ground."

"When do you figure to get married?"

"Lot of red tape. We're looking for a final clearance any day."

Col. Matt Beck and his newly promoted second-in-command, Maj. Scott Davidson, sat before Hiram Stonebraker. The general chewed them out.

Incidents of Russian buzzings and close flying were mounting. A C-54 had been bullied out of the corridor and pounced upon by Yak fighter planes which forced it to land on a Soviet airfield. Matt Beck wanted fighter-plane escorts.

The general said he didn't have grounds for the request. Both Intelligence and his own estimates were that the Russians were putting on a last-ditch show, trying to force more landings for face-saving value.

"What have we got? Gutless wonders? Now, I don't want any more of our people scared out of the corridors!"

When Scott and Colonel Beck were alone, they summarized the situation in a short sentence: "Too many replacement crews." Most of the original Airlift crews had been on bombers during the war and were disciplined to hold formation in the face of flak and enemy fighters. While the Russians annoyed the old-timers, they never made them deviate from course.

The two worked on a revision of pilot rosters to keep the maximum number of old hands in every time block and squadron.

Maj. Scott Davidson briefed the crews. They looked to him with a sense of relief and with an admiration given an old flier of his caliber.

"It's a game of trying to make you flinch," Scott said. "They're like yappy puppies. Don't let them know that you know they're alive. Let's make time now."

Block time was twenty minutes away. Scott phoned Hilde.

"Going to take a couple of runs to Berlin today," he said. "We've got to get these new pilots steadied down."

Hilde masked her disappointment, as always. She hated having him fly, and was in knots until he returned. She knew, though, that she could never say anything about it . . . now or ever.

"I'll go to the hotel and wait for you," she said.

"I may be late."

"I'll wait, Scott. I go to my room and I look at the ring twenty times a day. Would it be bad luck if I wore it around my neck on a chain? That way I could tuck it into my bosom so no one can see I'm wearing it. I want so much to have it close."

"Sure. Maybe you'd better get some use out of it before it turns green."

"*Auf Wiedersehen.* I love you."

He detected a tremor in her voice. Just sentimental. . . .

Scott lined them up over Fulda. They moved into the southern corridor. Below, the ground was lush and green with the coming of spring.

The interval was established for the 211-mile run to Berlin. For twenty minutes it was clear and smooth. Soon they would be under the control of Tempelhof radar.

His copilot, a likable young redhead a few months out of pilot training, was on the yoke while Scott stretched. Scott looked over his shoulder to the flight engineer, another youngster.

"Baker Easy Fourteen calling all craft. Three Yak fighters at one o'clock."

Scott took the yoke quickly. His copilot spotted them coming straight down the line. A hundred feet above them the Russians leveled off, ducked back into the clouds.

"They're just clowning today," Scott said on the intercom. "This is Baker Easy One to all craft. Keep your interval. This is Baker Easy One calling Tempelhof Airways. Are we under your radar control? Over."

"This is Tempelhof Airways. You are coming into radar control. Caution. There are twelve unidentified blips around your block."

Scott frowned. Twelve . . .

Omar Kum Dag was a rarity in the Red Air Force. He was one of the few fliers from Ashkhabad in the distant Turkmen Republic. Kum Dag could be counted upon to take abnormal risks. His squadron leader was worried that he had a compulsion to either kill himself or prove himself because of his yellow skin and the constant teasing of the others. His comrades considered him reckless. They were not pleased when Kum Dag was assigned to the mission. After all, they were ordered only to have some harmless fun with the American birds.

"Look at that stupid son of a bitch doing a victory roll," Scott snarled as Omar Kum Dag's Yak zoomed and rolled right in front of him.

The copilot was pale and unnerved. Scott gritted his teeth as the Russian dived perilously close again; he wished he had the guns and speed to go after him. Fun was fun, but only a crazy man buzzed a defenseless craft like that.

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The Russian captain leading the squadron admonished Kum Dag angrily as the Yak streaked up to the clouds and circled for another pass. He was ordered to quit, but Omar Kum Dag did not hear. He was detached by the roar, the surge, the mania to come even closer so no one would ever again doubt his courage.

"This is Tempelhof calling Big Easy One. There's a blip on your tail . . ."

Hilde's hair fell into her eyes as she flitted about the kitchen in that sort of furor she always generated while making a meal. She talked to herself, admonished herself for the lack of seasoning in the soup.

She stopped for a moment, wiped her hands, felt through her blouse, and touched the ring that lay between her breasts. It made her happy and she began to sing.

Colonel Loveless closed the kitchen door behind him.

"What on earth are you doing home, Colonel? It is only three o'clock."

The colonel looked deathly sick and he began to tremble as an unintelligible sound came out of his throat. Hilde dropped the plates from her hand.

"No!" she screamed.

"Oh, God," Clint moaned. "Oh, God."

"Scott! Scott!"

Clint gripped the writhing girl and held her until a blackness overcame her.

Springtime!

Ulrich Falkenstein had shepherded his people through the winter. In exactly four years after the last Russian cannon fired down the Unter den Linden, the greatest paradox of the century had happened. Berlin had completely reversed its meaning in the eyes of the world.

Western Europe, now infused with the blood of the Marshall Plan, staggered from its ruins, and the despair was replaced by a dynamic new birth. The sound of building was heard again. In this springtime of 1949, NATO, the common defense, was born as a product of the Truman Doctrine.

The Soviet Union had failed. They had failed to stop the formation of a Western-oriented Germany; they had failed to drive the West from Berlin. The airlift poured 6,000 and 7,000 tons of goods into Berlin every day. The pressure was off the West for negotiations for a settlement.

More generators were flown in, and as the coal stocks grew the electrical capacity was raised. Raw materials were flown in, and the acute job shortage began to ease. The Airlift was now putting down tonnage equal to what the rails and highways had delivered before the blockade. Consumer goods began to appear in dribbles: clothing, soap, bedding, books, radios, shoes, pots, pans. The Western counterblockade staggered Soviet Berlin and Soviet Germany, creating havoc and turning the tables. Time, that ally which the Soviet Union had used as a merciless tactic, now turned into a tactical enemy. Now it was the Russians who wanted to make a peace.

"You know, Clint," Hiram Stonebraker said, in a rare show of nostalgia, "I signed the order yesterday taking the last Gooney Bird out of the Lift. I've been thinking about it. It's a fine old ship. Maybe nowhere near as sophisticated as these new birds, but it knows all the tricks of the sky. When our backs were to the wall and it was needed, it came through. They tell me the Gooney Birds will all be retired, but I'll bet you that ten years from now at any air base in the world . . . you'll find a Gooney Bird."

"Berliners! The blockade is over!"

At midnight, nearly one year after the Soviet blockade had begun, the first convoy of trucks rolled onto the autobahn through the Soviet Zone and beyond the checkpoint at Helmstedt.

Denied a celebration for many years, the Western sectors erupted into the wildest night the city had ever known. Great delirious crowds surged before the American and British headquarters. Before the town halls they chanted by torchlight for their leaders. Soldiers from the West were mobbed on the streets and kissed by the women and embraced by crying, usually unemotional German men.

In the middle of the night the first trucks of the convoy reached Berlin and were drenched in flowers.

Sean sat alone in the room in Reinickendorf. Down below he could hear the singing and the cheering, and see the torchlights.

The end of the blockade had come to him as a bittersweet victory. He could no longer hold his secret in him. Ernestine arrived rumpled and breathless and bursting with joy, but she saddened the moment she saw Sean.

The black mood had come over him again. She had been patient. In the beginning it seemed that they were going to pull through. They were much in love. For a time she believed they had passed the crisis.

And then something had happened that Sean kept buried inside him. He would cling to her in desperation, then drift away beyond her reach. It became unbearable at times. She brought herself to the point of having it out, but the fear of losing him kept her quiet at the last instant, and she was patient. While Berlin bathed in revelry, Sean drifted away once more.

Ernestine was a shadow on the bed.

"We can't go on like this," she said.

He sat slumped in a chair.

"What happened last New Year's Eve, Sean?"

For a moment all that could be heard was the deep unevenness of his breathing. "Your father is a Nazi criminal. I have hidden the files."

"Oh, my God."

She stood over him, knowing now the reason for his torment. And she knew the depth of his love. "I am as much to blame as you. I lived with him and closed my eyes and my ears."

"Erna, what are we going to do?"

She was numb as he had been numb for months. "Your life," she whispered, "and the work of my uncle are too good to throw away on a Nazi. You will go to General Hansen and tell him."

"No. I can't."

"You will do what you must do."

"I won't give you up! We did not make this."

"Germans," she mumbled, "redeem the sins of your fathers."

"Stop it!"

She laughed with bitter tears. "We make an exception of Colonel O'Sullivan's German Schatzie. Oh, God!—we were insane from the first minute."

"Hear me, Erna. We will overcome this."

"And you will spend a lifetime hearing me cry in my sleep, with my father in prison and my mother withering to death. What of my sister, who grieves beyond grief for that flier who died, or my uncle, who struggles to restore us to our dignity?"

"To hell with them!"

"Oh, my Sean, I love you so. I will not let you become an instrument of your own destruction. I will not let you disgrace your uniform."

He sank to his knees and clung to her.

"Oh, God," she cried in anguish. "We tried so hard!"

Sean walked slowly toward General Hansen's desk. He laid the file of Bruno Falkenstein on it. The general glanced at it, set it aside.

"I'm glad you made the decision to bring this in," he said.

"Sir, I am guilty ——"

"Sean, these papers took a long time being processed at your desk. That is all there is to it."

"Sir ——"

"That is all there is to it, understand? You are inflicting too much punishment on yourself. I should like to know about *Fräulein* Falkenstein."

"She sent me away."

Hansen realized that the girl's decision had come out of love for Sean, to allow him to try to create some kind of normal life.

"I'm sorry, Sean."

"Our wounds run too deep. I cannot make peace with the Germans. Erna and I . . . tried to fool ourselves. No real peace can ever be made until we pass on and the new generation of Americans and Germans make it."

"I'm afraid you're right, Sean."

"General, please help me get out of Germany."

"Ernestine."

"Yes, Uncle?"

"Can you take a little something to eat, child?"

"I am not hungry, Uncle."

"You have just sat here day after day with almost no food or sleep. You will be very ill."

"Please do not worry about me."

"I must go to make a public appearance with General Hansen. Won't you come with us?"

"I am tired, Uncle. I wish to stay."

"Erna . . . Hilde is coming back to Berlin today. She is flying home from Frankfurt. She will be with us tonight."

"Hilde?"

"Hilde, your sister, will be here tonight."

"How wonderful it will be to see her."

"I hear the doorbell. It must be General Hansen's aide."

"Uncle—why doesn't Sean call me?"

"You must forget him. He flies away today."

"Why didn't he call to say good-bye?"

"Erna . . . he did call many times, but you would not talk to him."

"Oh, yes . . . yes . . . I remember now."

"The general's aide is here. I must go now. Shall I open the curtain and let in some light?"

"No, I am more comfortable this way."

The presence of the American commandant, Gen. Neal Hazzard, set off a wild ovation by the crowd assembled at Tempelhof. His car was swamped. Neal was weary from drinking and celebrating in what must have been every bar in the Western sectors. As he shoved through, babies were thrust into his face to be kissed and he was embraced. Women grabbed his hand and kissed it.

He was finally able to get into the main building, and found the office where Colonel O'Sullivan awaited departure. Sean, his friend through battle after battle of nerves, was a shell of himself.

"Sean, are you going to be all right?"

"Why wouldn't she say good-bye to me? Why? Why?"

Hiram Stonebraker's personal Gooney Bird had been sent to take O'Sullivan to Frankfurt. An aide said the plane was in readiness.

"Can you make it?" Neal asked.

Sean nodded.

Neal Hazzard walked slowly, supporting Sean. They entered the Gooney Bird. Neal waved the crew away. "The colonel has a virus. Stay away from him and let him rest."

"Good-bye, Sean," Neal said. "God bless you."

"So long, Neal," Sean whispered.

The Gooney Bird passed above Ulrich Falkenstein's flat.

Ernestine watched it disappear and drew the curtain. She walked slowly into the kitchen, shut the door, pulled down the window, and drew the blind. She went to the stove, stood over it a second, her eyes transfixed on the gas jets. Her hand reached out and she turned them on. They hissed. Ernestine sat back in a chair as the smell reached her nostrils. She drank it in. And soon her eyelids grew heavy and she began to doze.

Judy Loveless held Hilde's hands on a wooden bench at the Frankfurt Airport on the civilian side of Rhein-Main. Clint stood in front of them, his hands in his pockets.

"Hilde," Judy said, "the offer to come and stay with us is always open. You know we mean it."

Hilde smiled. "My father needs me. He has asked for me. It will be a terrible ordeal. And that foolish sister of mine lost her heart when I warned her not to."

"And you, Hilde? What about your heart? Will you get over Scott?"

"We are two foolish sisters."

"You must write to us."

"I promise, Mrs. Loveless. Colonel, I am so glad you are going home."

The Gooney Bird touched down at Rhein-Main. Colonel O'Sullivan was met and driven to the civilian side of the field, where a MATS flight would return him to the States.

At that moment the loudspeaker called for German nationals to board a Pan-Am flight to Berlin.

The scene around Hilde was filled with tears and embraces. When, at last, she was told she could delay no longer, she ran out a few steps and blew a kiss to the Loveless family.

Past the gate, she was on the field. In her haste she did not see the American Army colonel coming in her direction. They bumped together. The packages in Hilde's arms tumbled to the ground, and they both knelt to pick them up.

"I beg your pardon, *Fräulein*," Sean said."

"I am clumsy. It was my fault," Hilde answered.

"Please let me help you."

He fitted the packages into her arms. He put his fingers to his cap in a salute. "*Auf Wiedersehen, Fräulein*," he said.

"*Auf Wiedersehen*," she answered.

The two of them went their separate ways. THE END

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post scripts

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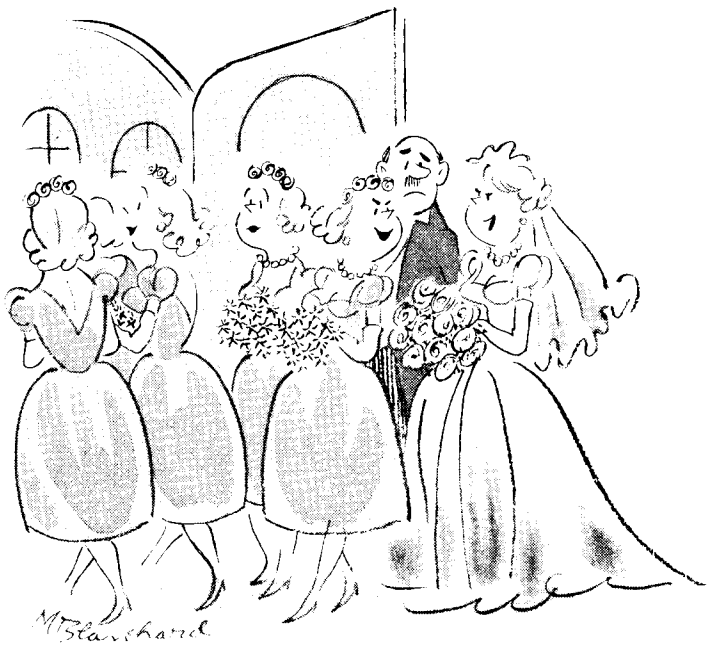
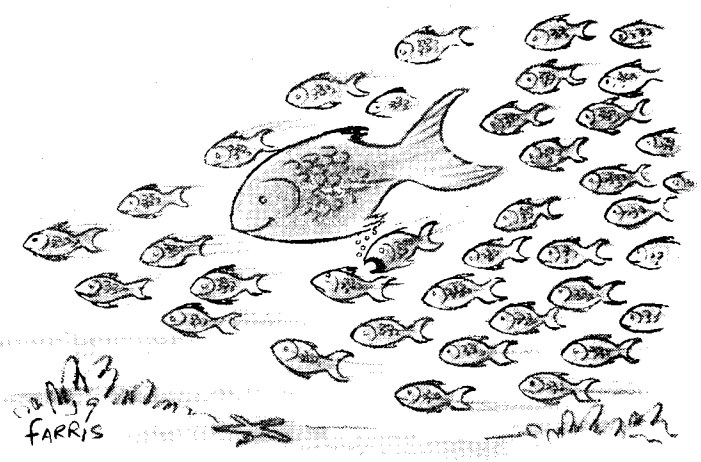
". . . and to Joyce Borden, who admired my mind so much, I leave my entire library."



"This is going to make Tim Wells simply <u>wild</u>.'

"You're a rebel, Artie, but a rebel without a cause."



"<u>You</u> tell him he's in the wrong school."

"His psychological game is pure murder."

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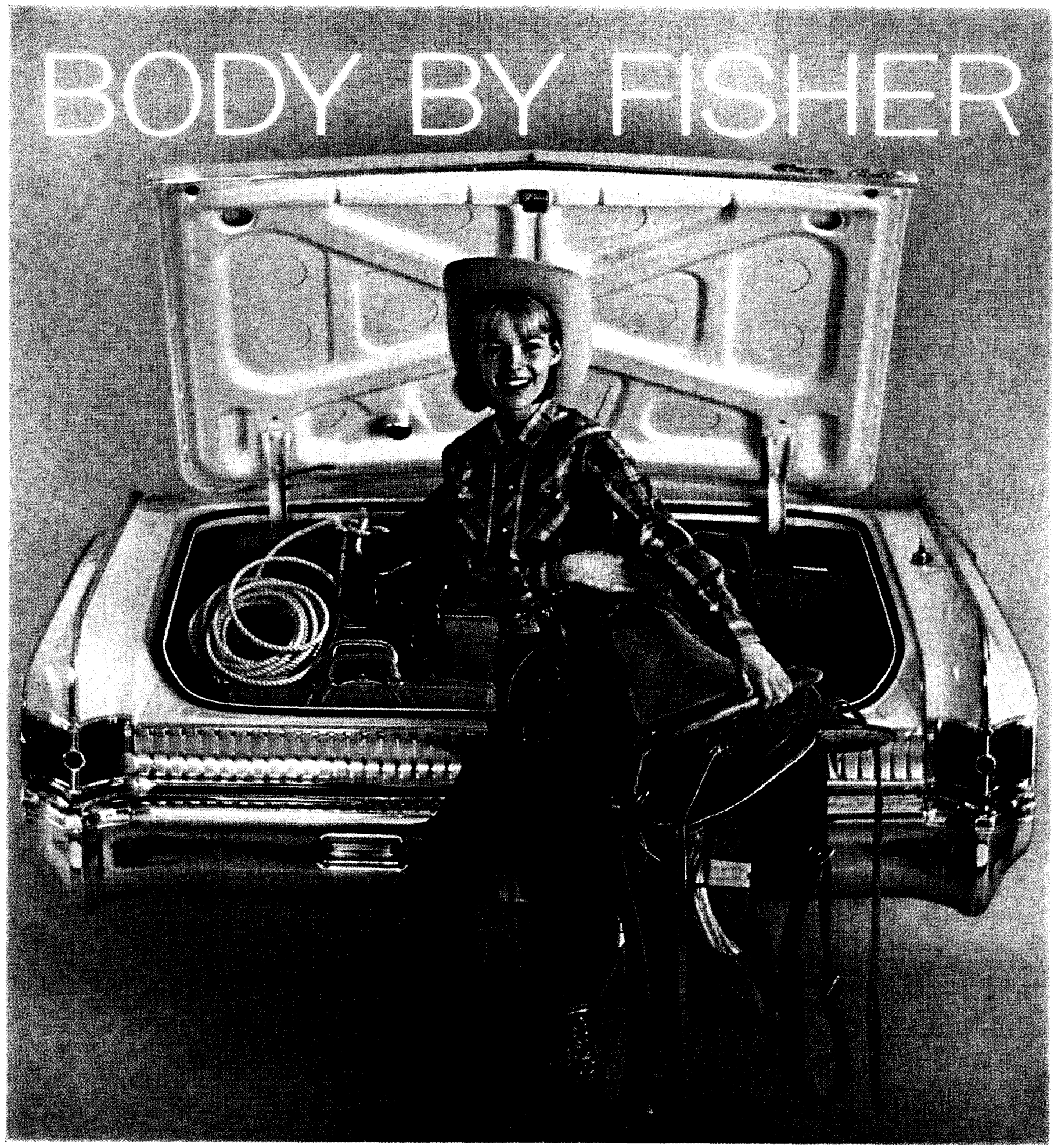

Our trunks are Texas-size—and beautiful to boot!

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Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS SYMBOL OF QUALITY

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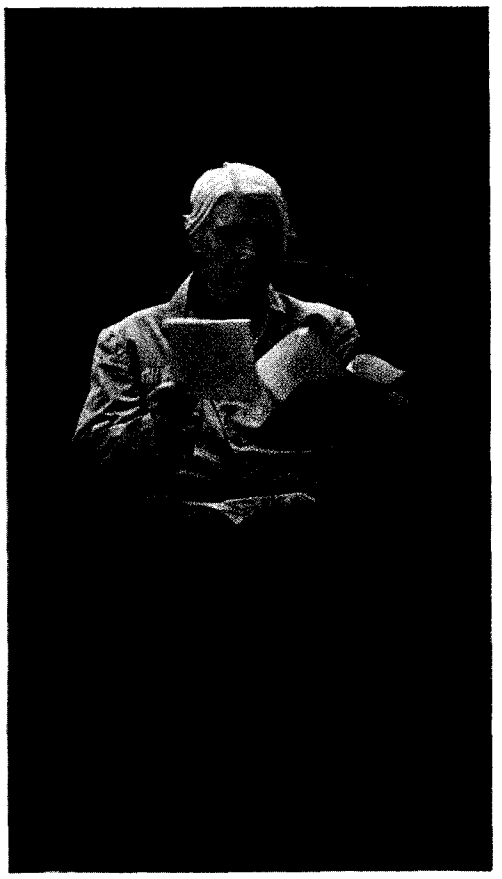
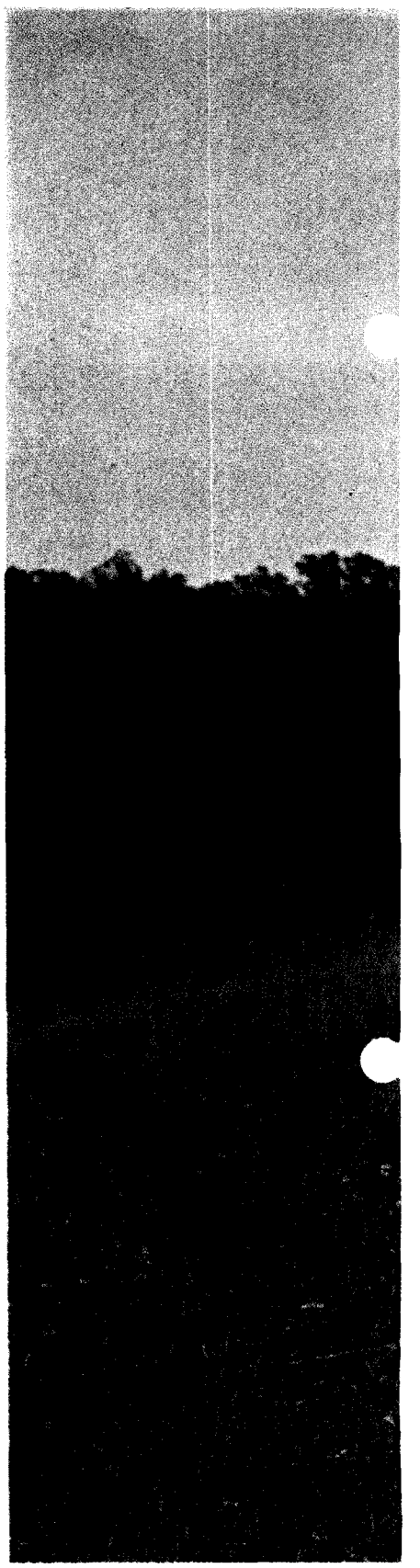
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM MAHAN



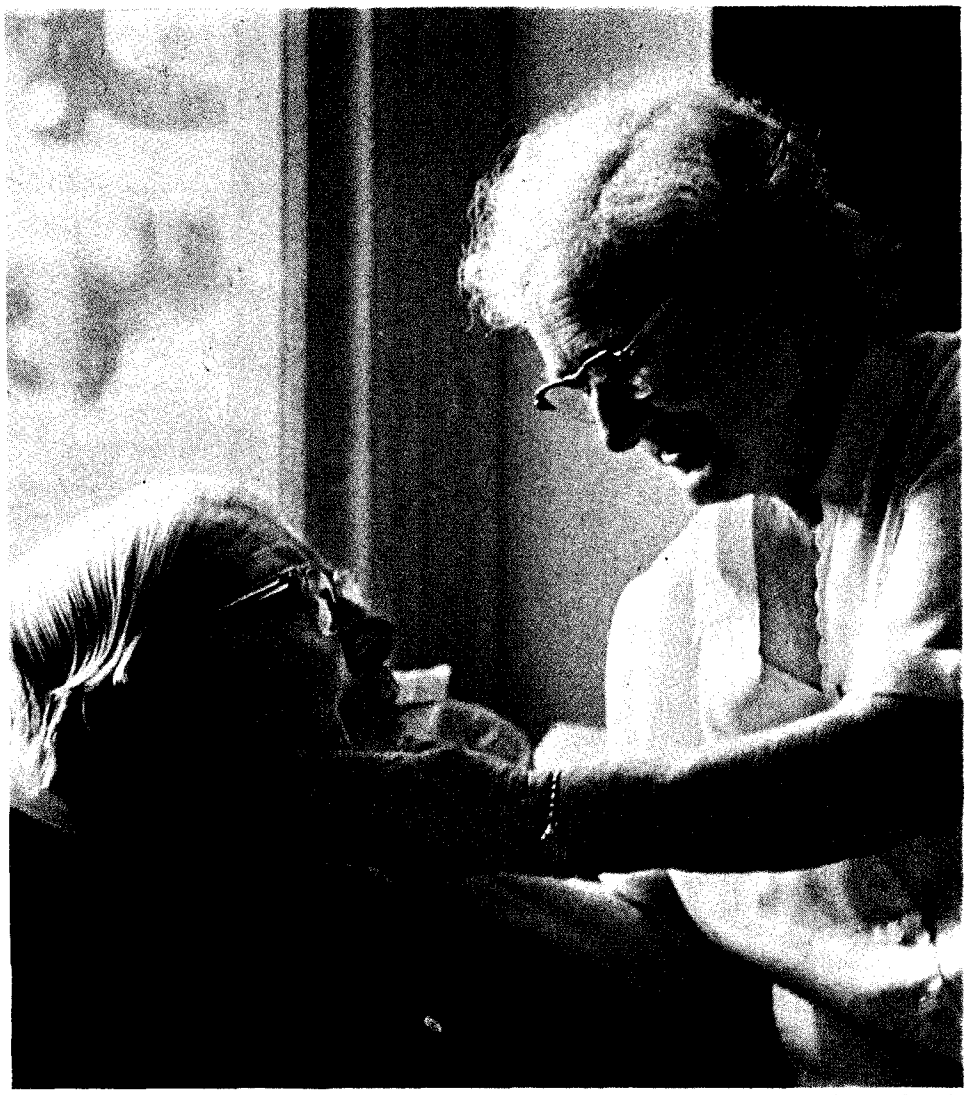
Many letters are put aside: "To Answer Soon."

The poet's daughter remembers

A VISIT WITH SANDBURG AT SUNSET



At 86 he is a curious blend of irreverence and wisdom.



"Your hands are sweeter than nut-brown bread when you touch me." Sandburg's words (from the poem,* Paula*) were lovingly written for his wife—a strong, intellectual woman who shares his simple, peaceful life in the isolated countryside.*

By HELGA SANDBURG

It was a sunny morning on Connemara Farm. The loud, high whining of the wind came and went in gusts through the pines that crowded around the well-used white house, built more than a century ago on top of a slope in the mountains of North Carolina. Inside, in the kitchen, we kept our voices hushed. My father liked the house quiet while he slept. Mother had just finished feeding Midnight, the baby goat, and my sister was preparing my father's breakfast tray: a Thermos of coffee, honey, to sweeten it, black bread, cheese, a tomato, goat butter and a glass of goat milk. It would be set outside his attic door, and when he awoke, he'd take it to his bedside, to have while reading or working there. Then he would sleep again, and come down in time for our early-afternoon lunch. My sister took the tray up the long staircase. My mother left the room; Midnight bleated, springing into the air gaily, and followed. The kid was very special and out of Mother's grand-champion doe, Brocade. I heard the mourning doves outside, as the wind died, crying, "Coo-waa-a-ah, Co-coo," one to another. From the small pond beyond the porch that overlooked the mountains, our frog said, "Klunk!" My father called him Archimedes.

Mother was at her desk in the farm office. Sometimes strangers mistakenly think her self-effacing, perhaps martyred by a demanding genius. But it isn't so; she is strong, intellectual, simple. The earth and the animals respond to her touch.

At a little after noon my father was awake and coming down the stairs, the tray balanced in one hand, a handful of papers in another. His step was a little unsteady; he is 86 now. His beard was grizzled. He wore a mussed, soft-blue shirt, with a small brown-edged hole where a cigar ash had burned. His old blue eyes glinted. "He has a demon in him," a friend once said. My father is what the Swedes call *karn-gubbe*, a strong old-timer. He was singing:

Oh, the Irish and the Dutch
They don't amount to very much,
But hooray for the Scandihoovians!

He deposited his tray in the kitchen and came to the table, where the family had gathered—my mother, we three sisters, my 20-year-old daughter.

He gazed around at the women, while riffling through the stack of mail by his

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*In a pasture near his Carolina home, Sandburg stretches out. "I slept with my head in an elbow on a summer afternoon and there took a sleep lesson."**

plate. "A thorn among five roses," he declared. He selected a letter from a Midwestern high school. "That's seven schools and an apartment center named after me by now. I'm not sure about these honors of living poets." He turned to us, darkly, warning, "Don't pay attention to the obfuscators. Watch out for the writers with obscurantist lines, especially the poets. They're ashamed to write for what they call 'the herd.' That's the common people, us. What they want is involved pleasures, high intellectual meanderings."

Mother patted his cheek as she came to put garden peas and new carrots and goat cheese on his plate. "I thought there were eight high schools, Buddy."

"You may be right," he said agreeably. "After all, you're smarter than I am. You earned your Phi Beta Kappa key. Mine was bestowed."

"You burned a hole in your shirt," I told him.

"So I did." He opened an envelope on which was scrawled "Carl Sandburg, North Carolina." "Once didn't I get one addressed 'United States of America'?"

My father nodded toward the windows where the wind still blew in waves through the giant-boled pines behind the house. They marched all the way up Little and then Big Glassy Mountain, which composed the back of Connemara Farm's 240 acres. "That's a great back yard, and you can't sneeze at the front yard either."

For an hour and a half my father lingered over the table, eating sparingly, after a while cutting an inch stub off a cigar with his pocket knife and lighting it. He dictated the answers to a few letters to us, indicated the filing of others in various bushel baskets or cartons already stacked high. "By the time I get to answering some of those, the people may have moved," he mused, getting to his feet. "How about a walk?"

"Let's go," I said. One of my sisters went to the barn, another to her piano. Mother came with us.

Out on the front porch he paused and looked off to the skyline of mountains. He began to stretch and turn his body, in exercises he'd been doing always, keeping in what he called baseball trim, advising us to do the same. He took hold of the arms of a heavy cedar chair and hoisted it above his head. He grinned. "Ignorant? I used to think that maybe when I got to be ninety, I'd 'penetrate the mystery of things.' I'm pretty ignorant! Like Will Rogers, 'All of us are ignorant, only on different subjects.'" He straightened his arms and raised the chair high, then let it slowly to the ground.

"Let's get along." And we went down the steps and onto the path. As we turned into the woods, a dozen mourning doves came from the vine-clothed underbrush ahead, skittering, whimpering and fleeing. We passed the flat rock where my father often worked, where pale green patches of lichen scaled the surface, and nearby were clumps of yellow-green moss.

He stopped and carefully picked up a leaf. "A little soiled, but interesting."

Mother examined a pathside plant.

*From 'Smoke and Steel' by Carl Sandburg, © 1920, by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. © 1948 by Carl Sandburg.

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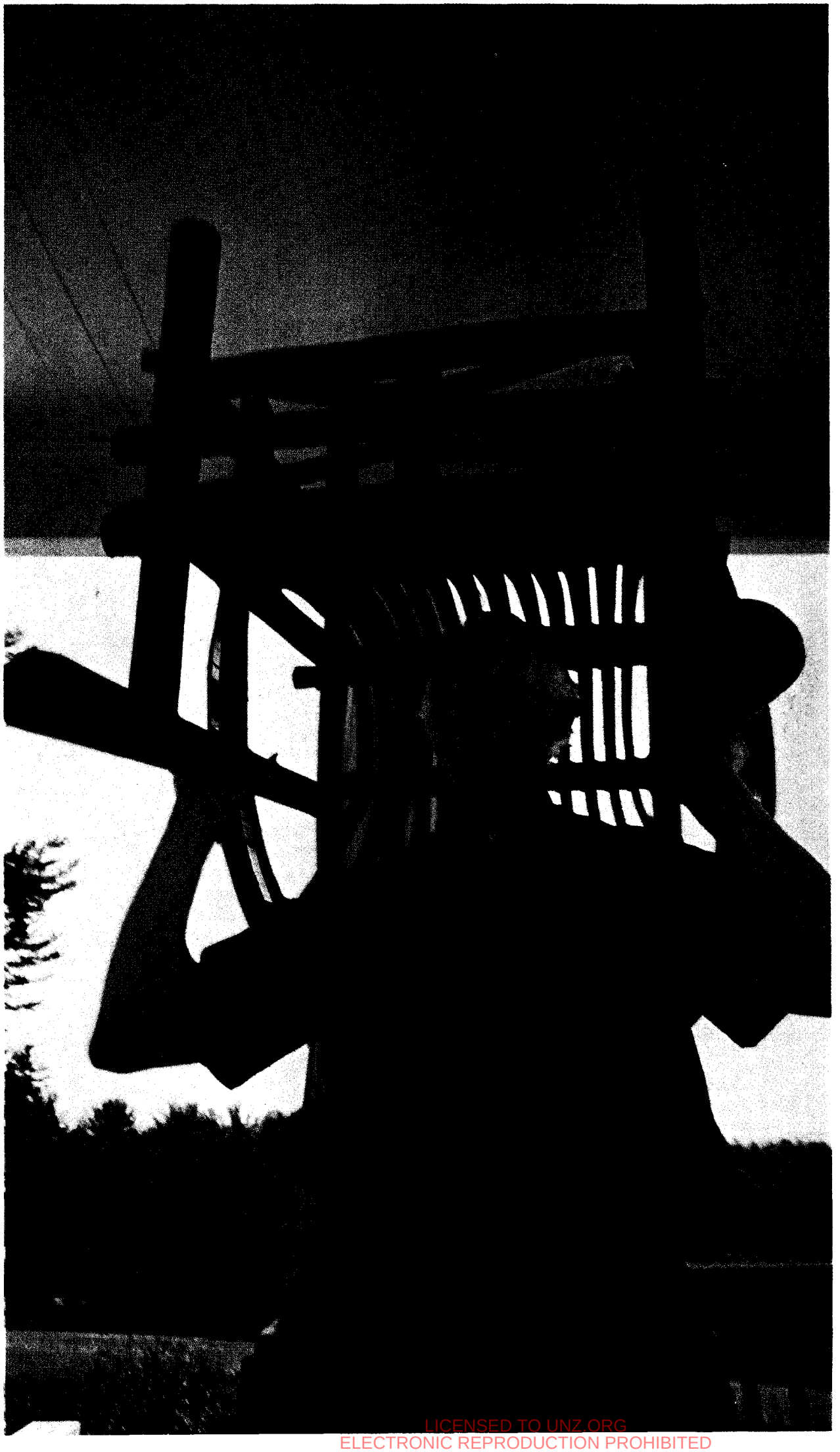
"I can't run up stairs anymore the way I used to, and sometimes I miss that."



A Visit with Sandburg

"Why can't I remember the name of this flower?" she asked. "What is it?"

But he wasn't listening. He was tearing at the vines that were strangling a sapling oak. "I can't destroy them, but I can make them feel inferior."

And she was remembering, "It's the lupine! The Latin is *lupus*, wolf."

He took a few half-dollars from his pocket and began to play with them, laying them on his hand, tossing and catching them. "I'm a would-be juggler. If they were quarters, it'd be simple." He got out his little jackknife and, opening it, flipped it and caught it by the pearl handle.

I was appalled at the flashing, shining blade missing his flesh, and asked Mother, "Can't you stop him?"

She said, "I never tell Carl what to do."

And again the wind came over in a rush, clamoring in the high branches that swayed. Here on the low path below only a small breeze moved. "The trees seem to be breathing," my father said.

We went by the pasture of goats. The animals spoke to us in knowing bleats. In the upper pasture, near the house, we sat in the grass, my father stretching out. He hiccuped and commented, droll, on his back, "Even kings hiccup. You might call that a three-word proverb."

After a while we roamed up toward the house, as the sun was falling slowly into the small mountain behind it. We went up the stone porch stairs, and he kicked each one before he stepped on it, to slow his gait as an old friend had advised him. "I can't run up stairs anymore the way I used to," he said.

We asked him, "Shall we get out the guitar before we go in?"

"All right," he agreed, "and I'll earn my supper."

Mother said, "Not me. I want to feed Midnight. And I'll get the supper too. What would you like, Buddy?"

"I don't care. I'm not particular about food," he said, grinning, affectionate. "I've been a kind of a bum all my life."

We brought the guitar and a rug for his knees against the coming chill, and a stack of old Sears catalogues to prop up his foot. I got a bottle of red wine and some kitchen glasses. He strummed the chords, his style his own. "Shall we sing *Red Iron Ore?* But I'll bet I've forgot the words. How about 'When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars, and the beautiful moon sweeps the sky!'"

The sun was almost down, the scent of hay came from the fields, and from the pond Archimedes said, "Klunk." Time dawdled; it held still. We were singing:

My name is Jon Jonson, I come from Wisconsin,
I work in the lumberyard there . . .

THE END

He believes in keeping in what he calls baseball trim; lifting the heavy cedar chair is only one of his daily exercises.

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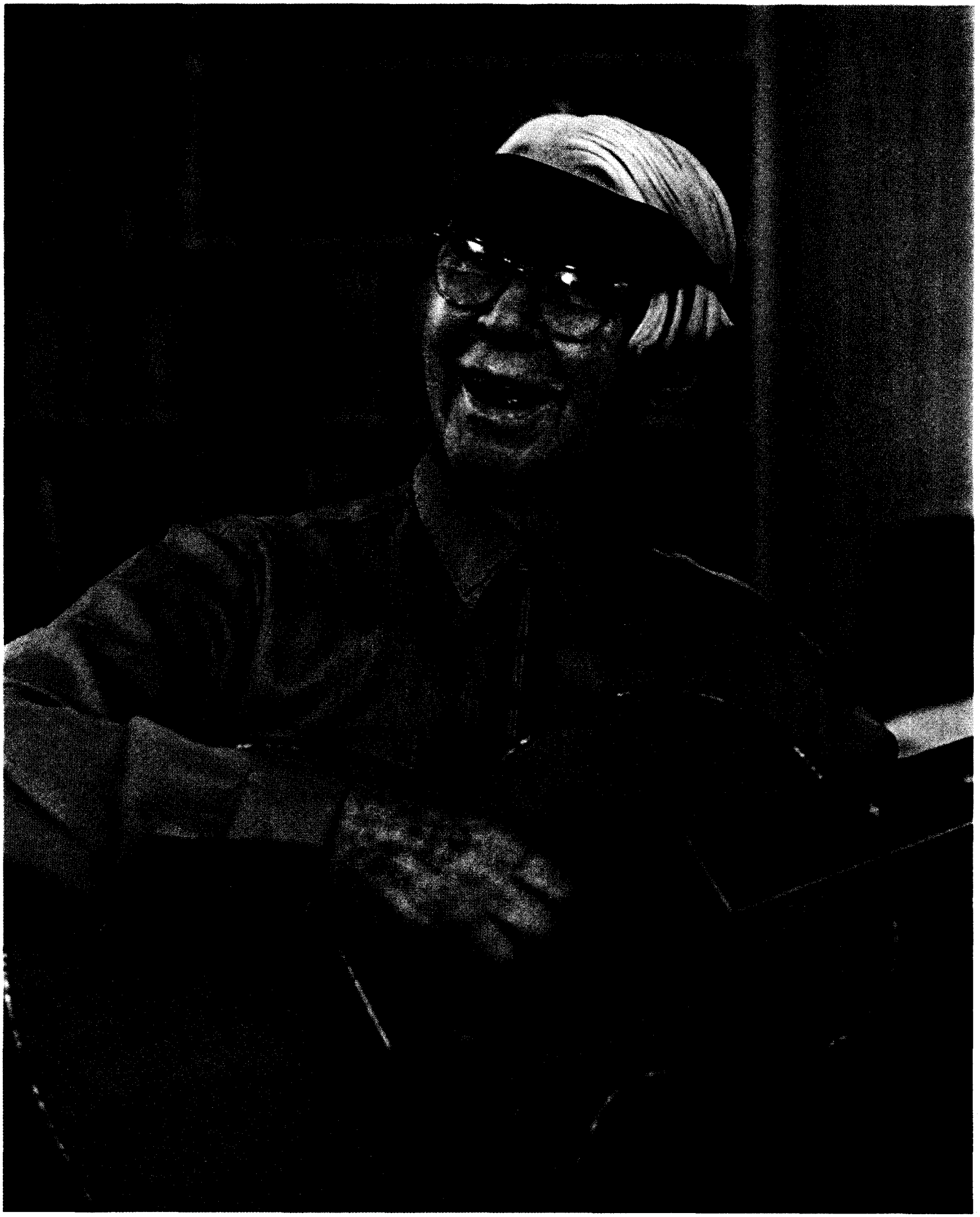

*He calls a guitar "An instrument of quaint form . . . a box of chosen wood. . . . A portable companion . . . weighing less than a newborn infant."**

* © 1959, The Guitar Review

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TRADING BASEBALL'S STOCK:

LIVELY MARKET IN LAME DUCKS

By Bill Surface

In baseball, as in life elsewhere, a thin line, wavy as a dollar sign, is often all that separates the shrewd from the downright dishonest. Club owners and general managers invariably profess boundless admiration for the game's sharp traders. "That's us," say the baseball men, every time they swap a few players from team to team. "Shrewd, but not really crooked." This disclaimer is a point of the baseball ethic, an article of the general manager's union, and the only trouble with it is it ain't necessarily so.

For example, would one general manager trade one sore-armed pitcher for two healthy ballplayers, plus cash? Ask the Kansas City Athletics. They gave up the two-and-cash for lefthander Joe Nuxhall. Soon afterward Nuxhall was out of the majors temporarily while waiting for his arm to recover. He is now with Cincinnati.

Would one general manager ship off a popular veteran when serious family problems threatened his value? Ask the Dodgers, who were induced to swap a hard-throwing pitcher for the Yankees' Bill Skowron, at a time when Skowron was involved in a suit and countersuit for divorce. With these family problems in New Jersey, Skowron, almost predictably, had a bad year trying to play baseball a continent's length away in Los Angeles.

Would one general manager ship off a pitcher he believed could not stand major-league pressure? Ask the Yankees. In exchange for Skowron, they got Stan Williams, a man Dodger officials later said "choked" under pressure.

These are not things general managers tell the newspapers. Their quotes for publication might have gone like this:

"Nuxhall's got a few kinks, but he'll be all right and I'm darn sorry to have to let him go."

"A change of scenery sure will do Skowron some good."

"Williams means another pennant for the Yankees. It really hurts to have to give him up."

You see the idea. How to cheat without actually getting imprisoned. Even the New York Mets, baseball's most inept team, are beginning to understand.

This spring, the Mets' front office began to get a clear impression that Edwin Donald (Duke) Snider, 37, and jowly, was more interested in his pay check than in playing baseball.

The message came in on numerous wavelengths, which is to say that Snider refused to do the things ballplayers are supposed to do in spring training. Duke wouldn't run or perform knee bends, although old ball players must carefully condition their legs. He arrived late for workouts and left early.

"If this club wants to do something smart," Duke, a $38,000-a-year-man, said in effect, "they ought to make me a coach."

The Mets were not that smart. They were just crafty enough to start Snider only against weak pitchers and to remove him as soon as he got a hit, so that his spring batting average would seem impressive. No fewer than 12 major-league teams were offered Snider. "Sure, sure, he's no chicken," Mets' spokesmen conceded, "but he's still got a lot of hits in him and what an attitude! A regular grand old man. You got no idea what it's like having him around."

The San Francisco Giants now know what it's like. Afflicted by a sudden giddiness, they bought Snider for about $25,000, which, a Mets' official says sportily, is exactly $25,000 better than nothing at all.

Why trade? Do trades do any good? Are there any real ethics? Are baseball's dozens of annual deals simple exercises in larceny? Are they solely to create publicity for the game?

First, let's get back to the question of shrewdness or dishonesty. Yes, Virginia, it is possible—once in a very great while—for a team to trade itself to a pennant through genuine shrewdness. Almost 25 years ago Larry MacPhail, then general manager of the Dodgers, obtained a superb second baseman named Billy Herman through means that would have done David Harum proud. Closeted with an official of the Chicago Cubs, who owned Herman, MacPhail began pouring drinks with a heavy hand. From time to time MacPhail vanished briefly, pleading weak kidneys. Each time he left the room, he simply poured his own drink down a bathroom sink. The Cub official kept drinking and, within a few hours, groggily traded Herman to the Dodgers, who presently won the National League pennant. One trade like that makes all trades seem significant for decades.

On a rough average, about 100 major league ballplayers are swapped and sold from team to team each season. Such trades are subject to review by the commissioner of baseball, who is supposed to block larceny. (And it is a fact that since Ford Frick became commissioner, no ballplayer with a broken leg has been traded before the fracture was set.)

Three reasons, about equally common, lie behind almost all trades. There is, at times, that constantly advertised motive: a genuine attempt to strengthen a weak position. Then there is that never advertised motive: the desire to cut costs. (No Met stockholder wept hot tears on learning that Snider's $38,000 salary was somebody else's responsibility.) Finally, there is the human desire to make some noise.

Most trades mean very little. Top stars—Willie Mays, Mickey Mantle, Al Kaline, Eddie Mathews— are just not traded any more, nor does anyone even think of trading an outstanding pitcher. The vast majority of players traded are second-liners, or stars well past their primes. Will the second-liner suddenly blossom into a Cobb? Will Duke Snider find the Fountain of Youth on San Mateo Peninsula? Don't hang by your six-fingered glove.

Bill Veeck, now out of baseball, can afford to be frank. "Trading ballplayers is pretty much like trading used cars," says the squire of Maryland's Eastern Shore. "Notice, I say *used* cars, not new ones. All ballplayers are like the shiny little sedan owned by that elderly lady schoolteacher, who took it out only on Sundays when the weather was pretty."

The Squire surveys the lawn stretching toward Peachblossom Creek, a lawn acquired partly on the profits of some excellent trades. "You convince the buyer that your player's potential is high, when

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you sincerely know that the player has had it. Washed up. I've been on both ends," Veeck concedes. "I've gotten players in trades with incredible extra-curricular problems: bad-check artists, tax dodgers, hypochondriacs and wife-beaters. Once I dealt for an outfielder who had accidentally shot off several toes with a shotgun and couldn't run. But we did okay, because we'd investigated and found out the real trouble was a plantar wart on what was left of the foot. We had the wart removed and he ran fine. Hell, always investigate, and trust nobody."

In establishing the Mets and the Houston Colt .45s, the eight other National League clubs dumped a mess of players into a so-called pool and invited the two new clubs to make selections. All the athletes were advertised as physically sound and immune from moral turpitude.

Take the Mets, which is what the National League did. Surprise acquisitions in New York were several pitchers with chronic sore arms, an outfielder who required a back operation, and a Negro infielder who didn't want to play for an integrated ball club.

The Mets' most expensive move was to acquire second baseman Charley Neal from the Dodgers for $100,000 cash and a player in whom they'd invested $125,000. For this $225,000 the Mets were "guaranteed" a healthy major-leaguer. Soon it developed that Neal had a sensitive nerve in his right hand that made it difficult for him to grip a bat. Surgery was necessary. Recovering from the operation, Neal still couldn't hit and began announcing, "I can't get interested in playing ball unless I'm with a pennant contender." The Mets ended up shipping Neal to Cincinnati last July for $20,000 and Jesse Gonder. Recently Cincinnati released him.

"We get players," storms Met manager Casey Stengel, "which look all right, which is they got two legs and two arms, but they're so stoved in they should be wearin' a sign saying, '*I'm a Cripple!*'"

"Just garbage," Houston's Paul Richards has said of the athletes he was offered. "Just garbage I tell you. We had to pay big money for some of these misfits to stock our team, but they wouldn't have accepted a lot of the bodies in a medical school."

In all, the Mets invested $1,800,000 in 22 players. Houston drafted 23 for $1,850,000. Of this $3,650,000 worth of baseball flesh totaling 45 ballplayers, only 11 are still with the Mets and Colts, less than three years later.

Charley Finley, the enthusiastic owner of the Kansas City A's, accurately reflected the baseball party line not long ago when someone asked about a sore-armed pitcher his team had purchased. "We did not get the wool pulled over our eyes," Finley said, stoutly. "Oh, no, sir. We bought him to strengthen our pitching. We released him (later that same season) because we had a youth movement."

"Youth movement" is a baseball term meaning, loosely, "Let's unload the expensive stars and see if we can still draw fans to the ballpark."

Joe Brown, a Branch Rickey protégé, was Pittsburgh general manager when the Pirates won the 1960 pennant with such stars as shortstop Dick Groat, third-baseman Don Hoak, first-baseman Dick Stuart and outfielder Bob Skinner. All were gone from Pittsburgh within a few years. "Youth movement," was the announced reason.

"Salary savings," maintains Stuart, who is now with the Boston Red Sox. "They saved themselves about $75,000 a year with those trades, and that fitted right in with their economy kick."

When business is good, a general manager can call economizing a youth movement and get away with it, at least for a while. But what does he do when box-office receipts are slumping, and he needs help fast? He can't talk then of building for the future. When fans are bored, he must come up with some new big-league names. The rule here is move fast; any change will help stir interest.

Occasionally maneuvering backfires. Frank Lane, who in more than 10 seasons as a general manager in Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland, traded nearly 500 ballplayers without winning a single pennant, once was puzzled by a slumping outfielder named Bill Virdon. In 1955 Virdon had enjoyed a fine rookie year at St. Louis, tailing off somewhat toward the end. During the first month of the 1956 season, however, Virdon batted only .211, and Lane called him in for a talk.

Virdon wears spectacles, and on this day an allergy was causing bright red spots around both eyes. "No wonder this character ain't hitting," Lane thought. "He's going blind." He promptly traded Virdon to Pittsburgh—where a total of 39 cents' worth of salve cleared the allergy. Virdon has been a first-class outfielder ever since.

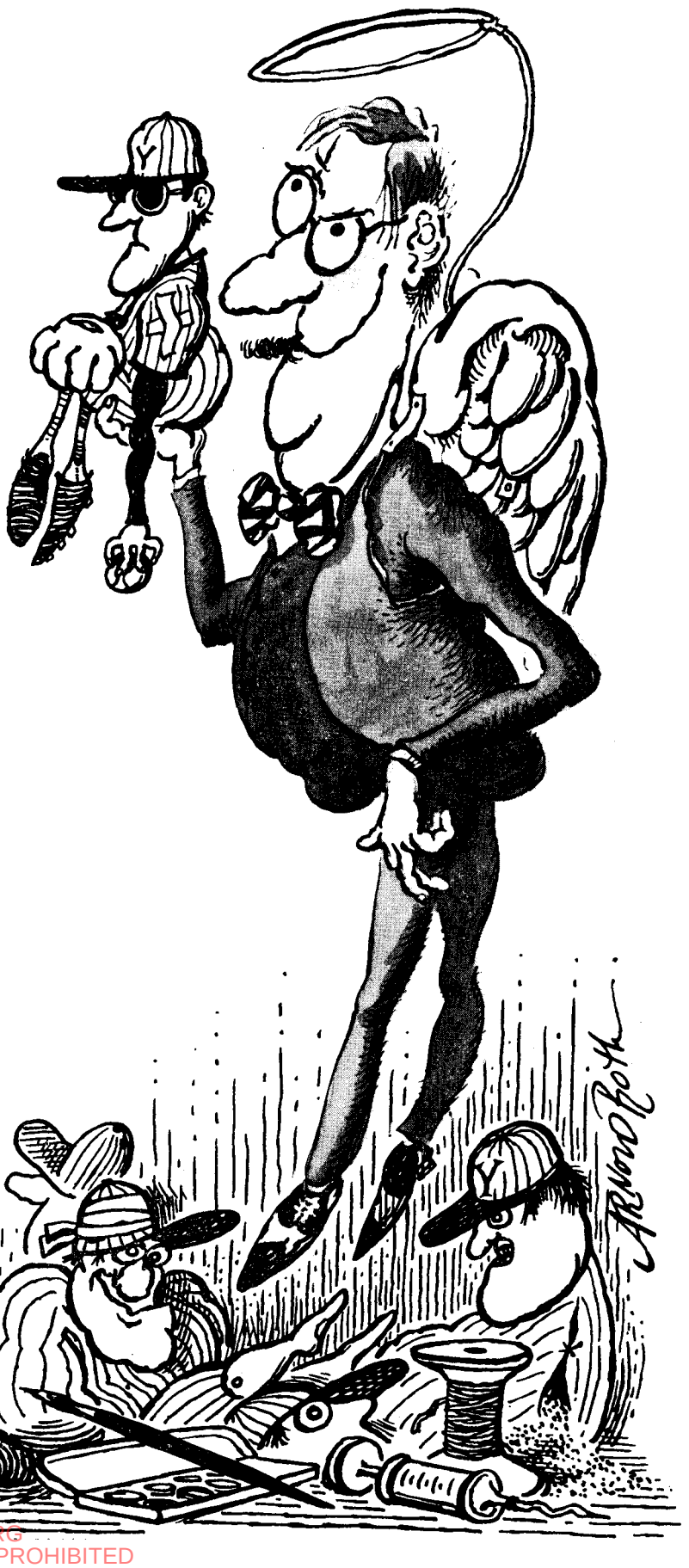
Once in a while trades are made out of personal pique. Walter O'Malley, portly president of the Dodgers, for a long time disliked Jackie Robinson. Robinson was too good to trade until he developed two bad knees and one small pouch. In high delight O'Malley then sold Robinson to the Giants accompanied by press releases bemoaning the Dodgers' loss. Belly, bad knees and all, Robinson might have made an important difference in the next pennant race. But pique works both ways. Robinson retired, and O'Malley gave up a valuable player—for nothing.

Except for flukes, the plain fact is there are no significant trades any more. During the depression baseball was rich in talent, but many major-league teams were pressed for cash. To get players they needed, they had to offer established stars, Since then, however, everything has reversed. Continuing prosperity has channeled thousands of young men away from professional baseball and into college. Despite its comparatively recent admission of Negroes, organized baseball is acutely short on talent. Cash, however, abounds.

As this year's June 15 deadline approaches there will be some headline-making trades. General managers will say things like: "The deal will be a great help to both clubs." Help, nothing. More likely the only people helped will be an orthopedist in one town, who'll get a new patient with chronic arthritis, and a psychiatrist in the other who'll get another ballplayer with problems. THE END

Like shrewd rummy players, baseball's general managers never discard anything good—but often pick up something useless.

Illustration by Arnold Roth



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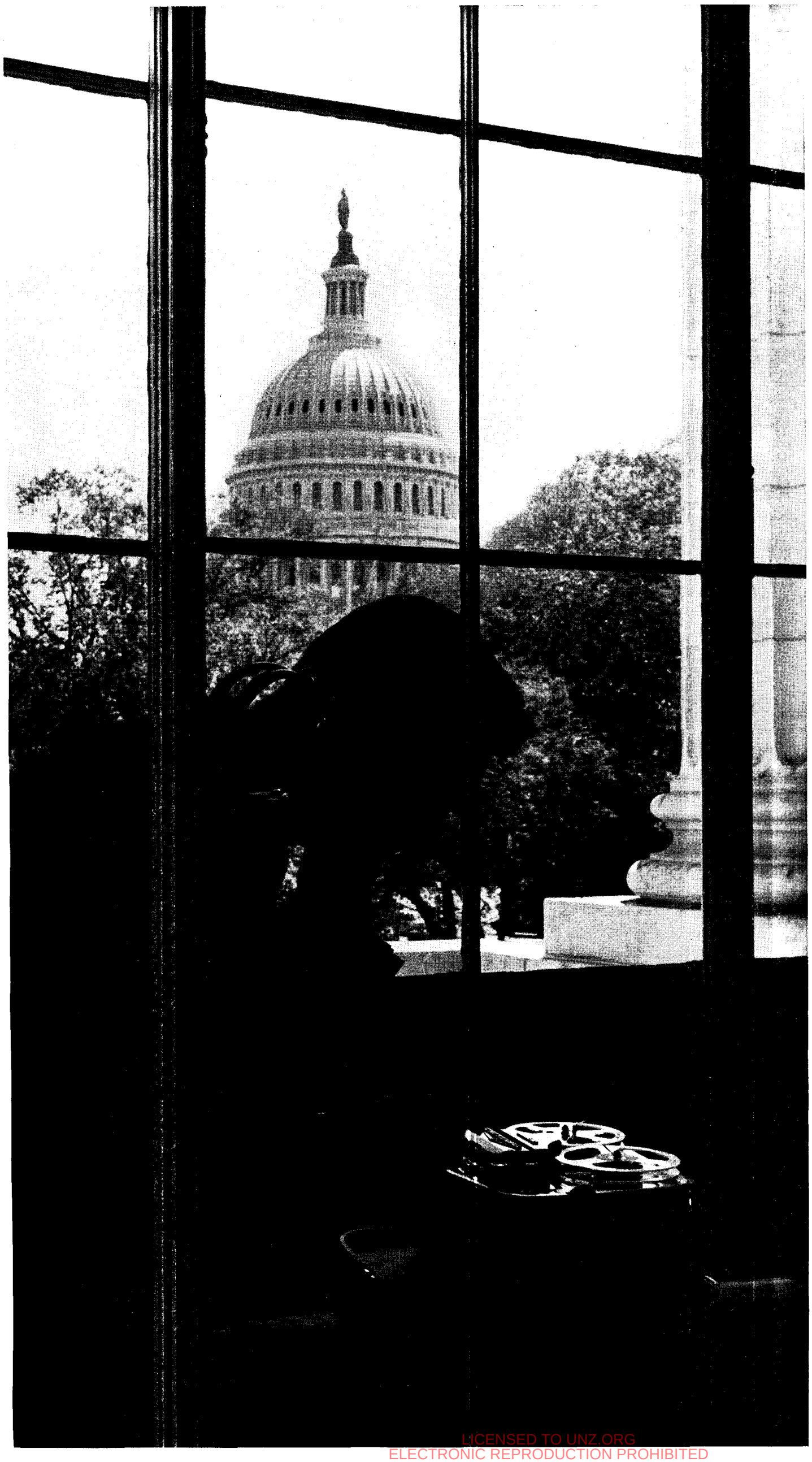

In sight of Capitol, private investigator Allen Crawford shows recording technique.

The Government's nasty, nervous

One evening last year, after most of the offices in the State Department Building were closed, two hard-working men let themselves into Room 3333 and began dismantling the telephone. They were Clarence J. Schneider, a technician, and Elmer Dewey Hill, a State Department electronics expert. Working under orders of John F. Reilly, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Security, the men changed some wires, reassembled the telephone and left. For two days the innocent-looking telephone in the office of Otto F. Otepka, Deputy Director of the Office of Security, doubled as a microphone, relaying everything which was said in the office, whether or not the phone was on the cradle. In a laboratory some distance away, diligent eavesdroppers recorded 12 separate conversations.

On July 9, four months later, Hill was put under oath by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee and asked, "Do you know of any single instance in which the [State] Department has ever listened in on the telephone of an employee?" Hill answered, "I cannot recall such an instance."

On August 6, Reilly was put under oath and asked, "Have you ever engaged in or ordered the bugging or tapping or otherwise compromising telephones or private conversations in the office of an employee of the State Department?" Reilly's answer was, "No, sir."

The parties in this particular charade were engaged in some political in-fighting. Otepka, a security officer brought into the State Department in 1953, had risen to one of the top security evaluation jobs in Washington. But now he himself was under suspicion. His superiors believed that he was feeding classified information to a hostile Senate committee in order to embarrass his boss, Reilly. So Reilly had Otepka's phone fixed to catch him in the act. He also had Otepka's wastebaskets intercepted on the way to the incinerator and combed for incriminating material. Reilly says he lost interest in the phone tap after finding in the wastebasket a piece of carbon paper with the impression of 15 questions which Otepka had allegedly typed out for Senate investigators to ask Reilly.

At the time, these two men—Otepka and Reilly—were responsible for passing judgment on the loyalty, security and

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BIG BROTHER IS LISTENING

habit of spying on itself with telephone taps and hidden microphones has encouraged a nationwide invasion of privacy.

By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

reliability of American diplomats. Hill and Reilly later "amplified" their denials of eavesdropping by giving the facts and promptly resigned from the State Department. Otepka, charged with passing privileged documents without authority, carries on in a sort of limbo, marking time on the payroll while awaiting a hearing on his dismissal.

The story of Otto Otepka is part of the brave new world of white-collar eavesdropping in the United States Government. The eavesdropping may consist merely of a silent secretary's taking down your words while you speak to her boss, or it may be a hidden microphone recording everything you say in what you think is a confidential interview. Some governmental eavesdropping is directed against espionage and crime, of course, but a great deal more is done for bureaucratic convenience and gamesmanship, either to spring a trap on a colleague or to avoid one.

An expert holds a small microphone that can be hidden behind a telephone mouthpiece.

These days, consequently, if you telephone a Washington official of more than middling importance—or if he calls you—the odds are disturbingly high that a third person is listening in. They are almost as high that every important word you utter is being taken down in shorthand. And while lower, the odds are still significant that your entire conversation is being taped.

In fact, Americans are so busy snooping on one another that it has almost been forgotten that Big Brother may not be an American at all. A European diplomat recently told of having discovered a man tinkering with the wall clock in his Foreign Office chamber at home; he immediately called his security men for fear the man was planting a microphone "for our Russian friends." A short time later, an American who works for the American military in Washington made an unexpected Saturday visit to his office and found a stranger in the process of dismantling his phone. The stranger had tools draped around his waist and said he was a telephone man checking phones. The American said later that he assumed a microphone was being planted. Asked who he thought responsible, he said, "Oh, I suppose one of our spooks"—meaning a rival American military agency. Did it occur to him, as it had to the European, that the man could have been "one of our Russian friends"? The American thought about that for a moment. "Well, of course, it could have been," he admitted, "but I'm told our spooks do it so often, I just naturally assumed it was one of ours."

Electronic snooping is not confined to Government, of course. Thanks to modern science, privacy is becoming more and more rare all over the world. Even a child can send away for a $15 device that picks up sounds in a room across the street. For $17.95 you can buy a machine that secretly tapes telephone conversations without touching a wire. And $150 buys a TV camera the size of a book that can spy on a room secretly while you watch on a distant monitor. Using these and other modern methods, American business has turned increasingly to espionage in recent years.

But government has a special responsibility to keep its snooping under tight control. As Justice Louis Brandeis said in 1928, "Our Government is the potent, omnipresent teacher. For good or ill, it teaches the whole people by its example." Moreover, Government has the power to use—or misuse—secret information against the citizens it is supposed to be serving. Big Brother compiles dossiers and wears a police badge.

In addition, some eavesdropping is not only unethical but also illegal. Section 605 of the federal Communications Act says, "No person not being authorized by the sender shall intercept any communication and divulge or publish the existence" of a wire or radio message. But in vast areas everyone pretends that the law does not exist. The chief reason is that the Government itself breaks the law so often that it is loath to make an issue of free-enterprise lawbreaking. Unauthorized wire tapping and phone recordings by federal, state and local law-enforcement officials, sometimes for such unofficial purposes as extortion and blackmail, have been proved many times, but in the last 20 years not one government person has been prosecuted under Section 605.

Not all government eavesdropping has a sinister purpose, to be sure. The listening secretary can jot down dates and details, can lay a file before the boss as he talks about it, can later follow through on the discussed arrangements without being told. The mechanical recording can be filed for legitimate future reference. Moreover, in espionage and crime, the telephone is often an instrument of conspiracy; under appropriate safeguards, listening in is a proper counter-weapon.

And sometimes the government employee may simply be protecting himself. Officials are in constant danger of being accused of succumbing to improper influence, and it is understandable that they would want a record of any given conversation.

But abuses are both easy and common, and little thought has gone into their control. As a result, eavesdropping on phone calls (the polite word is "monitoring") has become so widespread that the scope of the problem can only be guessed at. There are more than 200,000 individual government telephones in the Washington area, most of them extensions on which a third party can listen. There are about 14,000 federal secretaries and 6,700 stenographers available to listen and take notes. They can do this simply by lifting an extension, but many have special attachments that permit listening in without clicks, background noises or noticeable loss of volume. Known technically as "transmitter cutoffs," they are referred to in the trade as "snooper buttons." In 1962 there were 5,317 snooper buttons on official Washington phones, most of them in important offices.

In 1961, for example, Abraham Ribicoff, then Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, received a letter from Rep. John E. Moss, the California Democrat whose mission is investigating secrecy in government. Moss asked Ribicoff whether he permitted the 5,000 HEW telephones in Washington to be used for "monitoring," and Ribicoff asked his executive assistant, Jon O. Newman, to check. Newman noticed that along executive corridors dozens of secretaries were constantly at their desks, motionless, telephone to ear, not talking. He discovered that they were "monitoring" with the help of snooper buttons. In fact, he discovered that his own secretary used one. There turned out to be 274 buttons in HEW at an annual rental of about $1,500. Ribicoff ordered all snooper buttons removed, and further directed that "monitoring" was permissible only with prior notice to the other side. His rules are still the exception in government.

Big Brother's snooping is not, of course, restricted to telephone "monitoring." There is also the hidden microphone, a device used widely in offices where men and women are interviewed. In times past, a microphone was of the carbon type—large, inefficient, with telltale wires that led to a live listener, usually in some cramped place nearby. Today's microphones are small as buttons, and some are self-contained miniature broadcasting stations capable of transmitting to a radio receiver blocks away. They can be dropped in an office wastebasket, made part of a man's tie clasp or even put inside a woman's girdle. Some segments of official Washington are so microphone-conscious that their meetings strike visitors as rituals of lunacy. A newcomer to the Pentagon's high-powered military rivalries, for example, described with wonderment a conference of one branch's top brass making plans to fight the appropriation of a sister military service.

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Big Brother

"When we got to the crux of the plans," he said, "we all went to the center of the room, away from walls and telephones, and spoke in low voices while one officer kept rattling the table. They said it would interfere with any bugs." (In the vocabulary of eavesdropping, a "bug" is a hidden microphone; a "tap" is a secret interception of a phone call.)

There is, it turns out, a body of folklore on how to frustrate Big Brother. Some people rap the telephone with a pencil as they talk. Others run water, pound a table, or keep a radio or TV set turned on. Whether these tactics work depends on how good the eavesdropper is and how hard he is willing to work to extract the message. Rapping the phone doesn't help much. Running water is moderately good, but a determined snooper can filter out most of the sound electronically. Banging a table may jar a bug. But the most sophisticated warriors keep a radio or television set turned on loud while they speak softly and continually face in different directions (which is the reason well-bugged hotel rooms and offices have at least four hidden microphones).

The most strategic sessions in government are held in rooms that have been "swept"—that is, scanned by metal and radio detectors. And the really crucial conferences are held in a "portable room" erected inside a "swept" room. These consist of four lead-like portable walls plus ceiling and floor, all latched together to make a chamber within a chamber. Furniture for the conference is usually made of glass to make concealment of microphones difficult. There are no windows, because the human voice causes windowpanes to vibrate, and a laser beam can "read" these vibrations from the outside. There are offices in the State Department where the shades are always drawn to protect against laser beams and telescopic lenses.

These precautions are taken mainly to guard national secrets from foreign spies—and there is abundant evidence that enemy agents eavesdrop in every way they can. But by far the greater number of attempts to snoop involve one bureaucrat spying on another bureaucrat. The practice is so common that any time an agency begins looking for illegal eavesdropping it is in danger of bumping into itself. Last year, for example, a Congressman took over an office just vacated by a subcommittee chairman and found one telephone with no apparent purpose. By experimenting, he found that its snooper buttons let him listen secretly to any conversation by the staff of a committee in a nearby building. He had the lines removed. The late Sen. Thomas Hennings Jr. once waxed indignant about the Government's use of new miniature German wire recorders and ordered his committee to find out who had used tax money to buy them. It is typical that he found his own committee staff had three of them. It was untypical that he admitted it.

Most government eavesdroppers take the same attitude toward snooping that Victorians took toward sex: deny its existence if you can, and if you can't, refuse to talk about it. In 1961, when Congressman Moss asked government agencies if they ever used listening-in or recording devices on telephones, Byron White, then the Deputy Attorney General, replied, "The Federal Bureau of Investigation advises that it does not utilize the devices referred to in your letter." That same year Assistant Attorney General Herbert J. Miller Jr. told a Senate committee that on a random day the FBI had 85 wiretaps in operation.

The State Department admitted that it had 802 snooper buttons, but added, "There are no other electronic devices used in the department to monitor telephone conversations." It further pointed out that a departmental directive requires all recording of conversations to be done only with advance notice to the other party. This directive was in force during the Otepka episode.

Such conflicting answers are common. Government officials prefer not to discuss the subject at all, but most are inclined to regard it as a necessary evil.

This comes close to reflecting the attitude of the public as well, an attitude which has changed significantly over the years. During prohibition, for example, eavesdropping became an important law-enforcement (and lawbreaking) tool. Under Hitler it became an instrument of terror, associated in most people's minds with secret police.

In the United States, it started out simply as an instrument of efficiency. In 1938 the Army asked its switchboard operators in Washington to make recordings of all long-distance calls, after first warning both speakers. The idea was to preserve technical data. By 1940 the volume of calls was so heavy the recording held up switchboard operations, and the recording was shifted to users of individual phones. At the same time, the warning was dropped. This kind of recording was done on special machines connected to the telephone with jacks, and by 1946 the Army and Navy had 5,700 of them. But by this time hundreds of people had discovered "instant wire tap"—a simple induction coil under the telephone that turned a dictating machine into a recorder. Many government officials, including Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, used this as a routine office aid, a simple administrative convenience.

Today the practice has grown to the extent that there is a widespread assumption in government that "someone" is always listening. Whenever their telephone line makes a click, some call, "Yoo-hoo, Edgar!" in a left-handed salute to J. Edgar Hoover. And a number of people echo the complaint of Sidney Zagri, a Teamsters Union legislative counsel who told a senatorial committee that when he is in Washington he has to keep shifting to public pay stations to prevent all his business with Congressmen from being overheard. (Mr. Zagri will be pained to learn that law-enforcement agents tap more public phones than private phones.) In governmental telephone conversations, and often in private conversations, too, confidential details are never given on the telephone. And the dialogues are often couched in such terms as: "I heard from our nervous friend, and we're going to meet at the usual place where I'll pick up the paper he wants our man to deliver."

Once people believe that Big Brother is on the line it makes little difference whether he really is or not—a point illustrated by an episode in Congress a few years ago. In early 1961 the Kennedy Administration suffered several setbacks in the House of Representatives on votes for which White House aides had collected commitments for enough "yesses" to ensure passage. Obviously, some Congressmen were promising yes and voting no when the measures were brought to the floor. This happened most often on "teller" votes, in which Congressmen line up in "yes" columns and "no" columns and march toward the rear of the House, where a teller counts the number of men in each line without recording their names. Since White House aides are supposed to leave the chamber during the process, anonymity is preserved.

On March 24, 1961, the Administration lost by 186 to 185, a vote that it had expected to win. The next day a rumor was heard in the House cloakroom that a miniature camera had been installed in the great clock at the rear of the chamber—a camera capable of taking motion pictures of the men as they lined up on teller votes. Four days later another crucial bill came up, and this time the Administration got exactly the votes it expected. And as they trooped up the aisle, several Congressmen were seen to smile heroically toward the clock. There was, of course, no camera; the point is that a significant number of lawmakers believed that such a tactic might actually be employed.

But while the Federal Government has not gone this far, it has gone far enough. And unless Uncle Sam seriously intends to become the kind of all-seeing, all-hearing Big Brother that George Orwell wrote about, strong preventive measures must be taken—and soon. Nothing the Government can do will end all the evils of snooping, but a useful first step would be to clear up the present tangle of law and precedent on eavesdropping. Today the highest legal authorities differ on what the federal law means. Some say that tapping a phone by itself is a crime; others say it is criminal only when intercepted messages are disclosed. But even in cases where everyone agrees it is a federal crime, it is still legal in those states with laws which are contrary to the federal statute. Six states permit wiretapping, 33 specifically prohibit it, and 11 don't have any law either way.

Since 1962 there has been pending before Congress a bill approved by the Department of Justice that would end some of the confusion. It would permit federal authorities under the Attorney General to wiretap with court orders in certain situations—espionage, subversion, murder, kidnaping, interstate racketeering, narcotics—and in espionage cases the court order could be skipped if the Attorney General felt that asking the court would endanger the national interest. The states would be permitted to tap only under their highest law-enforcement official, with a court order, and only when a serious crime was involved—murder or kidnaping, for example. All other wiretapping, public or private, would be specifically prohibited, a crime punishable by $10,000 fine or two years in prison or both.

The bill has been stalled for two years. Some legal authorities think it still permits too much latitude for tapping. Some law-enforcement agencies argue that it is too restricting. The controversy, according to most governmental experts, can be settled when Congress gets down to it, but in this year of even greater controversy it is not likely.

In the meantime, snooping within government itself could be considerably reduced by an executive order from the President, setting down uniform practices and principles to end the present pattern of every bureaucrat's being a law unto himself. Either way, unless firm measures are taken soon to end the Government's degrading habit of spying on itself, the mental attitude which the practice reflects may become so firmly established that no one will be left who realizes the danger of having a Big Brother in Washington. THE END

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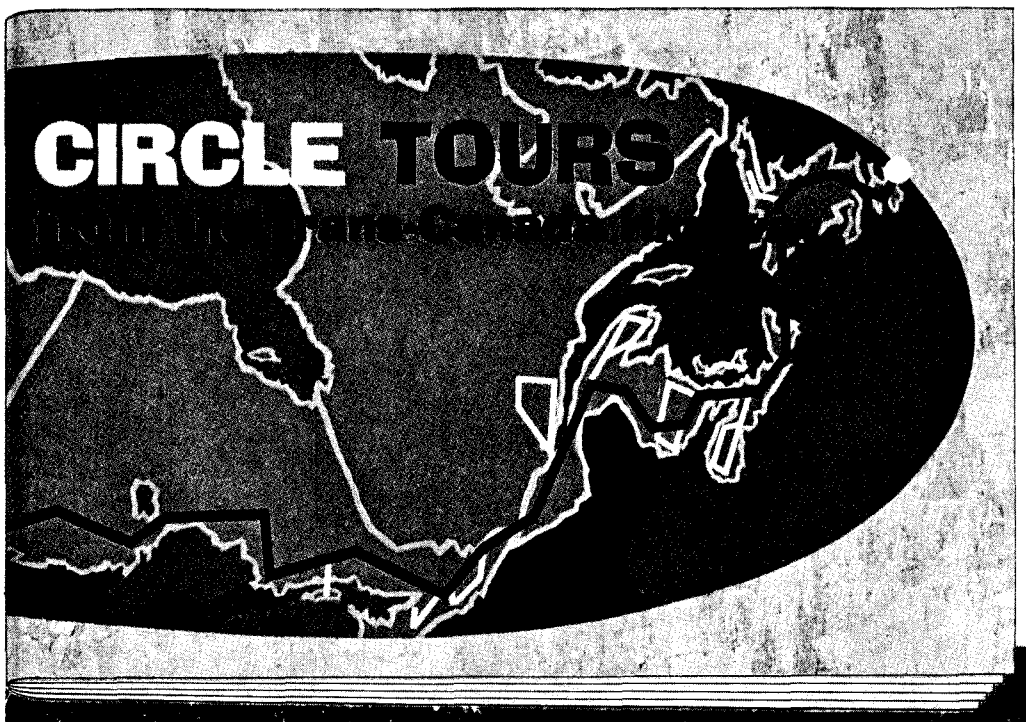

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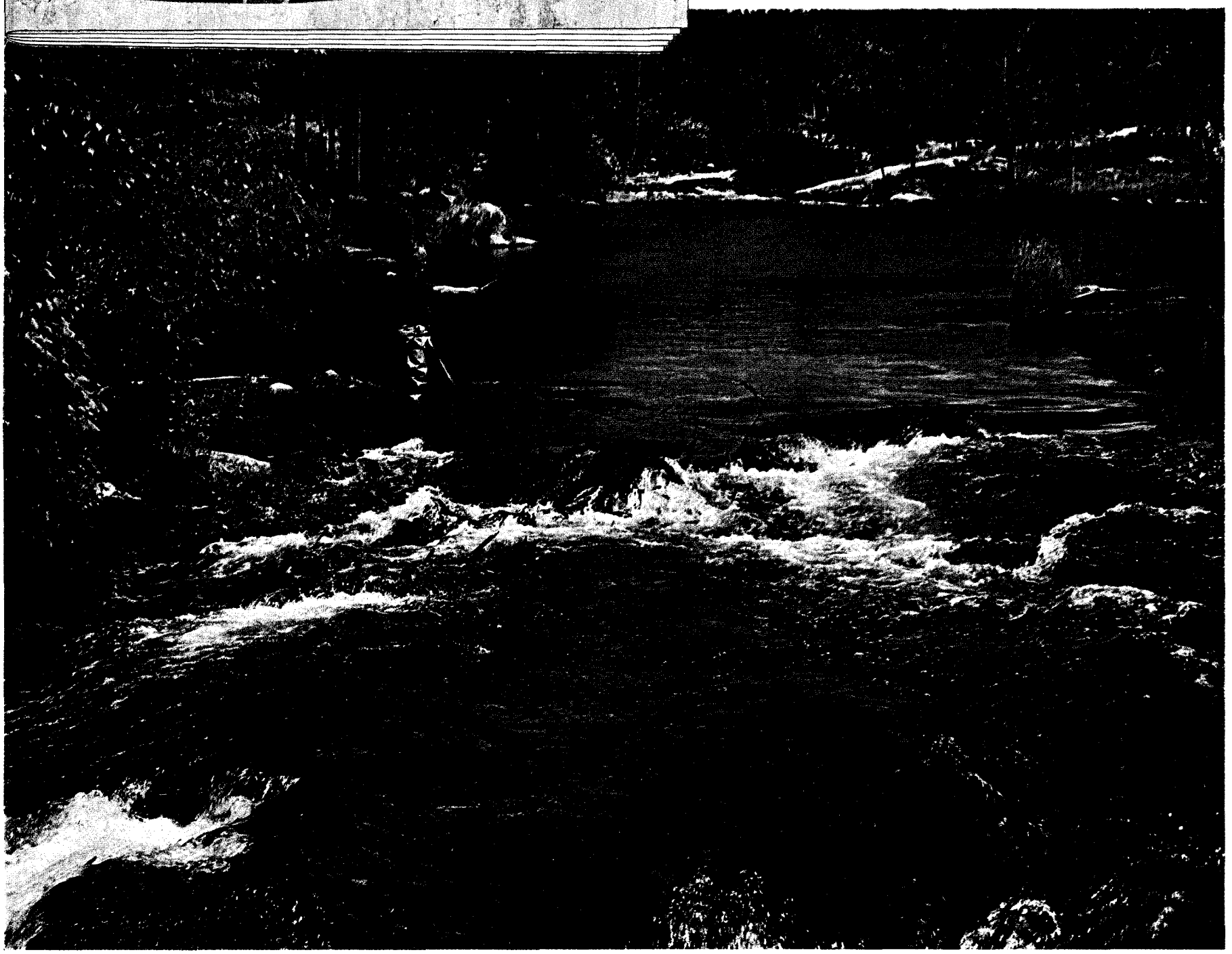

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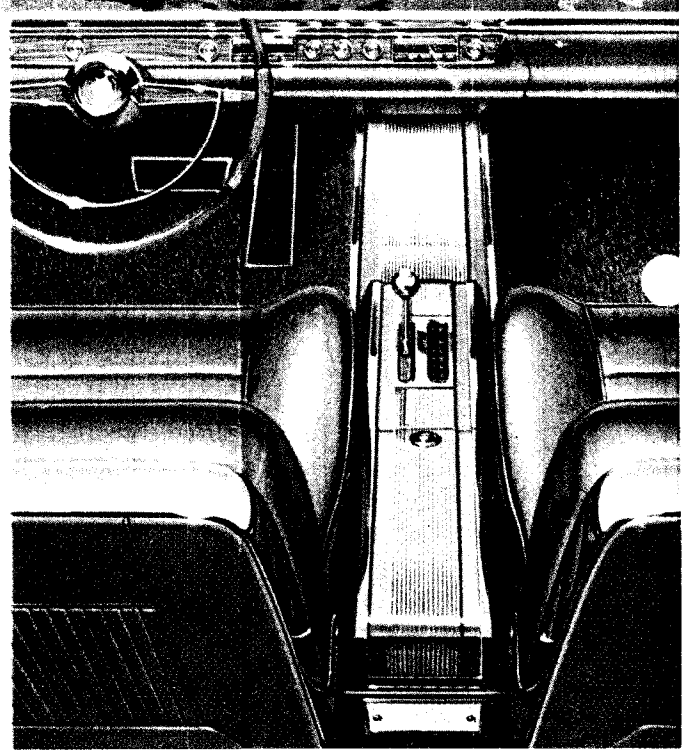

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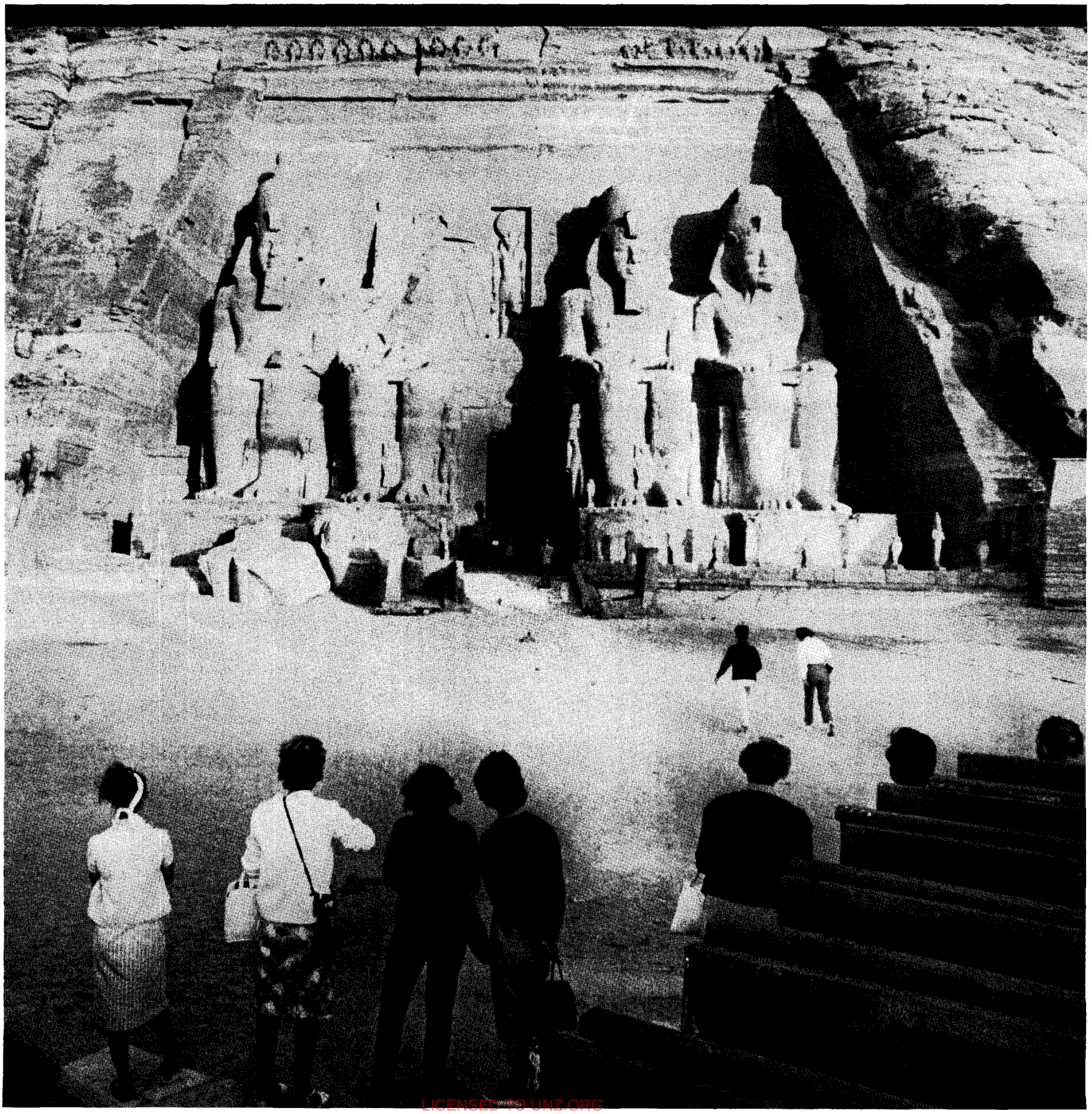
By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

Photographs by Don Steffen

The Aswan Dam is Egypt's modern marvel, but it can't hold back the flood of tourists rushing to see the ancient Nubian temples before Lake Nasser covers them forever.

Dam the Nile, full speed astern



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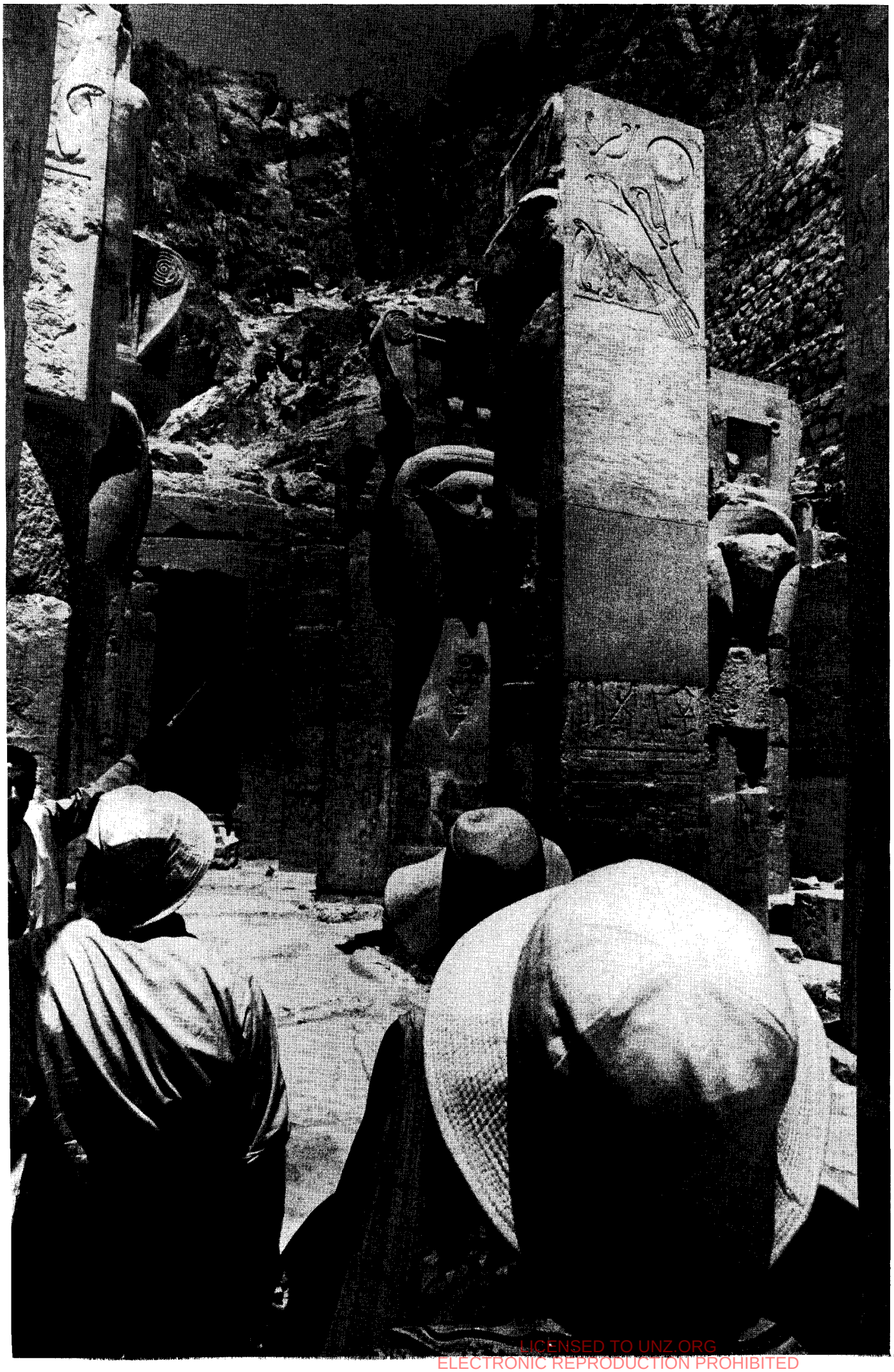
Not by the dam site, but crawling over ruined temples and burrowing into pharaohs' tombs, are locust hordes of perspiring tourists.

From his patch of shade, a dragoman points out the splendors of the Hathor Chapel to a group of tourists baking in the Theban sun.



When they finally pushed the dynamite button at the Aswan High Dam that sweltering day this May to bring the Nile crashing out of its timeless bed into the awesome new course that had been dug for it; when they loosed the white doves to flap about with Russian flags attached to their tails, and the parachutes floated from the skies dangling Egyptian flags and President Nasser's picture; when the 4,000 invited guests crowding the measureless acres of insecticide-sprayed oriental rugs cheered from their camp chairs while soldiers with machine guns and extra clips of ammunition glared across the amplifying machines, and waiters in white jackets and black bow ties distributed lukewarm Coca-Cola, and Nikita Khrushchev fanned himself with his Panama hat; when, outside the shelter of the patterned canopies, the ragged turbaned men who had shifted the mountains and carved a new valley for the river shouted and danced on the savage crags under a blowtorch sun, there was only one thing missing: The first green wall of Nile water thundering through the gap should have borne a flag-bedecked bargeful of perspiring pilgrims armed with their sun hats, drip-dries, fly swatters and paregoric, determined to set foot in the ancient temple of Abu Simbel before it is inundated or shifted to higher ground.

The Egyptians are a little nervous about the persistence with which American tourists are clamoring to see the temple and its giant statues, all doomed by the waters that will rise behind the Aswan High Dam. "Comparison with the wonders of the past ceases to be relevant," an official Egyptian pamphlet states firmly. "Obelisks and pyramids were built by the ancient Egyptians to commemorate a few men: at best, these structures had only magical purposes." But the Aswan High Dam, the most astounding and totally modern structure in all Egypt, has in paradoxically oriental fashion touched off the biggest craze for antiquities since they found King Tut's tomb. You never see a camel in downtown Cairo anymore, and an electronic loudspeaker has replaced the muezzin atop the minarets to call the faithful to prayer, but the hotel ladies' rooms are marked with Nefertiti heads, the local wines bear names like *Cru des Ptolémées* and *Reine Cléopatre*, and the bronze profile bust of President Nasser behind the room clerks at the Nile Hilton Hotel is cast in a Pharaonic style.

People who a few years ago managed to get through whole months at a time without worrying about Ramses II now find they're getting a facial tic if they can't get to their travel agent and book passage to see his statues in Abu Simbel. Ramses II lived a full and active 99-year life about three thousand years ago, enlivened by some 150 wives and as many children. His well-preserved remains can be seen ("Mummies' room, 25 piasters") among the rows of glass boxes with dark shrunken forms wrapped in shredding linen in the Egyptian Museum, beyond the rooms

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Moving doggedly onward to the next culture stop, tourists festooned with the impedimenta of their calling cross the burning wastes in pursuit of antiquity.

full of chariots, gold beds, chairs, jewel boxes, perfume bottles and gazelle-skin sandals that King Tutankhamen felt he would need on his journey to the next world. Ramses was a firm believer in news management, and his temple at Abu Simbel is carved wall to wall in favorable hieroglyphics. He had enough huge statues of himself carved in solid granite and distributed from one end of Egypt to another to make Mount Rushmore look like a pebble. Apparently the message got through to people after all these years. When the news got out that one of his temples might sink below the waters of the new Lake Nasser, all kinds of people felt they should come and pay the pharaoh their last respects.

"Abu Simbel may not be archaeologically the best thing Egypt has produced, but it has gotten far beyond what is rational," one American living in Cairo complains. "Finally you get so that just hearing the name of Ramses II rubs you the wrong way. He was a great man full of utter self-gratification."

Nonetheless, not a week goes by without some worried citizen ringing his embassy in Cairo to find out how you get the next train to Nubia. In this past season alone the Abu Simbel communicants have included Texas millionaires, the Friends of the Brooklyn Museum, the Friends of the Philadelphia Archives and two ladies who arrived in Cairo from New York City, reputedly with Abercrombie and Fitch camping equipment in their luggage, who turned the Ministry of Culture and National Guidance pale with their project—which was to pitch their camp in the desert where some archaeologists have been frantically excavating before the town of Wadi Halfa sinks from sight too.

Egypt's fiery furnace

In the hot months that begin in May even the archaeologists pack up and retreat to their universities, and Egypt's old Edwardian hotels close their shutters. It is a time when man and beast are best off lying on the ground under a tree, waiting for the first cool whiffs of twilight. Now they can't build hotels fast enough to accommodate the determined little bands who are ready to brave the furnace blast of the Nubian summer if it puts them closer to Abu Simbel.

In Luxor, 450 miles south of Cairo, the old Winter Palace still closes for the long somnolent summer, but people are fighting for rooms in the air-conditioned New Winter Palace. Flotillas of ferryboats are still taking their cargoes of antiquity seekers across the Nile to Thebes while stately dragomen in flowing robes advise their flocks: "Now, ladies, take no notice of the antiques they will try to sell you in the Valley of the Kings. They were made yesterday." So many tourists are still turning up in Thebes that they have to queue up and wait their turn to go down into the tombs—70 meters of steps straight down into the center of the earth—and then limp to the refreshment stand located above the tomb of Seti I, father of Ramses II.

Sammie Abd el Malek's Museum of Arts does a booming business along the Luxor corniche, and every day sees carriage loads of aging ladies setting out for the Luxor Daily Double—the tramp through the scorching tombs of the Valley of the Kings in the morning and the roofless temple of Karnak in the heat of the afternoon, where not even the guides attempt to climb the stairs for the view from the front gate. They just point the way upward and retire discreetly to a patch of shade. Ramses once declared that he had "made the woman of Egypt to go with uncovered ears to the place she desired, for no stranger, nor anyone upon the road molested her." It is still possible to travel in Egypt with your ears uncovered—if you don't melt.

Not everything remains so unchanging as the heat. Aswan, where it seems only yesterday that Lord Kitchener tamed the dervishes, is now referred to in a government pamphlet as "an Arab Pittsburgh." Although the women on Elephantine Island carry clay jars on their heads as they must have done since the beginning of time, the river front is beginning to sprout a skyscraper skyline of hotels to house determined travelers in the last way station before Abu Simbel. In Abu Simbel itself, 380 miles farther south, they plan an air strip and a new hotel across from Ramses' temple, on the optimistic assumption that somebody will eventually provide the money to move the temple to safety.

But as things stand now there are three passenger steamers and two hydrofoils (*Nefertiti* and *Cleopatra*, naturally) to take the pilgrims on the Abu Simbel run. The hydrofoils, which leave Aswan before dawn, spend an hour at the site and redeposit their shaken passengers at their tour buses by late afternoon, may seem like a desperate approach to Abu Simbelism, but they are as booked up as the steamers. Hydrofoil passengers cook slowly like poached eggs under the plexiglass while a lady guide points to the sights, keeping herself alive with a battery-operated hand fan, and a handsome Nubian in blue flowing robes and turban prowls the deck or stands in the prow like a figurehead from central casting. The hydrofoils blaze by feluccas and Nile steamers, blowing their loud automobile horns. This, we were assured, accounts

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At Aswan "an Arab Pittsburgh" is rising where only yesterday Lord Kitchener tamed the dervishes.

Dam the Nile, Full Astern

for the dearth of crocodiles. They've been scared across the Sudan border.

The Nile steamers to Abu Simbel are more dignified. Two of them, operated by the Sudan Railways, steam northward from the Sudanese border town of Wadi Halfa. (Wadi Halfa, in turn, is reached by an exciting sandblown train trip from Khartoum, in case you happen to be in Khartoum, which can take anywhere from one to two days.) One of the Sudan boats is a fine collection of three boats tied together, with a sign in the lounge that says FORBIDDEN TO SIT WITH PYJAMAS. IT IS NOT ALLOWED TO USE GASOLINE AND SPRIT STOVES.

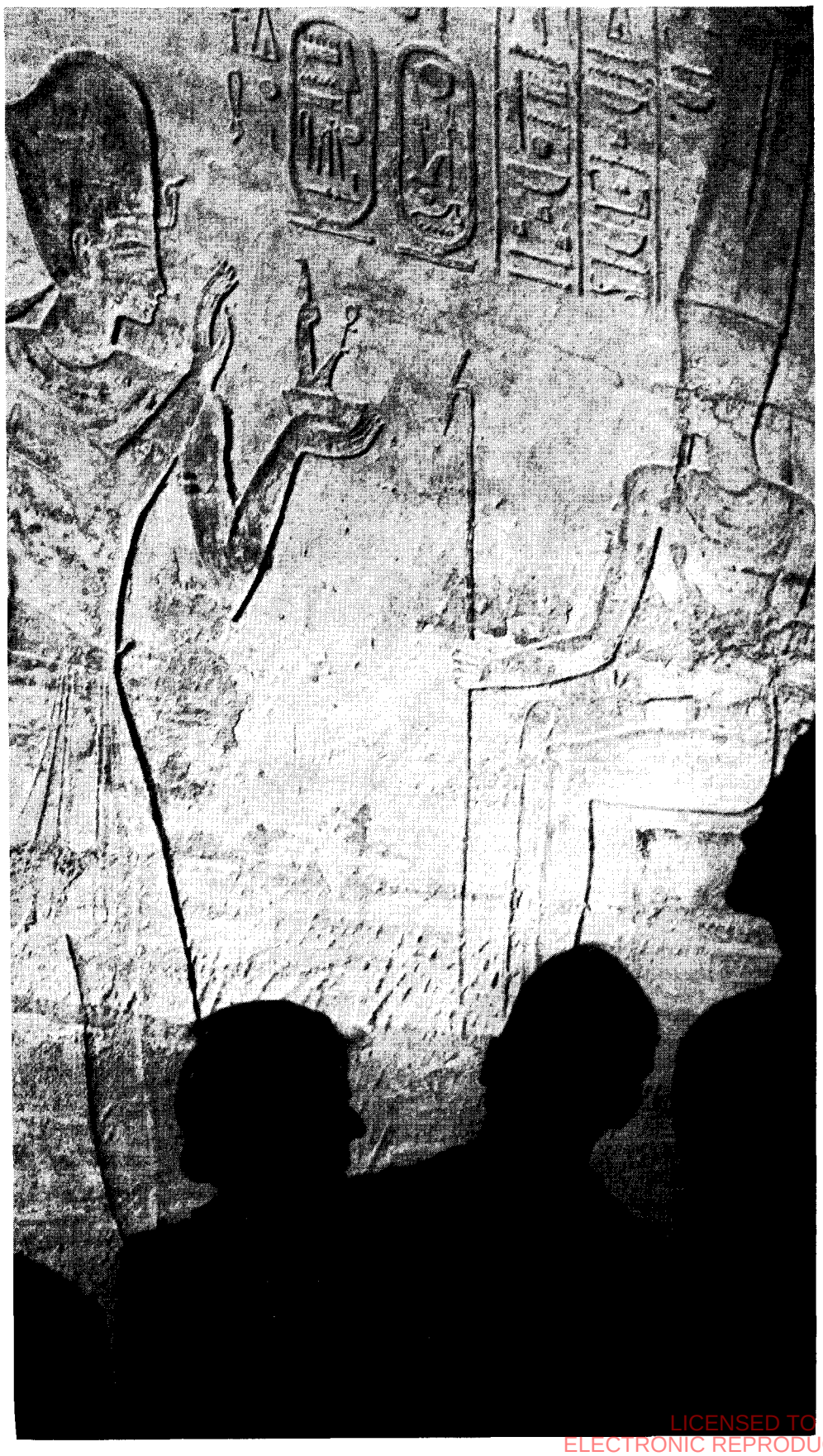
The third steamer, which operates between Aswan and Abu Simbel, carries 52 passengers at a majestic pace and, as its folder states, "friendly informal life reign on board . . . everything has been taken care of in order that nothing untoward may break the charm of a Nile cruise." The only untoward event foreseeable, of course, is the day when the whole Nile shoreline as we know it will have disappeared and the Nile steamers become extinct.

Moving to the stately cadence of its two side paddle wheels and the frequent obbligato of the Flit gun battling the flies in the lounge, the *Star of Alexandria* is nonetheless a creature as delicately balanced as a Swiss watch, and a sailor posted on the top deck is constantly shifting about the ten-gallon gas cans of sand ballast as the passengers rush impetuously from side to side as some vestige of Nubian life is spotted along the shore.

Aside from the ballast cans on the top deck, there are wicker chairs and a clothesline on which flapped what some of us thought might be the captain's laundry. It was replaced during the trip by the work of an intrepid English lady who not only washed her underwear in her stateroom sink but also its two rugs which she said had passed the point of being agreeable to the bare foot. The outside walls of the forward top-deck cabins are adorned by two color photographs, courtesy of B.O.A.C., one of which shows a Bangkok dancing girl and the other a Honolulu dancing girl.

The main lounge and bar, as of May, was still hung with New Year's Eve decorations. Two Nefertiti profiles flanked the electric clock over the purser's desk, so affecting it that it started the trip half an hour slow, and gradually stopped altogether. By now it should be running backward. Ramses II postcards are for sale, Nefertiti-style curtains trim the windows, Louis XV-type tables are scattered among the camel saddles and lounge chairs. Posted on the wall is a very detailed map of the part of the Nile the *Star of Alexandria* does not travel on.

In general, the *Star of Alexandria* leaves the port upriver from the Aswan Dam late in the afternoon twice a week, although a sense of mystery and suspense keeps passengers on their toes until the last whistle blows. When all the passengers have assembled and compared notes on the schedule, and there is still no sign of departure an hour after we should have sailed, rumors begin to reach the lounge that (a) the captain can't be found; (b) the cook hasn't arrived; or (c) we are waiting for vegetables.



Tourists gawk to see Pharaoh Ramses II making offering to solar god Amon-Ra.

Eyeless in Nubia

There is a sense of dedication about the Abu Simbel-bound passenger. A few slackers flop about on the wicker chairs sunbathing, but the basic passenger model firmly clutches such light hot-weather reading as Emil Ludwig's *The Nile*, or James Breasted's *A History of Egypt*, or (mainly the French contingent) the *Guide Bleu*.

There is much shaking of heads and exclaiming as we paddle past the eyeless sockets of the vacant villages of Nubia, a rush for the field glasses when someone spots a camel or a stray dog beside the empty pillared porticos, or a few men piling window shutters or roof beams onto feluccas so the cargo can be sailed north, burned and sold for charcoal. Nubians travel light. Once an entire village was collected under a tree with its furnishings already reduced to sacks of charcoal, waiting for the boats to transport them toward Kom Omba, the town north of Aswan where they are to be relocated. We were told the women are loaded in one end of the boats and the men at the other, with a soldier in between. If one Egyptian soldier can handle a situation like this it makes you wonder why there is all that talk about Egypt's getting nuclear capability.

One of the more learned passengers explains that the Nubians are accustomed to having their villages sunk; the first Aswan barrage put one whole level of houses under water, and when the Nile is low the *Star of Alexandria* has to park at night because it might pile up on a submerged Nubian rooftop in the dark. As for the men of the villages, someone informs us, "They are waiters at the Hilton."

The *Star of Alexandria* reaches Abu Simbel after dinner the second night out and there is a general atmosphere around the dining salon that it's to be the kind of event one should put on a tie for.

Camped on the sandspit in front of the temple, 20 European and Egyptian technicians and a small gray dog command the work force that is building the cofferdam which will protect the temple from the Nile while the workmen try to chop it out of the cliff and lug it chunk by chunk to safety. The beach looks like a wartime supply dump, with bags of cement and piles of huge metal beams, machines, floodlights and a sign that says "trespassing onnow nrisk," which takes a while to puzzle out because of the spacing. Although there is a red mailbox put up near one of the work sheds, it is clear that nothing much goes on at Abu Simbel, socially, except the purposeful arrivals of foreign visitors, so the *Star of Alexandria*'s gallant little band soon picked up a following that included a young man in a striped galabia who was walking with trancelike gait and holding a transistor radio to his ear. A little like struggling through the far reaches of Arabia Deserta to discover a lighted television set.

Perhaps it is time that the World Friends of Ramses II began to look after him. One of the giant heads from the four seated statues in front of the temple is up to his ears in sand, and a number of people in 1875 felt it necessary to carve their names on his leg.

And for those who have tired of worrying about Ramses II, what is going to happen to the grave of Maj. Benjamin Incham Tidswell, Royal Dragoons, who died 18th June, 1885, "while serving," according to his dark gray granite tombstone, "in the heavy camel regiment with the Nile expedition"? Buried in the sand to the left of Ramses' temple, he too is threatened by the rising waters of Lake Nasser, but is anyone organizing a committee to do something about it?

An Abu Simbelist has a lot to worry about during these wild times along the Nile, but if Ramses doesn't survive in one way he'll probably survive in others. When Khrushchev and Nasser went out for a trip on the Nile, the boat that carried them had the inevitable name painted on the stern: *Ramses*. They were out there to throw some rocks into the area where the dam itself is to be built. Nasser politely dumped in a symbolic rock but Khrushchev really heaved in his rock to get the dam started, which makes sense when you remember that the Russians have to keep paying until the billion-dollar dam is finished in 1970. The Egyptians originally thought we should have paid for it, and Nasser was a little annoyed when we refused. But they can't say the Americans haven't contributed anything at all. On the big day of filling in the Nile's old bed, one American imperialist I know was watching the 21 Russian-built dump trucks charge at the last gap in the cofferdam with their cargoes of boulders. As he peered down into the uproar, he got his dark glasses built right into the Aswan Dam. THE END

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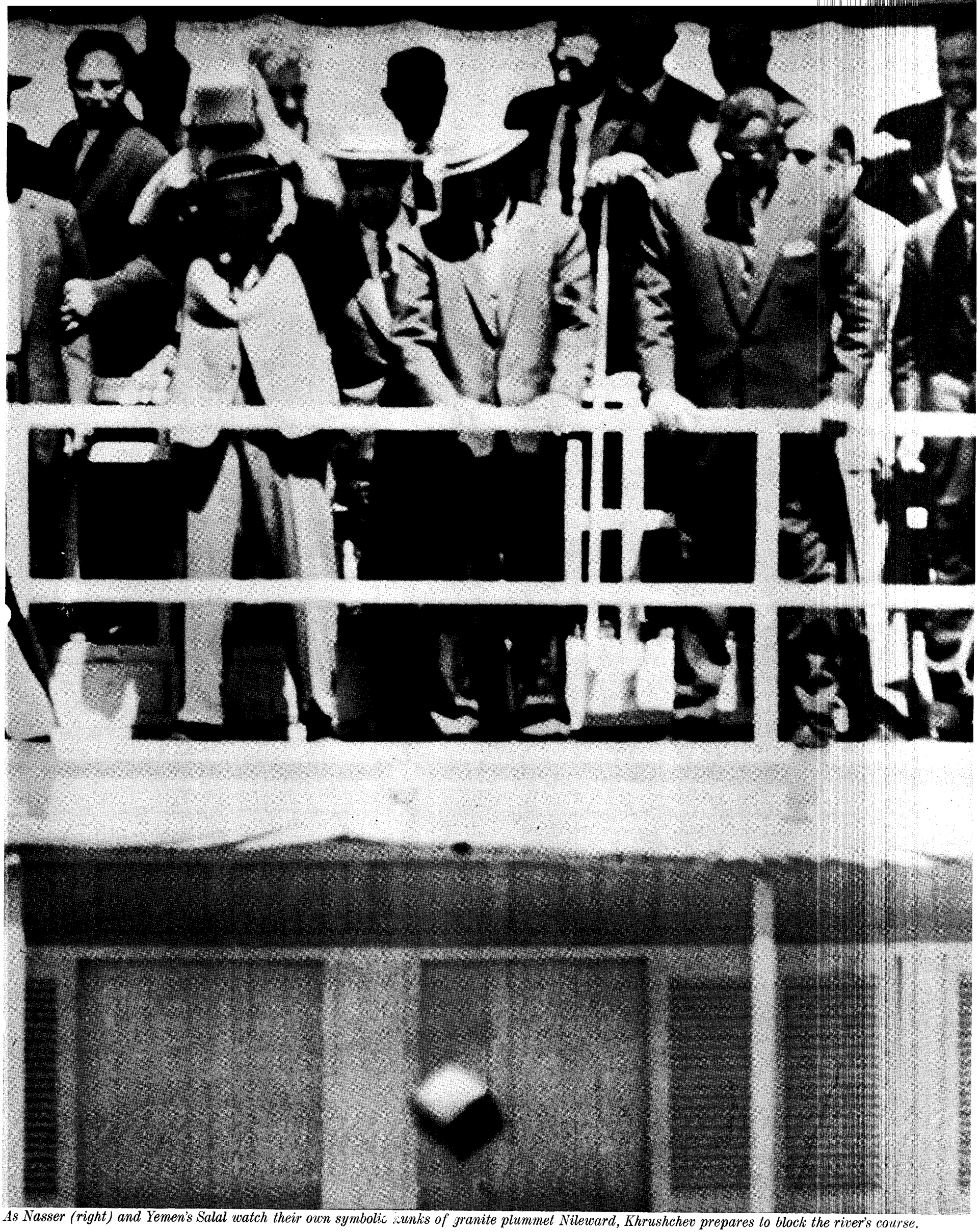

As Nasser (right) and Yemen's Salal watch their own symbolic kunks of granite plummet Nileward, Khrushchev prepares to block the river's course.

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EDITORIALS

WHERE FEDERAL ACTION IS NOT NEEDED

When should the Federal Government enter an area where the public interest is involved? When private enterprise, state and local governments are unable to do the job, we believe. All too often the question is argued in a vacuum, because no agency except the Federal Government is prepared to act. But the converse of this principle is that when private enterprise or state or local government is doing an effective job, the Federal Government should stay out.

Three years ago a private enterprise called United Students Aid Funds went into the business of guaranteeing low-cost loans to needy college students. A nonprofit, tax-exempt corporation, U.S.A. Funds established a contributed fund to guarantee bank loans to students.

The program has worked like a charm. Over 600 colleges and universities and 4,200 banks are now participating. Loans to individual students are permitted up to a maximum total of $4,000—$1,000 per year in any undergraduate year (except the freshman year) and up to $2,000 per year for a graduate year. The average student loan is $530. In the past 26 months, $23,083,562 in loans have been endorsed.

Here is an example of private enterprise effectively supplying an important need. (There is a variety of other private, philanthropic, state and local programs to meet student credit needs in the U.S.) The Senate Subcommittee on Education, however, is considering a bill (S2490) introduced by Sen. Vance Hartke of Indiana that, among other things, would bring the Federal Government into the business of guaranteeing student loans. Under Senator Hartke's bill, the Federal Government would underwrite loans of up to $2,000 a year with a maximum total of $10,000 a student. The federal plan gives a student a year's grace after graduation, plus 10 years to repay the loan. The U.S.A. Funds plan requires repayment within four years of graduation. Experience has shown that a long repayment period conflicts with other obligations, as the borrower gets married, has a family and takes on additional responsibilities. There have been very few defaults on loans under the private plan.

If there were a demonstrable need for federal activity in this area, we would favor it. But the experience of the United Student Aid Funds indicates that this need does not exist. No one argues that the U.S.A. Funds plan has not worked well. Proponents of the Hartke plan say that the need is so acute that federal action is necessary. Yet U.S.A. Funds has been in the business only three years. It is expanding rapidly and today has approximately $23 million in unused capacity to endorse loans.

If the Federal Government moves into this area, the U.S.A. Funds people believe they will not be able to compete with loans that are backed by the credit of the Government. Clearly, this is an area where private enterprise has shown its efficacy, and federal action is unwarranted.

ON, DANCER—TO THE TRIPLE CROWN

If the good people of Toronto have been doing a bit of celebrating recently, they cannot be blamed. One of their favorite sons, an undersized bay named Northern Dancer, has turned the racing world upside down.

Northern Dancer, who belongs to Canadian tycoon E. P. Taylor, is a kind of Harry Truman of the race track. He is a little guy who runs better than anyone expects and upsets all the dopesters. Before the Kentucky Derby, nearly everyone underrated him. He was offered at a sale once for $25,000, and there were no takers. Willie Shoemaker, one of the country's leading jockeys, turned down a chance to ride the Dancer in the Derby in favor of the California champion, Hill Rise. Justice has seldom been meted out so handsomely. When Shoemaker and Hill Rise crossed the wire at Churchill Downs, they were a horse's neck behind the winner. The neck belonged to Northern Dancer.

In spite of the Derby, the "experts" were unconvinced. The Dancer's victory was a fluke, they decided. Jockey Bill Hartack had given Northern Dancer a superior ride, they said, but the Preakness at Pimlico would prove the Dancer was no extraordinary horse. When the Preakness was run on May 16, the winner once again was Northern Dancer, and this time his margin of victory (2¼ lengths) left no question about his greatness.

On Saturday of this week in the Belmont Stakes at New York's Aqueduct the Dancer will attempt to become the first horse since Citation (1948) to win the triple crown. The experts finally have caught up with Northern Dancer and installed him as the favorite, which, considering his quality, is the way it should have been all along.

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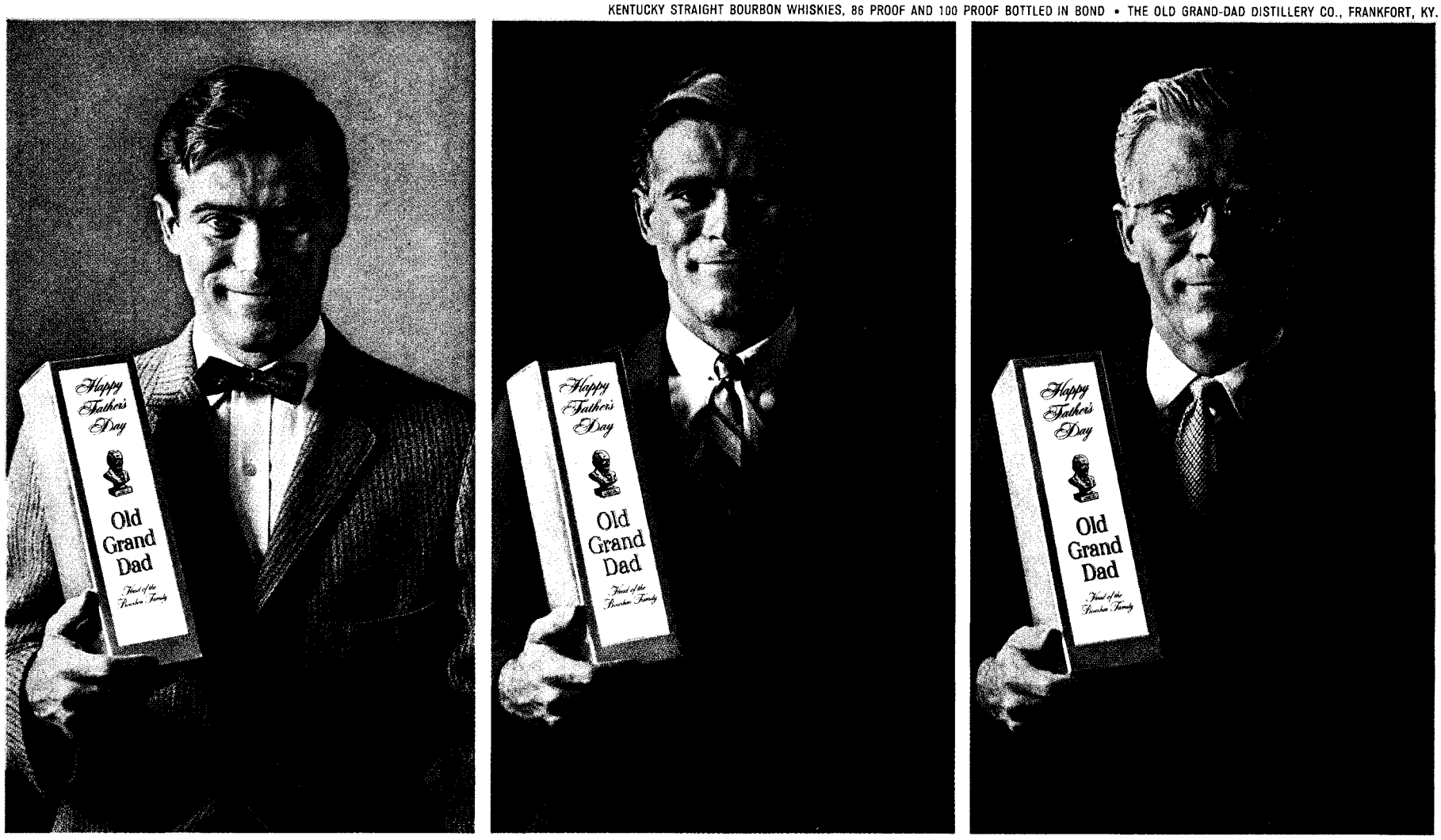
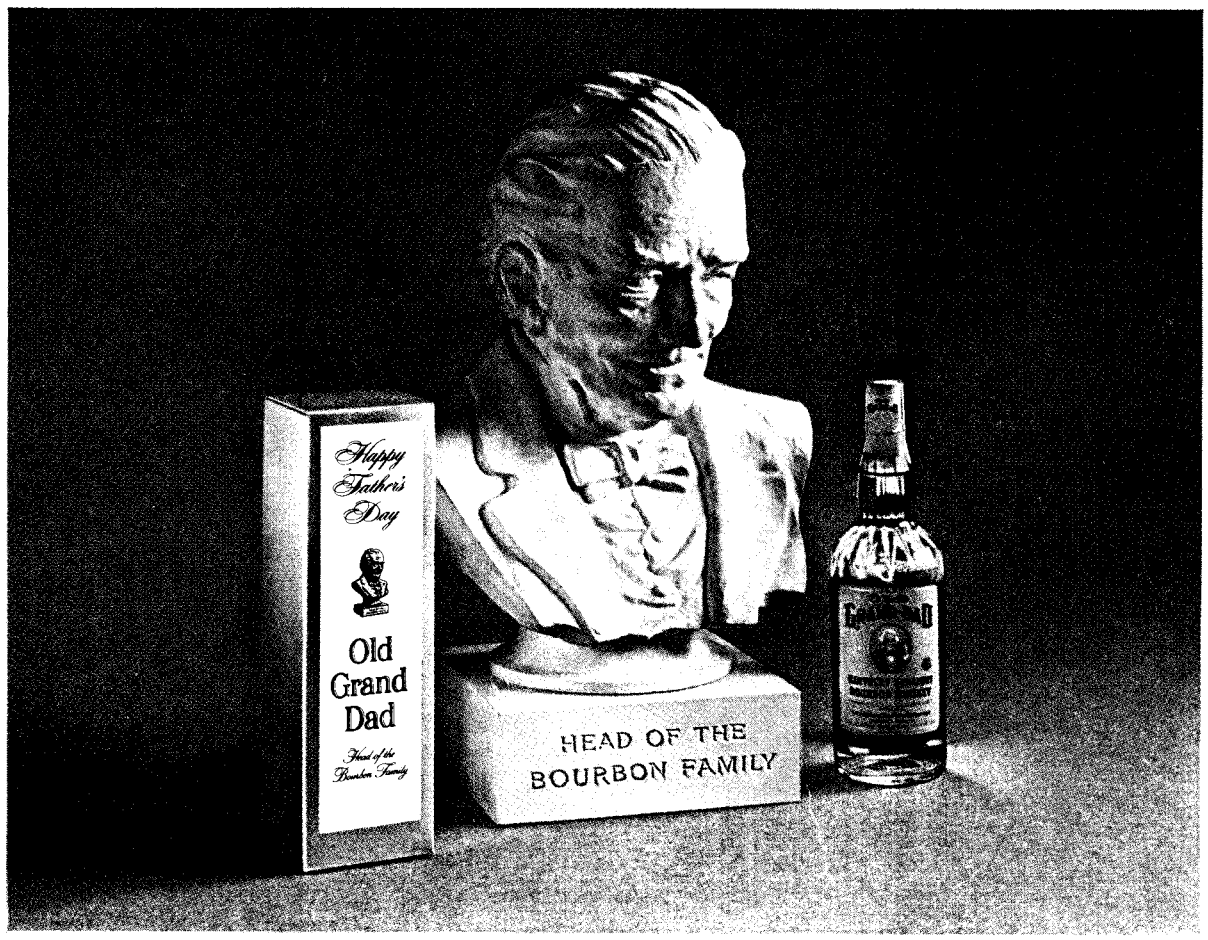
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES, 86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.



For a New Dad . . . an Old Dad . . . a Grand Dad

Old Grand-Dad for Father's Day



On **JUNE 21st,** the gift for all Dads is Old Grand-Dad, Head of the Bourbon Family, specially gift-wrapped at no extra cost.

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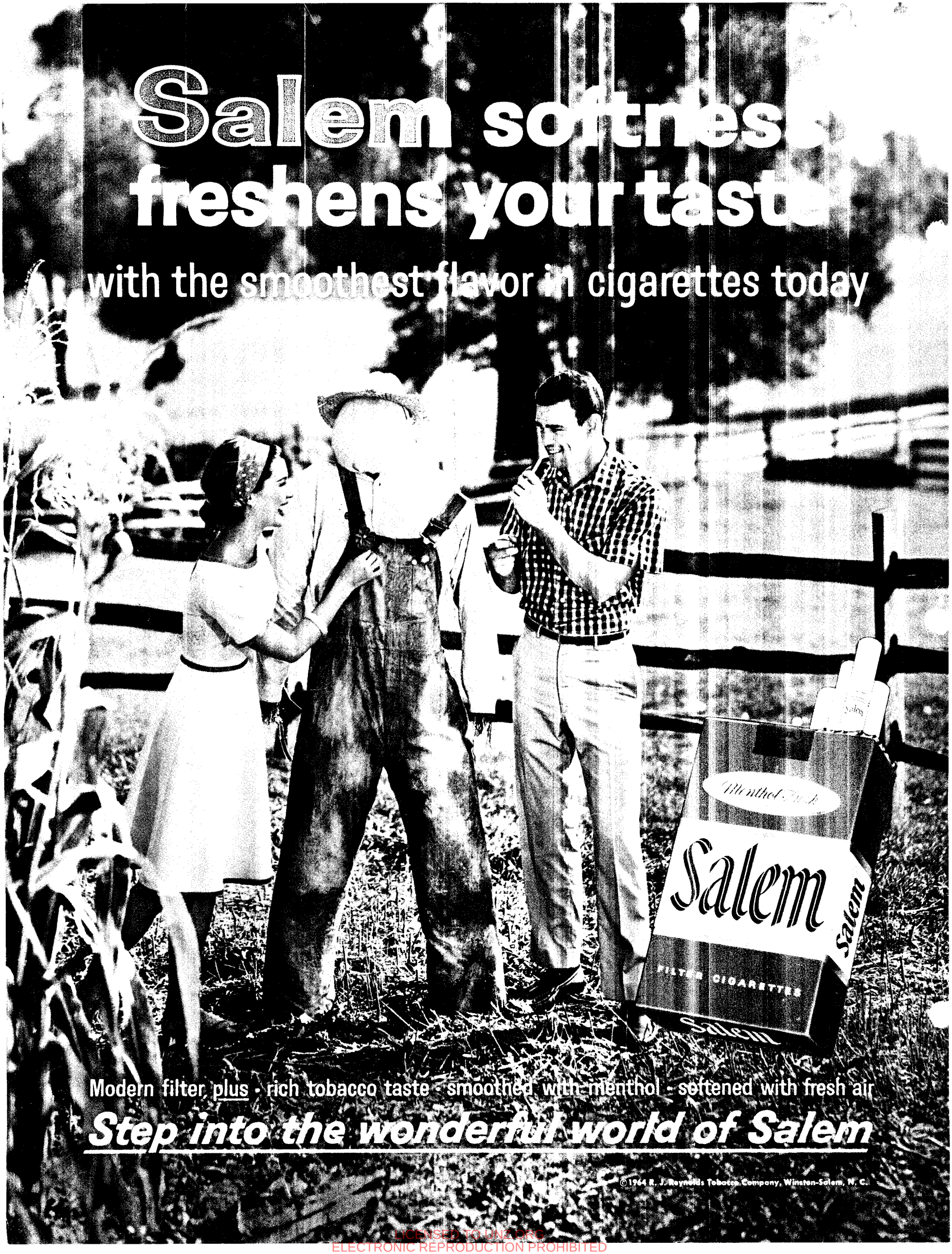
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